

November - 25 Cents

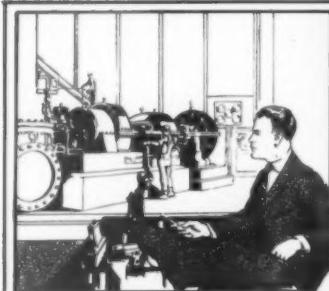
SMART SET

*True Stories
from
Real Life*



Want To
Keep Him?
by
**ELINOR
GLYN**

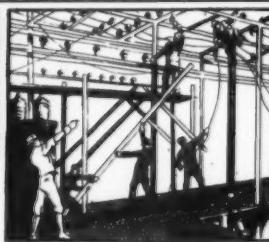
HENRY



Be Superintendent of an
Electrical POWER PLANT



Own Your Own Electrical
REPAIR SHOP



Boss Electrical
Construction Jobs



Be an Electrical CONTRACTOR



\$10 Motor-4 Big
Outfits Given to
every Student
Not a Penny Extra Cost



Chief Engineer DUNLAP

23 Training Built by NOTED ENGINEERS

This is not a one-man, one-idea school. 23 famous Engineers and Executives of the following corporations and universities helped me make Dunlap-training the most complete and up-to-date:

1. General Electric Co.
2. Commonwealth Edison Company
3. Crocker-Wheeler Co.
4. Gage-Hammer Mfg. Company
5. American Telephone & Telegraph Co.
6. Westinghouse Electric & Mfg. Co.
7. Western Electric Co.
8. Underwriters Laboratories
9. Columbia University
10. Dartmouth College
11. Massachusetts Institute of Technology
12. Lehigh University
13. University of Vermont
AND MANY OTHERS

Ask any well posted Electrical Engineer about the quality and standards of AMERICAN SCHOOL home-training in Electricity.

Train At Home for a fine ELECTRICAL JOB and a big RAISE IN PAY!

Go into ELECTRICITY!

*—the Business of a
Million Opportunities*

Be an Electrical Expert. Go into the one great industry where it's easy to get to the top, to make money, to make a real success. You don't need money in the bank or "pull" to get ahead in Electricity—all you need is training, honest, complete training, such as I guarantee.

BIG JOBS OPEN Everywhere!

Look at the building business. Thousands of Electrical Contractors are getting rich. Their men are making \$10 to \$20 a day. Look at the fortunes being made in Radio. Look at the great factories building every kind of Electrical machinery. Why, the work of the world is being done by Electricity and the call for trained men exceeds the supply!

If you're now earning less than \$40 a week

—if you want to be an ELECTRICAL EXPERT—if you want to step quickly into the class of men earning from \$60 to \$250 a week—write me at once! This million dollar school offers ambitious fellows their big opportunity to learn every branch of Electricity at home in spare time by a new, practical JOB-METHOD.

Learn Electricity Quick by Dunlap "Job-Method"

My training so simple a school-boy can grasp it instantly. Common schooling all you need. No previous experience required. But my students make rapid progress because I train them on actual Electrical jobs with standard-size tools and materials which I supply without extra cost. The first half of my training is APPLIED ELECTRICITY—a complete course in itself. In the second half I give you Electrical Engineering subjects. I give you Electrical Drafting, Radio, Automotive Electricity, and many other valuable subjects, all for one small price, and on easy terms.

Train for These Jobs

Power Plant Superintendent, \$5,000 to \$15,000 a year; Construction Foreman, \$3,500 to \$10,000 a year; Chief Electrician, \$3,000 to \$12,000 a year; Electrical Draftsman, \$3,000 to \$10,000 a year; Automotive Electrical Expert, \$3,500 to \$12,000 a year.

EARN MONEY While Learning

Dunlap-training combines money-making practical experience and instruction IN A NEW WAY. I call this "JOB-METHOD" and it gets results—more quickly and easily than old-fashioned ways of teaching. Even in your training I give you special instruction in house-wiring, Radio-building, Electrical Repair Work, etc. I shall show you how to get spare-time work—work you'll be well paid for.

THESE 4 BIG ELECTRICAL OUTFITS GIVEN

to you without one penny of extra charge. Not a "premium"—not something "FREE" to induce you to enroll. But costly, standard, full-size tools, materials and equipment. The man-size motor of the same type as the big fellows in a power plant. Not a toy, but a regular power-motor. Runs on Alternating or Direct Current, or 32-volt farm electric system. Comes to you knock-down. It's part of your job to wind the armature and assemble it. That's the way you learn every branch of Electricity by the Dunlap Job-Method.

JOB SERVICE

**At No Extra Cost to
STUDENTS and GRADUATES**

jobs **FREE**, not only to graduates but to **STUDENTS** also. This **JOB SERVICE** keeps in touch with great Electrical employers all over America. The day you enroll, this Job-Service Department registers you, finds out what kind of work you want, where you want to work, etc.

And when you apply for the job you want, we back you with our recommendation and help you make good in it after you get it.



Get My PAY-DOUBLING OFFER!

Before you put your time and money into home-training, you want to know if it will lead to a better job and bigger pay. I will answer that in plain English. Get my catalog, my wonderful new guarantee, my sensational offers—quick! Get the facts about your opportunities in Electricity when you are Dunlap-trained and when you are not. Write to the American School. Before you enroll for any home-training, get the facts about my training, so you can compare it intelligently with others. Write me today!

MAIL COUPON TO-DAY

CHIEF ENGINEER DUNLAP, ELECTRICAL DIVISION
American School
Dept. EK251 Drexel Ave., and 58th St. Chicago

I WANT TO BE AN ELECTRICAL EXPERT!

Chief Engineer Dunlap
AMERICAN SCHOOL, Dept. EK251
Drexel Ave. & 58th St., Chicago

I want to be an Electrical Expert. Please rush guarantee, job-service facts, complete information, money-saving offers.

Name.....

St. No.....

City..... State.....



The very women who supposed they knew-

*...have been the most grateful
for these enlightening facts*

If ever there was need for frank scientific facts and up-to-date information on the subject of feminine hygiene, it is needed now. No one can say how much harm has been done in the past, and still is being done, by the widespread use of highly poisonous chemicals as personal antiseptics. Women have long been led to believe that bichloride of mercury and carbolic acid compounds, when diluted with water, were perfectly safe to use. As a matter of fact, much careful study in recent years by eminent specialists on the subject has shown that just the opposite is true.

Too vital a matter for guesswork

Here is a recent statement, by one of the country's leading physicians, which represents the modern opinion of medical authorities everywhere.

"In connection with the universal and necessary practice of personal hygiene, powerful and poisonous chemicals such as bichloride of mercury and carbolic acid compounds are a real menace in more ways than one. When dissolved or diluted with the usual amount of water, their highly destructive effect on sensitive tissues is only reduced—it is not eliminated. Their continued use as personal antiseptics is unquestionably harmful and very commonly results in an insidious, gradual hardening of the membranes with which they come in contact. Not infrequently an area of scar-tissue develops. When diluted to the point where they are harmless to tissue they have very little of their original germ-killing power."

The unfortunate part of it is that until very



In bottles, 50c and \$1
at drug stores
Slightly higher in Canada

If your druggist cannot supply you, send 50c direct to the Zonite Products Co.

recently science has been unable to offer any other effective means of protection against germ life. Little wonder, then, that thousands and thousands of women have welcomed as a godsend the news that at last there is an antiseptic absolutely non-poisonous and harmless to human tissues, and yet far more powerful than any dilution of carbolic acid that can be used on the body. It is called Zonite, and it has ushered in

An entirely New Era of Feminine Hygiene

It is now possible—with Zonite—to obtain effective protection against germs without running the risk of accidental or mercurial poisoning or slowly impairing and deadening highly sensitive mucous membranes.



A whole medicine chest in itself

Zonite kills germs. That is why Zonite is valuable for so many different purposes. For prevention against colds, coughs, gripe and influenza. For a daily mouth-wash to guard against pyorrhea and other gum infections. For cuts, wounds, burns and scratches. For use as a deodorant. Remember that Zonite, though a very powerful antiseptic, is non-poisonous and absolutely safe to use.

ZONITE PRODUCTS COMPANY
Postum Bldg., 250 Park Ave., New York, N.Y.
In Canada: 165 Dufferin Street, Toronto

Zonite



1.

Compared with peroxide of hydrogen, Zonite is more than forty times as powerful! It is being used regularly in millions of homes and in leading hospitals the country over. Women everywhere are adopting it and throwing deadly poisons out of their homes. Thousands who supposed they were using the best antiseptic for feminine hygiene have invariably been grateful for the knowledge that science has at last produced something better and absolutely safe as well.

Authentic information for the modern woman

When comfort, health and peace of mind are involved—as they are in the practice of hygiene—the woman of today wants explicit, detailed information on the subject. And that is just what there is in the new and dainty booklet "Feminine Hygiene," prepared by our Women's Division. What wouldn't the woman of a generation ago have given for its many helpful and enlightening suggestions! Hundreds of requests for it are being received every day. It is daintily arranged and beautifully printed. You can obtain your copy—addressed to you in a tasteful, "social correspondence" envelope—by simply filling out the coupon now and mailing it today. Without knowing the scientific facts which it contains, no woman can claim to be really well-informed.



Women's
Division

ZONITE
PRODUCTS CO.
Postum Building
250 Park Avenue
New York, N.Y.

I should like to have a free copy of the new illustrated booklet you have prepared.

(5-61)

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

VOL. 77
NO. 3

SMART SET

NOVEMBER
1925

True Stories from Real Life

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Although manuscripts and drawings are submitted at the owners' risk, every effort will be made to return those found unavailable



Broken Promises

Here is a story with all the drama of the ages wrapped up in its title. It brings back bits of memory which seem always to have led to disappointment—and yet—

"I'm an easy going man," the writer says, "likewise a bit religious, so I don't think it's right to break promises. But just the same I know two solemn oaths that were broken and only good come of it. Moreover, I bust one of them oaths myself.

"I am not an educated guy, and liable to bust hell out of the English language just like I was raised to do, but maybe you can squeeze some meaning out of this story—Jenny was her name—"

Read this little drama of life in the December SMART SET.

Published monthly by the Magus Magazine Corporation, at 119 West 40th Street, New York, N. Y., U. S. A.

R. E. BERLIN, President and Treasurer; JOHN BRENNAN, Vice-President; R. T. MONAGHAN, Secretary.

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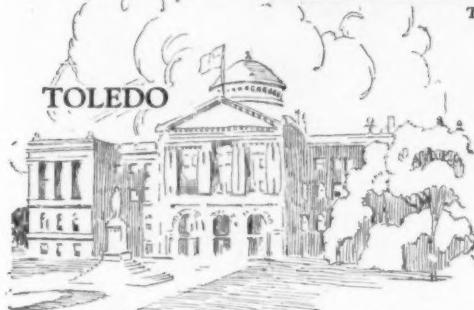
Home-Study Business Training — Does It Pay?



F. H. LANDWEHR, Sec'y
Electric Auto-Lite Company



The Electric Auto-Lite Company, Toledo



"We want men who can think beyond their jobs"

"We want men in our organization today who have the capacity to think beyond their jobs. Highly competitive conditions in industry at this period present more opportunities to the properly trained young man than ever before in history. To my notion, LaSalle Extension University offers an excellent opportunity to the man who wants to get ahead."

(Signed) C. O. MINIGER, Pres.
Electric Auto-Lite Company.

"My training has proved a wonderful investment"

"At the time I enrolled with LaSalle for training in Higher Accountancy, I felt that I could not afford it; but the results obtained have proved it a wonderful investment. I can truthfully say that your training has made it possible for me to increase my income approximately 700 per cent."

(Signed) P. H. LANDWEHR, Sec'y
Electric Auto-Lite Company.

F. H. Landwehr could still be a clerk in a small-pay position—and probably *would* be, if he had not made a certain decision . . .

He did not come to this decision all at once. He will tell you that he practically lost five or six good years.

But when he *did* realize that his future was absolutely in his own hands—that the right kind of home-study business training would quickly speed his progress toward the responsible executive position he aspired to fill—he ACTED.

Today he is Secretary of the great Electric Auto-Lite Company of Toledo. His earnings have doubled—trebled—quadrupled—till today he is making several times as much as he was making as a clerk. Ahead of him lies a splendid future.

And he dates his start toward this greater success from the day when he clipped and mailed a LaSalle coupon.

Send for Salary-Doubling Plan

Have you ever traveled a road when the night was inky black, arrived at a cross-roads, and wondered which way to turn?

In that predicament, have you ever flashed your spot-light on a sign and suddenly seen the

name of your destination in big clear letters and a hand pointing out the road which would take you there?

Thousands and thousands of men have arrived at just such a cross-roads in their business experience—have suddenly caught the vision of a successful career in the training offered by LaSalle and have followed that brighter path to the goal of their desires.

For example—during only six months' time as many as 1,248 LaSalle members reported definite salary-increases, as a result of their training, totalling \$1,399,507, *an average increase per man of 89 per cent.*

What would it be worth to *you* to increase your earnings 89 per cent—within a comparatively few months?

LaSalle offers you a *salary-doubling plan* which has added millions of dollars to the earning power of its members. LaSalle will send you a booklet describing this plan without obligation. Whether you adopt the plan or not, the basic information this booklet will place in your hands is of very real and definite value. And—it's *FREE*.

Balance the two minutes that it takes to fill out the coupon against the rewards of a successful career—then clip and mail the coupon NOW.



C. O. MINIGER, Pres.
Electric Auto-Lite Company

SIXTEEN members of the Electric Auto-Lite Company are enrolled for home-study training with LaSalle Extension University. LaSalle-trained men and women—in positions of responsibility—are to be found in every large business organization in America.

"It Increased My Income Approximately 700 Per Cent"

—So writes F. H. Landwehr, Secretary of the Electric Auto-Lite Company, Toledo

LA SALLE EXTENSION UNIVERSITY

The World's Largest Business Training Institution

CLIP AND MAIL

LASALLE EXTENSION UNIVERSITY

Dept. 1150-R

Chicago

I shall be glad to have details of your salary-doubling plan, together with complete information regarding the opportunities in the business field I have checked below. Also a copy of "Ten Years' Promotion in One," all without obligation.

- | | | |
|---|---|---|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Business Management: Training for Official, Managerial, Sales and Departmental Executive positions. | <input type="checkbox"/> Law: Training for Bar; LL.B. Degree. | <input type="checkbox"/> Industrial Management: Training for positions in Works Management, Production Control, Industrial Engineering, etc. |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Modern Salesmanship: Training for positions as Sales Executive, Salesman, Sales Coach or Trainer, Sales Promotion Manager, Manufacturer's Agent, Solicitor, and all positions in retail, wholesale, or specialty selling. | <input type="checkbox"/> Commercial Law: Reading, Reference and Consultation Service for Business Men. | <input type="checkbox"/> Modern Foremanship and Production Methods: Training for positions in Shop Management, such as that of Superintendent, General Foreman, Foreman, Sub-Foreman, etc. |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Higher Accountancy: Training for position as Auditor, Comptroller, Certified Public Accountant, Cost Accountant, etc. | <input type="checkbox"/> Traffic Management — Foreign and Domestic: Training for position as Rail-room or Industrial Traffic Manager, Rate Expert, Freight Solicitor, etc. | <input type="checkbox"/> Personnel and Employment Management: Training in the position of Personnel Manager, Industrial Relations Manager, Employment Manager, and positions relating to Employee Service. |
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| | | <input type="checkbox"/> Effective Speaking: Training in the art of forceful, effective speech, for Ministers, Salesmen, Fraternal Leaders, Politicians, Clubmen, etc. |



Name.....

Present Position.....

Address.....



9 Pieces —Read This Description

Soft Cotton Comforter—A good size comforter of rich, soft thickness. Scroll stiched. Filled with pure, sweet, sanitary white cotton, with a good wearing cambric cover, in rich floral design, both sides alike. Measures about 71 x 76 ins. Weight about 5½ lbs.

Double Plaid Blankets—Here is an unusually fine texture wool finished double cotton blanket. Has carefully stitched shell binding. Made with a wool-like finish which is produced by a special process of surface treatment of the China cotton. By actual test these blankets have proved to be practically as warm as all-wool blankets. Popular colorings. Size about 66 x 80 ins. Weight about 3½ lbs.

Scalloped Bedspread—A magnificent crocheted bedspread. Made of close woven long staple New England cotton yarn. Bleached to a snow-flake white. Laundered perfectly. Choice patterns. Size about 78 x 90 ins. Weight about 3¼ lbs. Corners cut out so spread will lie perfectly smooth and flat upon the bed. With overlocked stitch scalloped edges.

Curtains for Two Windows—Very beautiful and durable quality fringed bottom panel curtains. Designed to be hung one to a window, just as you will now find in the most exclusive homes. Woven of sturdy cotton and finished with a wide band of scalloped bottom and finished with 2½ in. button fringe. Each curtain is about 35 ins. wide and 2½ yds. long. Comes in beige color, the most appropriate shade for this new type of curtain. Will launder beautifully. Two curtains included with each outfit.

2 Bed Sheets—These seamed sheets are extra heavy, bleached to a snowy whiteness, nicely hemmed and beautifully finished. Size about 90 x 72 ins. Two sheets furnished with each outfit.

2 Pillow Cases—These are made of the same quality as the sheets, bleached to pure snow-flake white, nicely made and beautifully hemmed. Will give unquestionably long service and will launder perfectly. Size about 22 x 36 ins. Two pillow cases furnished. Shipping weight of entire outfit about 15 lbs.

Order by No. CS499A. \$1.00 with coupon, \$2.00 a month. Price for all 9 pieces, only \$19.95.

9-Piece Bedroom Outfit

Wonderful bargain! A complete outfit of bed equipment—nine useful pieces—things you need—things every proud housewife ought to have—and the whole outfit costs you less than 50c a week, just \$2.00 a month—surely you can easily save that much on other things! Mail the coupon today. We send all these 9 pieces on approval.

30 Days Trial—\$2.00 a Month!

When you get this complete 9-piece bedroom outfit, use it freely for 30 days. See for yourself the beauty and quality of each piece. Note how the curtains and handsome bedding beautify your bedroom. Then, if not satisfied for any reason, return the set at our expense and we will refund your \$1.00 at once and any express or parcel post you paid. But if you decide to keep the set, start paying only \$2.00 a month until you have paid \$19.95—payments so low and so convenient that you will scarcely know that you spent the money. Think of the value. Such an amazing bargain and your bedroom like new! If you were to buy these pieces singly they would cost you almost twice as much as we ask on this great combination offer. Could you duplicate this offer ever, anywhere for spot cash? We've smashed the cash price while giving almost a year to pay. We trust honest people anywhere in the U. S. No discount for cash, nothing extra for credit. No C. O. D.

Send Coupon!

Don't delay. Just send \$1.00 along with the coupon as deposit. If you are not fully satisfied after using the set for 30 days, your



dollar will be refunded, plus all express or parcel post charges paid. You do not risk one cent. A special, limited, reduced price offer. First come, first served. Read coupon NOW.

Free Bargain Catalog

Shows thousands of goods in furniture, rugs, crockery, silverware, jewelry, etc., all on easy terms. Sent with or without order. See coupon.

Straus & Schram, Dept. 1918 Chicago, Ill.

Gentlemen: Enclosed you will find \$1.00. Ship special advertised 6-piece Bedroom Outfit. I am to have 30 days trial. If I keep the outfit, I will pay balance at \$2.00 per month. If not satisfied, I will return the outfit within 30 days and you agree to refund my dollar and any express or parcel post charges I paid. Prices not sold separately.

9-Piece Bedroom Outfit No. CS499A, \$19.95.

Name _____

St. R. F. D.
or Box No. _____

Shipping
Point _____

Post Office _____

State _____
If you want ONLY our Free Catalogs
of Home Furnishings, mark X here

Straus & Schram, Dept. 1918 Chicago, Ill.

Will You Take These Men's Word For It?



\$9,000 Auto Electricity pays W. E. Fenco, Albany, Ore., over \$9,000 a year. 18 men enrolled for this training on his recommendation.



\$125 "Depend on me as a booster," says A. Scott, Phoenix, Arizona. "I make over \$500 a month. Your advertisement started me to success."

5 WONDERFUL WORKING OUTFITS - Given without extra charge!

1 LABORATORY AND EXPERIMENTAL OUTFIT. Complete material for interesting experiments.

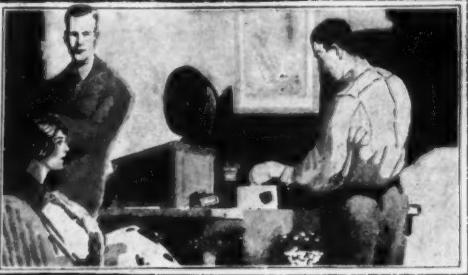
2 BELL AND ALARM OUTFIT. Electrical apparatus, material and tools—a complete installation kit.

3 ELECTRIC LIGHTING OUTFIT. Switches, Wire, Lamps, etc. Everything needed to make up all complicated electric lighting circuits.

4 ELECTRIC POWER OUTFIT. The Famous "Cooke" and other apparatus. Not a toy—but a real, first-to-goodness workable machine.

5 TRANSFORMER OUTFIT. Complete parts for building and winding this widely used equipment.

The Cooke Trained Man is the Big Pay Man!



\$700 in 24 Days "Thanks to you, I made \$700 in 24 days in Radio," says F. G. McNabb, 948 Spring St., Atlanta, Ga. "I recommend your training everywhere."



\$1000 a Month John Jirinec, 1103 Fourth Avenue, Astoria, L.I., now earning \$12,000 a year, recommends Cooke Training. He says, "It alone is responsible for my success."

These Four, and Thousands of other Men earning \$70 to \$200 a Week, Recommend This Training to You!

START NOW Be an

ELECTRICAL EXPERT

LEARN to EARN

\$3,500 to \$10,000 a Year!

Don't you keep on working for only \$25 or \$35 a week. Get into Electricity. Thousands of Cooke Trained Men who knew nothing about it a short time ago are now earning \$70 to \$200 a week as Electrical Experts—and they don't work half as hard as you do. Why stick to your small pay job? Why stick to a line of work that offers no chance—no promotion—no big pay? Get into the world's greatest business. Electricity needs you. I'll show you how to do it. Get ready for the big pay job now.

Electrical Experts Are In Big Demand

Even ordinary electricians—the "screw driver" kind—are making big money, but not Electric Engineers. Electric Engineers are paid salaries never seen before. Thousands of Cooke Trained Men easily earn \$3,500 to \$10,000 a year. That's the kind of a job you want—where you can plan and boss and supervise the work of others or go into business for yourself. Get started towards one of these big-pay jobs now. Learn to earn \$70 to \$200 a week—you can do it with Cooke Training—recommended by more than ten thousand successful graduates. Just mail the coupon below.

Age or Lack of Experience Bars No One

You don't need experience. You don't have to be a College man. You don't have to be even a high school graduate. As Chief Engineer of this big two million dollar institution which does a general Consulting Engineering Business besides operating one of world's greatest Training Schools, I know just what training you need to make a big success in electricity. Let me give you that training with my simplified, complete home course. The world famous "Cooke Trainee" has been trained on nearly 50 other engineers. Learn to earn \$70 to \$200 a week—only spare time needed.

My Training Pays For Itself

You can start earning extra money a few weeks after your start. I'll give you special instruction for doing some electrical jobs in your spare time—show you how to get those jobs and tell you what to charge. Many of my students make as high as \$25 a week extra this way while studying. My course more than pays its own way.

Your Satisfaction Guaranteed

I am so sure I can make you a big success in Electricity, just like I have done for the men whose pictures you see here and thousands of others who now boast of my training, that I will guarantee your satisfaction with a signed, money-back guarantee bond. If my training doesn't satisfy you after you have finished, you get back every penny you pay me. A two million dollar institution stands back of this guarantee.

Get Started Now—Mail Coupon

Get my free book—"The Vital Facts About Electricity." Read about the success of hundreds of other men who recommend this training and whose names and addresses are given in my book. Get the real dope about your opportunities in Electricity. Get the facts now. Write today to Cooke Training. Pay \$10 to \$200 a week. Don't deny yourself this chance to make big money. Get the facts now—Mail Coupon at once for facts and my guarantee.

L. L. COOKE, Chief Engineer
CHICAGO ENGINEERING WORKS, Inc.

Dept. 658
2150 Lawrence Ave.
Chicago, Illinois



Occupation.....

Name.....

Address.....



L. L. COOKE, Chief Engineer, who has trained thousands of men for Big-Pay Jobs in Electricity.

ENGINEERS' ASSOCIATION ENDORSES COOKE TRAINING

The American Association of Engineers, with 15,000 College and Practical Engineer Members, has approved Cooke training and the C.E.W. 100%. Their printed and publicly distributed report of their investigation is the only endorsement of a school they have ever issued. Full details of this endorsement sent with my free book.

L. L. COOKE, Chief Engineer,
CHICAGO ENGINEERING WORKS,
Dept. 658

2150 Lawrence Ave., Chicago, Illinois
Send me at once, without obligation, your big illustrated book and complete details of your Home Study Course in Electricity, including your outfit and employment service offer.

B. W.
COOKE

DIRECTING
ENGINEER

"Pay Raiser
of Men"

Be an Auto

Get a
Quick
RAISE
in PAY

"I Owe It All to B. W. Cooke"

I'll Stand Back of That Statement
WITH PROOF! Don't be a low-pay man. Don't be

Empty Pockets to STUFFED POCKETS. YOU TOO, have a right to enjoy BIG MONEY. There is a fast way to do it. I'll show you a QUICK way—so quick that it is positively amazing—just a few happy, easy weeks. My Auto Book tells this romantic story of QUICK RESULTS. It's FREE to you. That coupon brings it. Send for it NOW.

Earn Up to \$150 a Week!

Put an end to low Pay QUICK! Find out about this amazing, RAPID way to Raise Your Pay. Call tomorrow now! Get my Free Book. See how I put you in line—RIGHT IN YOUR OWN HOME—for the Auto Experts' Jobs, paying up to \$150 a week!

\$300 in a Week
Only 4 Months After Enrolling

How would you like to boost Your Pay to \$300 a day? Joe Woronecki, 186 Elfric St., Hartford, Conn., did it—just 4 months after enrolling! Think of it!—from \$21 a week to \$300 in a week—so QUICK! That's the kind of QUICK RAISE opportunity B. W. Cooke "JOB-WAY" Training offers YOU.

"YOUR COURSE ONE IN A MILLION"
WRITES
J.F. PLOW

My training brings results so quick that it's positively amazing! Take J. F. Plow, Box 370, Ironwood, Mich. Just 12 weeks after enrolling he writes me that he has already averaged \$30 a week extra money in his spare time since the day he enrolled—and he adds "I can't get away without thanking you for it. Your Course is ONE IN A Million, and I'll back my statement with anybody."

60% Raise in Pay
Only 6 Months
After Enrolling

Harold J. Lester, 1108 Penn Ave., Erie, Wash., Pa., more than doubled his salary only 6 months after writing me. Think what Pay-Raising Training like this means to you.

\$700 in Spare Time
Money—Blamed Me

Seven Hundred dollars—more than 5 times what he paid for my training—is what "JOB-WAY" brought Cleo Crowe, 215 Washington St., Medford, Oregon. In his spare time while still training he shows why "JOB-WAY" is known as "The Training that Pays its Own Way."

"Your Course
Everything is
Presented to be
and More!"

That's what Allen W. Pemberton, 184 Fairbanks, La., writes. He is only 22 years old, but is proprietor of his own busy Auto Shop. He says too, "I give Cooke 'Job-Way' the thanks have always received help, encouragement and a square deal from Mr. Cooke."

GET THE
5 THOUSAND
MILLION
DOLLARS
Spent Every Year for
Auto Upkeep Alone!

B. W. Cooke "JOB-WAY"
is the only "JOB-WAY"
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Remember, nowhere else on earth can you get the original, genuine copy-righted, B. W. Cooke "JOB-WAY" Home Training. I am Directing Engineer, Owner and Head of this world's greatest Institution of its kind, and I have put into this "JOB-WAY" training of mine every thing that my experience has proved that you need to become a BIG PAY MAN. I have crowded YEARS of experience into a few months pleasant, easy and practical Training. I have developed this Training, not to make you just a mere mechanic—but to put you in line for the BIG PAY as an Auto Expert where you boss the JOB.

Mail that coupon to me now. It will bring you full information about this practical, money-making Auto Training—Cooke "JOB-WAY."

Expert

The World's Biggest Business NEEDS YOU!

If you want BIG PAY and QUICK BIG PAY—get all the facts about this tremendous Auto Business. Just think of this—**5 THOUSAND MILLION DOLLARS** are spent by car owners *every year* for upkeep alone! Find out why the trained men—trained as I will train you—get the **BIG PAY**—the lion's share of this huge outlay of money.

Find out why the demand for B. W. Cooke trained men grows greater and greater every year. See what my students are doing. See what YOU can do. Clip coupon now!

There is not room enough on this page to properly show you the

4 Wonderful BIG OUTFITS

which I give you absolutely

FREE

of extra cost!

I am including **absolutely Free** of extra cost a fine set of Tools Electrical Test Bench and Radio Receiving Set, all Equipment—also 293 Wiring Diagram. Clip Coupon now!

With My Training You Can Go into BUSINESS

I don't care where you live—in city or town village or country—there are thousands and thousands of opportunities to go into business—to be your own boss—to make up to \$10,000, or even \$15,000 a year! I have students who never had a day's Auto experience before writing me—who are now running their own money-making businesses.

The Auto Business has passed the Steel Business in value of production. Today it is the **Biggest Business** in the world—and growing bigger every year.

18,000,000 cars are on the roads today—millions of new cars added every year. That's how this gigantic Industry grows and keeps on growing!

THERE ARE LESS THAN HALF AS MANY SERVICE AND REPAIR STATIONS PER 1000 CARS AS THERE WERE TEN YEARS AGO!

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No Other Training Like "Job-Way"

My Free Book shows how I train you quickly **right in your own home** for BIG PAY with Tools and Practical Illustrated Jobs—not books. You don't have to leave your doorstep to get all this practical training. "JOB-WAY" Training includes ALL Electrical work—Ignition, Starting, Lighting, All Mechanical and Welding, Brazing, Varnishing—all Business Course, also Salesmanship, also Advertising, Building How to Keep Simple Books—also Magazine, also Outfits.

See What I Can Do for YOU!

Your Success—the money you're going to get out of life—are the **most important things in your life**. Don't guess about anything so vital to you.

Find out! Learn what I can do for you. See how I back you up with the Entire Resources of this Big Institution. See how I stand behind you—with Employment Service your whole life long. Learn how I give you help with all your problems through my Lifetime Consultation Service! Find out why B. W. Cooke has trained **more men right in their own homes** for BIG SUCCESS in the Auto Industry than any living man or institution in the world. Find out why hundreds of my students think for BOOSTING their Pay—for putting them in good, HIGH-SALARIED JOBS—Find out what I can do for you. Mail Coupon now.

Common Schooling All You Need!

I don't care how much or how little education you've had—I'll put you in line for Big Pay as an AUTO EXPERT right in your own home if you can read and write plain English. My practical "JOB-WAY" has trained hundreds of men with only one year's school, some men between the ages of 15 and 60. Many have become Garage Owners, Managers, Superintendents, Foremen, Auto Experts—in the class of BIG PAY Executives. Learn how simple, how easy, this practical, money-making Home Training is. Send that coupon now.

Clip Coupon Now!

I'll Send You FACTS—not STATEMENTS!

You don't have to go through life at Low Pay. Send me that coupon and I'll send YOU proof of it. I'll put you in line right in your own home—to make up to \$150 a week. I'll show you how I have trained thousands of men for BIG SUCCESS in the Auto Industry—and how I can do that for you! I'll send you facts about the wonderful Money-Making Opportunities in this TREMENDOUS AUTO INDUSTRY! I'll show you how men Raise their Pay right in the very first few weeks of my training.

I'll prove to you that I train you as you want to be trained—for the BIG Jobs—quickly, easily and thoroughly—or my training doesn't cost you a penny. Get the PROOF—Mail the coupon now and I'll

send you **all the FACTS** without the slightest obligation on your part—as well as full details of my wonderful 4 outfits offer!

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B.W.COKE "JOB-WAY"

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The Book That Shows the Way to A BIG PAY JOB and a RAISE

Get my big book "Auto Facts" right now. I'll send it to you *absolutely Free* if you act quick. Same amazing book that has put hundreds of me like you in the BIG PAY class of Auto Experts. It is the book that has doubled and tripled men's salaries. It is the book that has brought big extra spare-time money to men all over the world—and put others in their own money-making Auto Businesses.

It opens the way to a BIG JOB and a QUICK RAISE IN PAY for YOU! I'll send it to you *absolutely Free* and postage paid. Not a penny's charge—not a bit of obligation on your part. Get it **QUICK!**

GET THE FACTS NO OBLIGATION WHATEVER

Send Coupon Now

Be sure to send coupon at once for this remarkable Book. Right now I am in a position to make you an outstanding offer of 4 Big Outfits which I'll include without a penny's extra cost. Get all the particulars **QUICK**. Clip Coupon now.



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State.....

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Address me
Personally

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What Is That LURE of Peggy Joyce?



Would you like to know the secrets of Peggy's world famous charm? Then read Photoplay for November.

Do you ever hope to be so attractive, so appealing, so wistful, so desirous that any man would say "Here, darling, have a pearl necklace and don't look so sad?"

Wouldn't you like to know what goes on behind Peggy Joyce's limpid blue eyes that brings fortunes to her feet, that has made her the favor of royalty, the toast of Europe, and who our newspapers call our most fascinating American vampire?

Then read about her in Photoplay before you see her on the Screen. Perhaps you will get some ideas.

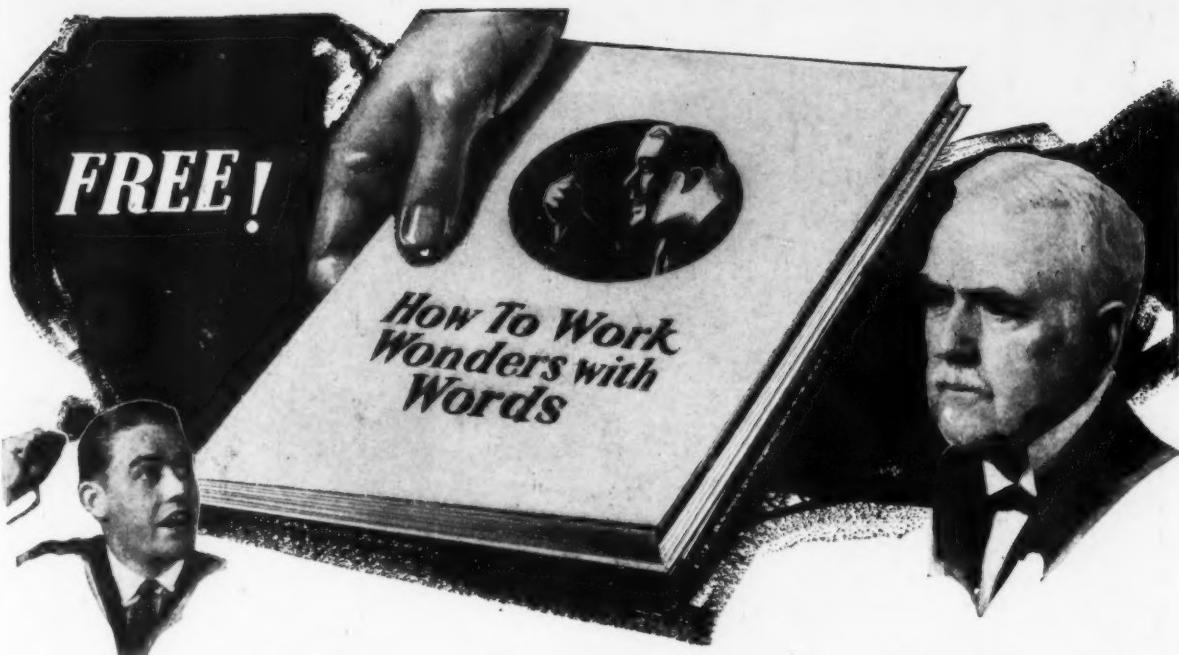
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Not Only Men Who Have Made Millions Send for this Astonishing Book *~but Thousands of Others!*

Many successful business men have sent for this amazing book now mailed free. Such men as Walter O. Ford, of the Ford Manufacturing Company; C. F. Bourgeois, President of Robischon and Peckham Company; H. B. McNeal, President of the Telephony Publishing Company; Guy H. Shearer, Cashier Filer State Bank; and many other prominent, prosperous business executives are unstinting in their praise of it. But don't think it is only for big men. Thousands of young men have found in this book the key to advancement in salary and position, popularity, standing, power and real success. You can now obtain your copy absolutely free by writing at once.

Today business demands for the big, important, high-salaried jobs, men who can dominate others—men who can make others do as they wish, whether it be one man or a thousand. It is the power of forceful convincing speech that causes one man to jump from obscurity to the presidency of a great corporation. Another from a small, unimportant territory to the salesmanager's desk. Another from the rank and file of political workers to a post of national prominence as a campaign speaker. A timid, retiring, self-conscious man to change almost overnight into a popular and much applauded after-dinner speaker.

Either You Become a Powerful Speaker—or Your Training is FREE

You are shown how to conquer stage fright, self-consciousness, timidity, bashfulness and fear—these things which keep you silent when men of lesser ability get what they want by the sheer power of convincing speech. You are told how to bring out and develop your priceless "hidden knack"—the natural gift within you—which will win for you advancement in position and salary, popularity,—standing,

power and real success. This simple, easy, sure and quick training is guaranteed to do this. If it fails your training will not cost you a single penny.

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How to talk before your club or lodge.
How to address Board Meetings.
How to propose and respond to toasts.
How to make a political speech.
How to tell entertaining stories.
How to deliver speeches interestingly.
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How to enlarge your vocabulary.
How to develop self-confidence.
How to acquire a winning personality.
How to strengthen your will-power and ambition.
How to develop your power of concentration.
How to become a clear, accurate thinker.
How to be the master of any situation.

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There is no mystery about the power to work wonders with words. Practically anyone can do it. It makes no difference how embarrassed or self-conscious you now are when called upon to speak. Certain principles will show you how to rise head and shoulders above the mass and make yourself the dominating figure, in any gathering. How to be a

leader among men. How to rise to any occasion and demand what you want with force, vigor and conviction. Give only fifteen minutes a day in the privacy of your own home and you can accomplish all this in a few short weeks.

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If you will fill in and mail the coupon at once you will receive besides this remarkable new book, "How to Work Wonders with Words," an amazing five minutes' test by which you can determine for yourself whether you are one of the 7 men out of

every 9 who possess the "hidden knack" of powerful speech but do not know it. Decide for yourself if you are going to allow fifteen minutes a day to stand between you and success. You, like thousands of others, can quickly and easily learn how to bring out and develop your "hidden knack" and gain for yourself high position, standing, money and power. Just send your name and address now—thousands have found this to be the biggest forward step of their lives. If it has played such an important part in the lives of many big men, may it not in yours?

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Please send me FREE and without obligation, my copy of your famous book, "How to Work Wonders with Words." Also your FREE 5-minute test by which I may make a self-examination.

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This is Edith. around whom

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has written a Novel about your morals
and your neighbors', and called it by
the apt title

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This story will cause about as many arguments as the Dayton trial. Begin this Novel of Today in the November issue of *Hearst's International and Cosmopolitan* at all news-stand after October 9th.

27 STORIES,
NOVELS and
FEATURES

including
Theodore Roosevelt's
own story of his hunting
and exploring
adventures in mysterious Asia.

Two Magazines in One—for the Price of One

Arthur Brisbane says:

"It is not how much you GET. It's how much you can BUY with what you get."

"If you are able to pay the average rent, you are also able to pay for and gradually buy the home and own it."

"I believe in budgets"—President Coolidge.



How to Live Well On a Modest Income

It is simple as A-B-C if you follow the "budget" plan. Don't be frightened by the word "budget." Every week you lay aside for the rent or other property payment, do you not? If you do this, you have already started a budget system, without knowing it. By this same simple system you can pay for and gradually buy good furniture, rugs, other household necessities and luxuries—anything you desire.

You can buy these things by putting by as little as 75c a week more, when you put by the rent money. That's merely adding a little to your weekly budget. Planning beforehand in this way

what you expect to spend, is far more satisfactory and pleasant than frittering away your money without anything to show for it, through lack of system. It actually means **GETTING THE MOST GOOD OUT OF YOUR MONEY**. Keeping a budget shows you how to both **BUY MORE** and **SAVE MORE** than you would ever have thought possible.

Says President Coolidge, "I believe in budgets—I want other people to believe in them. I have had a small one to run my own home; and besides that I am head of the organization that makes the greatest of all budgets—that of the United States Government."

Why Wait Until You Are Too Old To Enjoy What Life Offers?

Thousands of people long to have handsomer, more up-to-date furniture and furnishings in their homes. It is a very worthy desire. Yet they feel they can never, or at least not for years, save sufficient to pay for the things they wish.

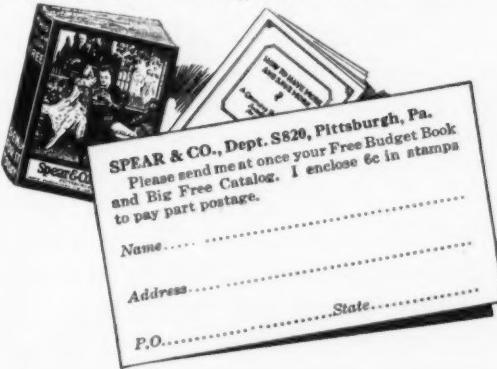
This is a sad mistake. Today through the wonderful advantage of the Spear plan, whereby you pay gradually and easily from your income, you do not

need to wait until you are old to enjoy life's comforts and even luxuries. You simply budget your weekly expenses, as is easy to do with the Free Budget Book offered below. Follow this simple plan that shows you where every cent goes. Lay aside regularly the small sum necessary to meet payments. And soon many things you have merely dreamed of and hoped for are yours and fully paid for without the slightest inconvenience.

Get one of the simply ruled Budget Books that we offer free with our big catalog. It is called "How to Have More and Save More—A Complete Budget Plan", and it tells exactly how to follow the simple money-making and money-saving plan advised by Mr. Brisbane, also containing ruled pages for a year's entries. Then our new catalog is a treasure house of Home Furnishing Ideas, a delightful guide to Happy Home Making. It shows such a wonderful variety of all kinds of furniture and furnishings, carpets, stoves, rugs, etc., that you are bound to find exactly what you need, at the price you want to pay. Learn also about our Money-Back Bond, the Fairest, Squarest Guarantee in the World. Send for the free Budget Book and Catalog NOW. Please enclose 6c in stamps to pay part postage. Mail Coupon TODAY.

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Breaking Through

C. P. STRIE

LIFE is a mirror. Some of us smile at it. That is why it smiles back. Some of us scowl at it and wonder why the clouds gather. In such a case there is only one way to make the sun break through and that is to smile.

Have you ever noticed the sudden hush which falls over the country before a storm? Then comes a tiny sweep of wind bringing down a few of the rustling leaves which color the Autumn landscape. Finally a torrent of rain descends—bothersome if we think of it that way, or wonderfully refreshing. It all depends on the way you and I think of it at the moment.

I am rather given to talking shop, I know, and I'm going to stop altogether, but first I must tell you just how much I appreciate the help you have given in building the SMART SET policy.

A LITTLE over a year ago we started to build anew, and promised that whatever our readers wanted us to do, we would do. The result has been just what might have been expected. We smiled at you, and you smiled back. The imaginary clouds which hang before every new enterprise have faded away and the sun is breaking through.

Right from the first we have been confident of your support because we have been honest in our efforts to build of the romance of life a magazine which is fascinating—and clean. And we're going over the top so fast that it almost takes my breath away to think of it.

We have proved that we can be fascinating in our presentation of stories and still keep them in good taste. We

have learned that you are willing to co-operate with us in good faith. And we have gone as far as we felt it possible to go in making SMART SET a magazine of our own readers.

OUR covers have been a great success since we have been using SMART SET girls as models. Our SMART SET girl rotogravure section has been more popular than we dared to dream—and it's made up of our own home girls, and not of movie stars. Maybe some of these girls will be stars within a few years. I certainly hope so; and I believe they will. Where else would the directors find such prospects?

We are different from other magazines. Out of the unknown have come the big majority of our stories; manuscripts have been received from every corner of the English-speaking world.

You and I, following the winding road into the unknown, have been to India together, to the south seas, to Africa. We have roamed the desert, climbed the mountains of Kentucky, wandered through the old South.

I DON'T know just how we could go about gathering anything more romantic than these stories of people everywhere. I know they are not written by the pens of masters—that is one reason they are great. Just the little dramas of everyday life as you and I have known it! And together we are looking for new thrills as we journey once more around the earth, smiling at the mirror which is life and watching the rising sun breaking through the mists.



Baffling Oriental Mystery—Romance—Thrilling Adventure—Crowd Each Upon the Other's Heels

Just mail the coupon below, promptly, and a splendid set of 11 volumes of astounding mystery stories comes to you without obligation or expense. A marvelous set of books that spreads before your eyes a new and fascinating world of adventure and romance—a breathless succession of amazing episodes—all the glamour and subtle enchantments of the Orient—life in a thousand guises, each more fascinating than the last!

Just mail the coupon and you get, if satisfied, at a splendid bargain, breathless, thrilling stories, in which you explore an unsuspected strata of life—an underworld from which a yellow menace threatens the very foundations of white supremacy. Here white men face torture and death to preserve the heritage of the Caucasian race—their amazing exploits and hairbreadth escapes hold you spellbound throughout the entire

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WRITTEN by a genius with rare insight into Oriental character—the background of Sax Rohmer's books shifts from aristocratic homes to the underworld dives where the insidious Fu Manchu breeds a jungle of noxious things to catch white men like flies—from England into the heart of secret Egypt—from East to West, but always through amazing exploits whose daring will sweep you off your feet!

And that is not all! Sax Rohmer reveals the weird secrets of Chinese religious fanatics, Hindu devil-doctors, wizards of all countries—those mysteries over which controversy has raged ever since West met East.



These beautiful sphinx polychrome book-ends stand five inches high and are substantially and carefully made. They are all the rage with literary folks and make a highly ornamental and valuable addition to your home.



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Push this FREE EXAMINATION TO DAY!
IF COSTS EXAMINATION TO DAY!

The Facts in the Matter

*Which Has to Do With a Great Story
With a New Idea Hidden In It.*

A REMARKABLE manuscript has come into my possession. It is the old, old story of a girl pitting her puny strength against Broadway. There is a bit of the lure of the white lights—but best of all there's a plucky fight. Never mind whether she won or not. What does that matter?

As long as she fought a good fight I like her. She has told her story in a way which makes you live it all with her again.

It isn't a sermon. It doesn't spend any time painting morals. If it did we wouldn't print it.

BUT one thought is there, more worthy of consideration than many a sermon. Girls come to New York prepared to guard against temptation—when they recognize it.

They do not accept invitations which look to be off color. But the facts in the matter are that the "harmless" parties are the most dangerous of all.

Jenny wouldn't accept *Al's* invitation to dinner on slight acquaintance; but if *May* does the inviting what then?

Here is something which is a real

problem. To be *always* on guard seems unnecessary—but, is it? I'm inclined to think that *Al's* invitation is preferable to *May's* most of the time because it erects a natural reserve.

THIS is the sort of story you can't very well take exception to—because its simple honesty is convincing. I want you to read it—then pass it along where it will do the most good. It begins in the December issue.

We'll have some other surprises too, sen-

sational in a way—but most of all what seems to be satisfying reading. We have been reading for years about this pitting one's strength against Broadway; but after it's done, if you are beaten, what then?

THERE is an answer even to that question—and the answer is in the form of a feature story, also in the December issue.

It gives you a new belief in people to read about the steps they have taken to help one climb back.

I want you to read these stories carefully and think about them. They will startle you.

THE EDITOR.

The Steno Who Couldn't Say "YES"



"Fifty a week, PROVIDING—"

[By WILLIAM R. DURGIN]

"I'll never forget that morning when I first applied for the position of secretary to Mr. Rend," confessed this clever young girl to me. "It was one of the best jobs in the city, and I think every girl in the city must have been after it. There were ten in the outer office that morning, and I had to wait my turn. But at last the switchboard girl said 'Mr. Rend will see you now,' and motioned me into the president's office.

"My references were good, I'm not lacking in looks or personality, either, so I was rather hopeful of being the lucky one as he plied me with questions—in a quiet but incisive voice that I admit thrilled me every time he spoke.

"'You may report in the morning, at \$50 a week, providing—'

"That *providing* was followed by a sinking sensation. For the job was mine 'providing' I had a typewriter at home, and could on occasions type off the special reports that sometimes must be ready in the morning. I would gladly have done them, as I falteringly explained, but—well, I had long promised myself a machine of my own, and somehow had never saved enough to get one.

"Order your new machine today," said Mr. Rend, "and don't worry about the cash it will involve. Here," and he wrote the name of a Chicago firm on a slip of paper. "Three dollars is all you'll have to send these people, and you'll have your typewriter just as quick as express travels. Pay the rest by the month, and it won't be much—we don't pay any such fancy price as \$100 for *our* typewriters—this company supplies us with rebuilt Underwoods at a sensible price, and under five year guarantee. Is that good enough for you?" I need not tell you it was! I have my Underwood now. I wouldn't trade it for any I've ever seen. Furthermore, with a typewriter at home, I have made many extra dollars doing work for others; I went to Yellowstone last summer on that extra money, and my next winter's coat is going to come from the same source. I advise any girl who wants a fine typewriter for her very own, to write the Shipman-Ward Company, Chicago, for the same offer they made me."



THREE DOLLARS!

That's All That Stands Between YOU and the Genuine Underwood Typewriter Pictured Here!

Here's that Underwood you didn't think you could afford! You needn't pay \$100—or anything like it! You don't have to buy it on the chance you're going to like it—a full week's thorough test is free for the asking! Three dollars and you keep it. Monthly payments you'll never feel nor miss—and it's yours forever with a five-year guarantee.

Why try to do without a good typewriter when this is a typewriting age? Why be content with a second-class machine when you can *just as easily* own a genuine, spirited Underwood? The Shipman-Ward plan was made for you; It's ready to serve you now; it offers a convenience and a saving many of the largest business houses are not too proud to take!

If thought of the *expense* has held you back—get your Underwood now! The expressman will bring it for your own actual try-out. There'll be nobody at hand to urge its purchase; sit down and let it sell itself.

A New Typewriter Plan

The Shipman-Ward organization was first to realize that the big cost of high-grade typewriters was due to the way they were *sold*. By selling direct, we avoid a long round-about of expense, and this saving we pass along to you. A re-built Underwood as we rebuild it is a typewriter at its *best*. It has the stamina that makes possible our five-year guarantee (most factories, as you probably know, guarantee for only one year).

We have just put through a new lot of several hundred Underwoods. They are beautiful writing machines—in sparkling condition—every one stands ready for a long life of service—complete with tools, cover, book, etc.

Try One Ten Days, and If You Buy It, Pay Like Rent

Do something about this offer, now. No money is wanted, no deposit need be sent, just fill in the coupon and mail it. It has been our experience that even a large lot of these Underwoods is soon exhausted. If you think you might like one from this lot, arrange

for the trial of one *now*. At least, get the free typewriter book that acquaints you with the Shipman-Ward plan and offer!

If you've ever written on an Underwood, you know what it's like! An experienced operator finds new speed and new joy on an Underwood. A typist of indifferent ability soon develops good speed on this superior machine. And a mere beginner will begin right on the Underwood keyboard and with the Underwood mechanism. Clip coupon *now*.

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If you want the *best typewriter built—and at the best price ever made*, in the bargain—you'll get our catalog that tells how to buy the *three wonderful Underwood typewriters* in the largest factory of its kind in the world, and lowest prices and terms in existence. We will also include free the new Type Writing Manual—it gives many examples and samples of uses for your typewriter: in business accounts, social correspondence, recipes, shopping lists, household accounts, etc.; school work; literary work, etc. Here's the coupon:



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Please send full offer, with Type Writing Manual FREE, prices, terms, etc., and full information about your *FREE* course in Touch Typewriting. All without obligation; this is NOT an order.



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Know his Trick?

—for never letting sore throat spoil his fun?

NO stay-at-home days for this fellow on account of sore throat.

Because he and his mother have learned how to keep sore throat away—during the coldest days of winter, as well as during those raw flu-days of early fall.

Just a simple precaution does the trick. And that's the systematic use of Listerine, the safe antiseptic, as a daily mouth-wash and gargle.

So often it will ward off a bad case of sore throat and the more serious ills that may follow.

Sore throat is a nuisance—and, usually, it is the danger signal of other troubles that start with throat infections.

Listerine, the safe antiseptic, will put you and your family on the safe side. So do not be without it. It has dozens of other uses—all described on the circular that comes wrapped around each bottle—*Lambert Pharmaceutical Company, Saint Louis, U. S. A.*



A CHALLENGE

We'll make a little wager with you that if you try one tube of Listerine Tooth Paste, you'll come back for more.

LARGE TUBE—25 CENTS



SMART SET

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True Stories from Real Life

The Home-Coming

By HARRY LEE

*The Faraway Lands were fair, but, oh,
I tarried too long for the homing!
For no one was waiting to welcome me back.
When homeward I turned from my roaming,
I, who had lingered so long away,
Came back at the twilight,
When leaves were falling;
Came softly, at dusk,
When the crickets cried;
Came as a ghost.
For the winds were calling!*

*I dared not enter remembered doors—
Softly I passed the dear home-places—
Fearing the dream in my soul would die,
Meeting the pity of stranger faces;
I climbed to the church
On the pine-dark hill,
The hill of peace,
Where my loves were sleeping—
The twistful ones
Who had wanted me:
The kindly ones,
Past care and weeping!*

*There, while the timid stars looked down,
I pondered the promises lightly broken—
Remembered words I couldn't unsay;
Words of love that I might have spoken.
The Faraway Lands are fair, but oh,
Wait not too long
For the homing.
Lest no one be waiting
To welcome you back.
When, weary, you turn
From your roaming'*



When You

DR. FRANK

WHEN you are angry with a person sit down and write him a letter and put into it all the bitterness of your heart. Then burn it up.

No one who is human can help being angry sometimes. Anger is a natural reaction against certain wrongs. He would be less of a man who would not feel it occasionally.

But there is a difference between being angry and making a permanent record of that anger.

IN the nature of the case, anger is one of those emotions which passes, or ought to pass.

So wait until you are cool and your feelings have calmed down before you put your sentiments on paper.

Boys draw in their kites when they will, but the angry word that is once spoken cannot be withdrawn.

When you are angry you are apt to wrong no one more than yourself.

It is a good plan, therefore, when you are all heated up to go into your room, shut the door, and take

Are Angry

CRANE

your feelings out on your reflection in the mirror. At least that can do no harm and you can rely upon the person to whom you have shown your feelings not to disclose them.

A word spoken in anger very often would not be repeated in cold blood, and you do not want a permanent record of it.

WRITING angry letters comes in the same category as writing to women. It has been said, "Do right and fear no man; don't write and fear no woman."

There is a story of Newman Hall, the celebrated preacher of former times in New York.

Someone had treated him unjustly and he sat down and wrote a scorching letter to the man. A deacon happened to come in and Dr. Hall read the letter to him.

THAT is a good letter," said the deacon. "It is so good, in fact, that it is literature. Why waste it on this man? I would suggest that you publish it in book form and call it 'Go to Hell,' by Newman Hall, the author of 'Come to Jesus'"





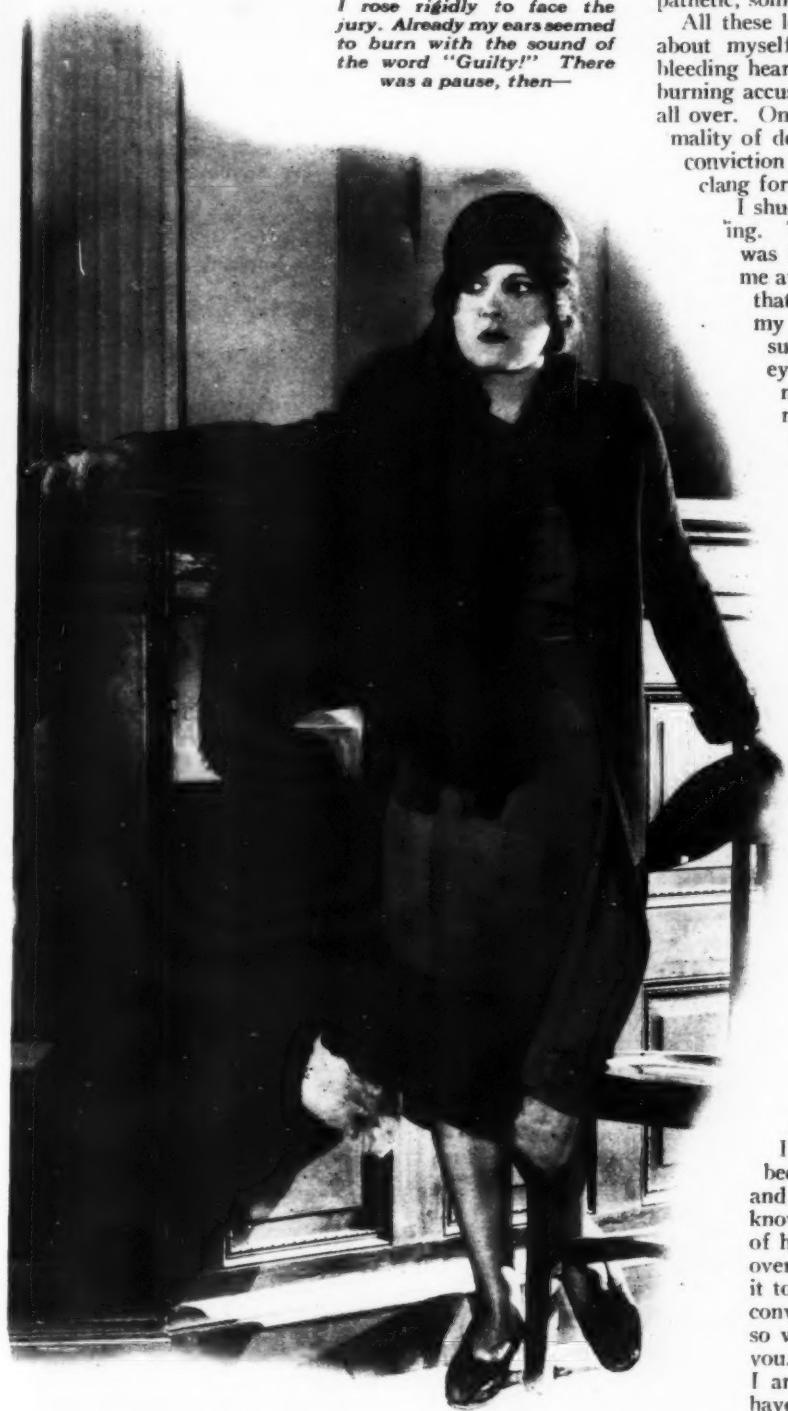
The Ancient Fool

*The Gripping Story of a Woman Whose
Soul Was Crushed by a Man's Hatred*

THE court-room was hot, suffocatingly hot. Every nook and corner was crowded. I glanced about. The room was filled for the most part with inquisitive women and girls, for I, Alice Conners, was being tried in the famous Brandeis murder case. In this case, there was more than ordinary attraction; not only was the murder of James Brandeis a very mysterious one, but I, the suspected woman, was reported beautiful, sad, and apparently innocent. And by no means the least of these attractions was Richard Hilton, the prosecuting attorney—tall, dark, dynamic, both in appearance and voice. Even in my misery, I could see how the darkness of his type contrasted vividly with the blondness of mine, and his energy with my helplessness, for it was plain to all how intensely he hated me.

"These women," he thundered in his final address to the jury, "these pretty-pretty, doll-faced types, believe they can do with us whatever they wish; that because they are pretty and angelic we must, of course, believe them innocent of all evil-doing. They are becoming the ruination, the disgrace of this country. Many a charming face has covered a wanton heart. Consider then, and consider well, not the appearance of this woman, but the testimony which you have heard, the evil deed which has been committed, and the direful necessity of finding the guilty person, and of meting out proper punishment. She must not be allowed to go free, to wreck other men, other homes; to pull down the very foundations of our nation."

He sat down. The silent room seemed still to quiver



I rose rigidly to face the jury. Already my ears seemed to burn with the sound of the word "Guilty!" There was a pause, then—

-strain, the torture, the accusations, the sneering gaze of passers-by, the curious glances of the crowd, some sympathetic, some jeering, all crucifying.

All these long and weary weeks, I had grown a shell about myself—a shell of indifference, to protect my bleeding heart beneath. Even Richard Hilton's hate, his burning accusations had not stirred me. But now it was all over. Only the jury must leave, go through the formality of deliberation, return with their already settled conviction of "Guilty," and the prison gates would clang forever behind me.

I shuddered as though I heard their actual clang-ing. There! The Judge had finished, the jury was filing out now. Soon someone would lead me away to wait, wait for that "Guilty!" After that I would be a branded criminal. I raised my head to shriek. I must give vent to this surging flood of terror. But suddenly my eyes met those of Richard Hilton's, and my mouth, slightly opened for that scream, remained so. Across that distance we gazed at one another, and, for a space, the court-room, the restless crowd, even the confining walls, melted into nothingness, leaving only two beings, entranced. Richard Hilton's dark eyes were turned to glowing coals from the hate he felt; and I rose to my feet, benumbed, bewitched, terror-stricken, gazed and gazed until I grew rigid. And then, merciful and sudden darkness descending, wiping out those glittering eyes. I fainted.

* * * * *

THE jury brought in a verdict of "Not Guilty" because of the lack of a motive.

Among the various letters I received, congratulating me upon my release, was one from old Ambrose Hilton, Richard Hilton's uncle. You could almost hear his silly giggle in its lines. But I did not hear it then, not until much later. In my present state of nervous collapse, the latter had seemed to come from a heavenly source.

"My dear," wrote old Ambrose Hilton, "never have I been so pleased. That young cockerel, Richard Hilton, who thinks he is my esteemed nephew, but really is a blackguard, failed to convict you. I have always told him he should not have been a lawyer. He should have joined me and become a stock-broker. I have always known it, and always told him so. This failure of his has pleased me immensely; I tell him so, over and over. I am so pleased I can not keep it to myself. He swears you would have been convicted had you not been so pretty. Are you so very pretty, my dear? Doll-faced, he calls you. I like doll faces. Do come to see me! I am very curious. Be assured that I would have attended the trial, but for two reasons: I was afraid he *might* win, and I have had an unusually bad attack of my heart again."

"My poor dear child. I am glad that you are free. Won't you please an old man's fancy, and come to see me?"

I crumpled the letter in my hand, as I stood gazing out of the window into the morning sunlight. Old Ambrose Hilton! Richard Hilton's uncle! I had heard of him, varying reports. Some said he was a

for a moment from his ringing tones. A longer silence.

The Judge was charging the jury now, but his voice did not carry well enough to reach this particular corner of the crowded court-room.

I sat in the prisoner's seat, looking dumbly before me, Richard Hilton's words still ringing in my ears. Had I been alone, I would have bowed my head in my hands and wept. It was over now, or nearly so, the long, long

miser, more a devil, a few, perhaps those who knew him best, that he was a pathetic old man, pathetic and lonely. The letter itself seemed to reflect more than one phase of his nature. Those last two lines rang true, somehow. An old man . . . lonely . . . he wanted to see me. He was honest enough to admit his curiosity. Better at least than these disgusting, overwhelming love letters from utter strangers; these erratic proposals of marriage.

No. He was curious. He was an old man. He was honest. He was Richard Hilton's uncle. Despite my vow to have nothing more to do with men, ever, I decided to go. And though I did not admit it even to myself, even then, under that decision was a faint, pathetic hope that in some way this call would soften, even slightly, the hate Richard Hilton felt toward me.

* * * * *

MY KNEES were trembling as I pressed the bell of Ambrose Hilton's apartment. The long strain of the trial had left me nervous, unusually sensitive, and given to unexpected weeping. At that minute, I regretted deeply my decision. I turned from the door, half deciding to run away.

But at just that moment the door swung inward, and a man stood facing me, tall and lean.

"Mr—Mr. Hilton? Mr. Ambrose Hilton?" I stammered.

The man bowed low and stepped backward.

"Come in, miss. This is Miss Conner?"

"Yes."

"Mr. Hilton is expecting you. Just be seated."

He disappeared, and my knees gave way promptly, letting me down into a deep, comfortable chair. I gazed about. The room was attractive, artistic without being formal, altogether comfortable, and meant for a man. My instinct responded to the beauty about me, the deep mauves, the silver greys, the black and white lines of a fine etching. I absorbed all this luxury as a thirsty plant absorbs moisture. All my life I had longed for rich things, richness of texture, of line, of color; all my life I had been forced to be content with plain things, cheap things, even drab things. When at last I had graduated as a nurse, I had felt that life was opening for me. The first year had been filled mostly with cross old women and squalling babies, it is true, but when at last I had gone as private nurse to old James Brandeis on Crocus Hill, life had seemed richer, happier at last, because of my material surroundings. Well, that was over! And now, of course, no one minded, or even respectable, would want me for a nurse; for, although the jury had brought in a verdict of "Not Guilty," I was nevertheless branded in the public eye. And people would be afraid of me, afraid of Alice Conner.

Sudden tears rose to my eyes. I struggled to suppress them, but they still glittered as I looked up at the approach of Ambrose Hilton. He was tall and lean,

too, as tall and as lean as his valet, although bent slightly, leaning on a cane.

"A-ha! Beauty in distress!" he greeted me.

I sprang to my feet, angrily dashing the tears from my eyes.

"I did not come here to be insulted." I stormed: "I am going—at once."

"Tut! Tut! Tut!" Ambrose Hilton fussed over fixing a cushion in a chair, his back toward me. "Sit down, my dear. Sit down. Damn that old Petronius; he never will learn how to fix pillows!"

Pettishly he threw the cushion to the floor, and gave it a vicious kick.

Training was stronger than convention, than anger.



For a minute my heart hurt worse than Ambrose Hilton's

even. I sprang at once toward the chair, picked up the pillow, patted it, and stuffed it behind Ambrose Hilton's back.

"Ah, that's better." He settled with a sigh. "You have a knack, my dear, a knack. Pity it must be wasted."

I sank back into my chair, subdued, my eyes downcast, striving to keep back the ever ready tears.

FORGIVE an old man," he said, in a tone that was surprisingly tender, but when I looked up quickly, craving a little sympathy, a little understanding, I was met only with the same facetious smile. "Ah, yes, I am old; it is not necessary for you to deny it. I am not so lucky as Nero."

"I was not going to deny it," I said gravely, "but I cannot see in what way you consider Nero—fortunate"

It was his turn to look at me quickly, surprise showing for a fleeting glimpse in his deep set grey eyes.
"You know—Nero?"

"I know of him," I smiled faintly.

"Do you know, then, what a conceited pup he was, how eagerly he lapped up all flattery, how readily he believed himself mighty, the little puppet?"

"Even so—" the conversation had indeed taken a strange turn—"I can scarcely see what Nero has to do with—us."

"No, perhaps not. Only it is a fancy of mine to compare our present day men, old men, not all, mind you, but myself for instance, with that Ancient Fool."

I smiled, started to speak, stopped.

"Well, well, say it," snapped Ambrose Hilton irritably
I could feel the color mounting in my cheeks. Nevertheless I spoke.

"I visited an insane asylum once, when I was in training. There were a good many Neros—there."

Ambrose Hilton got up and stamped around the room. Finally he paused before me.

"Young woman," he began, irritably, then finished, rather lamely, "no wonder my nephew hated you."

I dropped my eyes to hide the sudden pain in them.

"Do you hate him, also?" Ambrose Hilton was curious.

"Yes." My tone was very low.

"And yet you came here? Why?"

"Because—oh, Mr. Hilton, I don't suppose you would understand, but of all the letters I received, horrid letters of love, beastly things, of congratulations—why should I be congratulated on what is my right? They have taken away my livelihood, and now they congratulate me!" I broke down against my will and sobbed.

"Yes—yes. You were saying that of all the—"

I dabbed at my eyes, tried to regain my composure, and went on more calmly:

"—of all these, yours alone was honest. At least, you wanted to see what I looked like, and said so. Oh, it's beastly to be only an object of curiosity." My tones grew tense again. "But it isn't so bad when they admit it openly. And then, the last part of your letter—oh—I don't know—it seemed kind—"

"At least, that you have seen me you're disappointed?" Ambrose Hilton leaned forward eagerly.

I looked at him steadily.

"At least, I will pay you the compliment of being honest in return. Yes, I am disappointed—greatly."

Ambrose Hilton sank back into a chair, and remained for a long time silent and thoughtful. I decided this perhaps was my cue for dismissal. I gathered up my bag and gloves to leave. But he stayed me with a gesture of his hand.

"Not yet. I have a proposal to make to you."

I shrank back in disgust.

He glanced at me quickly.

"Not that kind. Don't be so sensitive. You spoke just now of being without means [Turn to page 86]



Amy Fulton' I almost spoke the name aloud.

No

*"You—You've
From Me. But
You're Rob-
the Little Hap-
Left—and I
More Than a Year"*

*"Don't you think
you might have
given me the benefit
of the doubt and not
run away the way
you did?"*

THE pounding wheels of the train beat a refrain in my ears. "Home, home, home at last!" they cried, and my heart, bursting with joy that was almost pain, echoed the song they sang. It was good to be home, though from home, which was England, I had fled three years ago, glad to get away.

Three years! I put the thought from my mind. That was a long time ago. Life was desolate then, and there seemed no hope. But now I was back, and all the happiness of the returned exile was mine. I refused to have it otherwise. The eyes which I turned occasionally on my traveling companions—those who had also shared ship life with me—were brimming with joy.

"Glad to be back, Miss Armstrong?" asked Colonel Stanley, he of the Indian Army who with his wife had been most kind to me on the boat which I had joined at Aden.

"Oh, Colonel Stanley," I cried enthusiastically, "if you only knew!"

Mrs. Stanley, a sweet-faced, tired-looking woman, smiled sympathetically. She remembered her first furlough. "The loveliest thing about being stationed in a place like India is the coming home," she said quietly, not realizing the unoriginality of the remark.



Dear, kind woman! She, too, had had her first home-coming. Only she had returned happily to her own people and a wonderful old Georgian house in Yorkshire, which had harbored her family from time immemorial. There was a welcome awaiting her. What was in store for me I did not know . . . I was alone in the world . . . I had no home . . .

I had sworn to myself that the past was past. Yet it had a habit of obtruding itself on me. I could not forget. I fell to wondering if it

had been wise of me after all to come home. Memories were so poignant, awakened as they were by old familiar sights and the smell of the fresh loam.

I think, though, at that time I would have welcomed departure for anywhere as long as it was away from all I had known. My one desire was to bury myself, to hide myself from the eyes of those who sympathized and pitied. For I could stand neither pity nor sympathy. In spite of all that had happened I was still proud. My pride was all that was left to me of my old life and my old ways.

I had been very happy as a girl. I was an only child and the idol of my widowed father whose ambition in life was to make me happy and give me everything my heart could desire. Poor Dad! He was weak, deplorably weak, but there never breathed a kinder or more devoted parent. He sent me to good schools, including a finishing one on the continent from which I returned when I was eighteen years old. Thereafter, I ruled his domain and him with a free hand. He delighted in having me "boss" him, and anything I demanded of him, were it a motor car or a new frock, was instantly delivered to me.

Dad was wealthy. He had a good appointment "in the city," but he made a lot of money on the stock

Plaster Saint

*Taken Him
He's—He's Mine.
bing Me of
piness I Have
Can't Live
She Was Saying.*

exchange. That little I knew. When I found him worried I concluded that he had had a bad day. I was not troubled. I knew the next would find him smiling. But there came a time when the frown did not disappear from his face and the worried lines deepened in his brow. He would tell me nothing, only kiss me gently and lingeringly. He seemed to like to have me near him as often as possible. Then, one day, the blow . . .

I can never think of that time without a shudder. Father kissed me good-by and entered the motor as usual to be driven to the city. As the car turned at the end of the drive he turned back and waved to me as he had always waved until he was out of sight. I never saw him again. Noontime brought me a visitor, a pale and frightened young man from the office, to tell me haltingly that my father was hurt; then, when I had recovered from the shock, that he was dead; and lastly, that he had shot himself! My dad, my good kind dad had died by his own hand! I could not believe. But it was true. Father had committed suicide because he could not face exposure. Caught on the stock-market, he had used funds which did not belong to him in a desperate effort to cover his losses and in the hope of winning. Luck was against him. With discovery imminent, he had blown his brains out . . .

THERE was a frightful scandal, of course, and in the backwash I was submerged. Though guiltless myself of all wrongdoing,



"What do you want me to do?" "Go away. I want you to leave him alone. You have intrigued him—"

there were many of my so-called friends who cut me dead. Besides, I was no longer the fortunate and pampered daughter of a rich and respected man. I was the penniless offspring of a thief . . . How I lived through those days I will never know. I was numbed with grief and pain and humiliation. I felt I was being pointed at and that jeers and taunts followed me wherever I went. Yet this was preferable to pity and sympathy, particularly when it was learned that Clarence Payne and I had broken off our engagement.

I don't blame Clarence. He was a nice but spineless boy. I don't suppose I had ever really loved him. Ours had been a boy and girl affair. I could hardly have expected him to wish to marry me under the circumstances. Only he was very crude in the way he approached me about being released from his promise. That hurt . . . But fortunately I did not have time to brood—much. There was my living to be earned. I had to find employment, I who had been educated to nothing useful. At nineteen I had to begin making

*"A cripple like you!"
I cried. "A cripple! If
you're a cripple then every
angel in God's heaven is
maimed!"*

my own way; my lily-white hands must become useful.

I didn't know what to do, and I shivered at the thought of becoming a "working girl" where formerly I had been feted and sought after. I did not want to find employment in London. I suppose it was foolish. But at the age I was then, a girl is not a monument of sense. I wanted to get away, anywhere. I did not want to stay in England. The island seemed too small for me to hide myself from all those who had known me in the old happy days. And then came my chance through an old friend of my father's; a courteous gentleman of the old school, and himself an old man.

"Julie, my dear," he said one evening when he came to call on me, "I deplore your wish to get away from England, but I can understand.

I have been thinking of ways I could help, but an old man, my dear, is not much use in this advanced day and age. I have an acquaintance, a Mr. Pardon. I have done him some favors. He is partner in a firm which maintains an office in Aden, Arabia. I have taken the liberty of speaking to him. If you wish you could go out there, expenses paid and all that sort of thing, and work in that office. The salary would be enough for your needs . . ." He looked away. "Aden, they tell me, is the last place God ever made. An awful hole. Hot and—and enervating—"

OH, MR. BRAGDON!" I cried, wakened for the first time out of the lethargy into which I had sunk. "Aden! The last place in the world! Why, that is the place for me!"

And so it was arranged. I sailed less than two weeks later, with a three-year contract in my trunk, and the wish to forget in my heart . . . Three years before. And now I was home. Back. Back to what? Mr. Bragdon was dead. I had cut myself off from all old friends and acquaintances. I was a fool . . .

Colonel Stanley's voice broke in on my thoughts. "Well, Miss Armstrong, we're almost there. Gad! But it's good to be at home again."

The train pulled into the station. I climbed into a taxi and gave an address, that of a cheap but comfortable hotel not far from Piccadilly. As it drove off, Colonel and Mrs. Stanley waved to me. Again involuntary tears started to my eyes. I felt more alone than I had ever been in my life, even that first night in Aden after I had said good-night to the office manager and his wife and had gone to the privacy of my own room . . . And this was home!

But youth is ever optimistic. My tears dried themselves as, fascinated by the crowds and the street lights and the traffic and the hum of voices in a familiar tongue, I was driven swiftly to my hotel.

I went to bed early. I was tired—too tired to sleep.

I arose early and dressed carefully. I had a call to make at the office of my employers and to see Mr. Pardon himself. Then I would be free to enjoy my "leave."

Mr. Pardon was very dear. "Miss Armstrong, we've been very well satisfied with your work. I hope you will be willing to return to Aden for us, at a substantial increase in salary, of course. When your leave is up, you——"

"Thank you," I replied. "I appreciate that very much. But you know what Aden is. I'll never go back as long as I live!"

He smiled. "Well, think it over. You may want to yet. There's something about the Orient that gets into



men's blood—a lure, as it were. It calls them incessantly. The lure may be there for you. Enjoy yourself now in England. But when your six months is up—" He stopped and gestured with an expressive hand.

I tumbled out of his office. Nothing would ever persuade me to return to that broiling spit of land; nothing in this world! I was home, now. Home I would stay. Mr. Pardon might have a job for me in the London office. If not, there were other concerns. The scandal attached to the name of Armstrong was forgotten . . .

London was lonely. Desperately I sought out the Stanleys, who had repeatedly on the voyage home invited me to visit them in Yorkshire.

"Come up at once, my dear," said Mrs. Stanley over

the telephone. "The Colonel and I will love having you as long as you can stay, and my mother has long been wishing to meet you."

I cried as I hung the receiver up. They were so sweet, those two whom I had met only because I had happened to be a passenger on the same boat. And I was pitifully without friends . . .

THE house was a lovely old rambling place in a park of many acres. I was met at the station by the Colonel himself who drove me in a roadster to his mother-in-law's home. Mrs. Stanley, apprised by the hum of the wheels on the long gravel driveway, was at the door to meet me. There was a royal welcome. And peace, and happiness, and ceaseless after three years . . .

I can never forget their kindness to me, kindness which might not have been remarkable had I been a daughter of one of those who occupied great old places near theirs. But I was a stranger and—an office girl. Even old Mrs. Mainwaring—Mrs. Stanley's mother—took me into her old aristocratic heart . . .

There was tennis, and clock golf, and archery, and even croquet played on a lawn that had known the feet of royalty in bygone days. And there were dances and dinner parties and young clean-cut men who did me the honor of seeming to think I was attractive. There was all that the heart of a girl could desire. But deep down in my soul was the scar that time had not been able to heal.

IT WAS foolish of me to have felt that my father's disgrace had branded me. But I could not help it. It was with me always. It was present particularly the night I sat on the carved stone bench under the ancient cedars on the soft lawn with Gerald King.

That night was a night made for lovers and for love. Gerald had motored over for dinner informally with the Stanleys. He was the son of an old friend of the Colonel, who had died in India some years before. And he was a fine, lean, bronzed specimen of a man. His eyes were honest and merry for all the tragedy they had gazed upon in the eventful years of 1914 to 1918. A limp empty sleeve bore mute testimony to the fact that he had served in those grim days. But on his lips there was always a jest, and despite the empty sleeve he could play tennis with the best of them, and even swim. Proud, he was without conceit, and he knew the way to win the heart of a girl.

He had lived as men lived, and to quote his own words, uttered deprecatingly: He was no "plaster saint." No, he was no "saint," Gerald, but there is many a saint in Heaven who would have been glad to have been him.

I loved him. From the first moment I gazed in his eyes and my fingers surrendered willingly to the pressure of his own I knew that there never had been and that there never would be any other man in the world for me. Clarence? Why, Clarence was only—but I could not have said. All I knew was I was glad, glad, glad, that Clarence and I had come to the parting



of our ways . . . I trembled at the thought of having married him and then to have met Gerald.

He came to see me often. I know it was I who was responsible for his frequent visits to the old house. The Colonel knew it too, and would gently twit me about it after dinner as he sipped a glass of rare old port till Mrs. Stanley would rally to my side with: "Charles, you mustn't tease Julie." As though I minded being teased!

But I was afraid that Gerald didn't care for me—the way I wanted him to—and yet feared to have him. For I knew that if he did I would have to tell him about my father and everything, and that perhaps then—

AND that is why that on that magic moonlight night on the stone bench I was sad and troubled when I should have been happy beyond words. For Gerald had slipped his arm about my waist—having deliberately maneuvered until he had seated himself on the left side of me—and pressing me close to him had told me that he loved me and wanted me to be his wife, "—if an adorable wonderful creature like you would be willing to tie herself up forever to a cripple like myself."

"A cripple like you!" I cried. "A cripple! If you're a cripple then every angel in God's heaven is maimed!"

He bent down and kissed me. "Foolish little adorablist," he breathed softly before his lips met mine. "Tell me that you love me, and that you will be mine, my little wife for always."

"Oh, Gerald!" I sobbed suddenly as the tears came. "You don't know. You don't know—about me."

And there in the moonlight, with the wind sighing softly through the grave old cedars, and his arm about me, and his cheek, rough for all its careful shaving, pressed close against my own, I unburdened my soul. "I had to let you know," I said when I had concluded. "I had to, so that—if you wished—I want—I want—oh, Gerald I want to play fair."

For a moment I feared he was going to push me from him, for he was silent and gazing straight in front of him and his foot was nervously rubbing the mossy grass. And in that moment I wished I had not spoken and that I had reached blindly after the happiness he had placed in my hands. Then his arm suddenly tightened about me, and his laughter-loving eyes, suddenly dewy and shining, looked into mine.

"You wanted to play fair, little sweetheart? God! What a woman you are! You love me? Tell me that."

"Dear. You know it. It is I who is wondering if you love me."

"I—I love you? Oh, Julie, Julie! I've dreamed of you and worshiped you since that first night we met. The wondering if I could ever be worthy of you has been torture. I never realized before what a poor sort the average man is."

"Then—then everything is all right?" What inane phrases we use in times of emotion!

"Of course! Why should anything your father did—and who am I to judge him?—ever be held against you?"

"Then—then—kiss me, dear, again, again, sweetheart!"

His head bent down but his lips did not crush themselves against mine. Instead, he just pressed his cheek against my cheek, and the arm which had encircled my waist released itself while his fingers sought my own.

"Oh, dear, my dear," he said huskily. "You are so wonderful and so good. You play the game. And you come to me playing fair. It is I who feels ashamed. I have been the fool. At—at present I am entangled with another girl, though I have not seen her since I met you. Silly sort of romance it was. I don't think she really cares for me. I know she doesn't. She's running around with other men. She—she's an actress. I don't care for her. I'll tell her everything is off. She's in London. I'll run down to see her. If—if—after this—you still—"

"You—you don't love her, Gerald?"

"I never loved her—dear."

"And you're sure—"

"I'm sure she will not care—"

"Then, Jerry, my Jerry, kiss me."

The wind in the cedars sighed happily and a cloud obscured the moon . . .

We went in later to Colonel and Mrs. Stanley and told them our great news. Mrs. Stanley kissed me and shook Gerald's hand. But the Colonel danced around in a way that would have shocked him to death had he been able to see himself, and gave a whoop that would have delighted the hearts of his Indian warriors. Then seizing Gerald's hand he slapped him on the back. "Dammit," he cried, forgetting in his excitement he was swearing. "the best lad in the world and the best girl!" He came over to me. "Forgive me, my dear; you're like a daughter—like the daughter we never had." And Colonel Stanley, the martinet, the strict disciplinarian of the parade ground, kissed me on the forehead, and wiped his eyes to hide unBritishlike tears.

The next few days were like a wonderful dream. I cannot describe them. Gerald was delaying his departure about going to London to see the girl whose name strangely enough I had not asked him. And I was not loath to delay him. He had told me he did not love her. And had not I also been engaged to a man whom I found I did not love? But I should have forced him to go. Before he departed Mrs. Stanley came to me very perturbed.

"The Colonel has orders to return to India sooner than we had expected, my dear. I'm very sorry, but that's the penalty of being in the army. And now he and I have to go away to visit some persistent relatives in Scotland. But my mother hopes that after we have gone you will continue to stay on here. Both she and I, and, of course, the Colonel, want you to consider this place as home until your marriage."

I allowed her to persuade me—it did not take much—and that night I wrote a nice little note to Mr. Pardon telling him he was at liberty to fill the position he was holding open for me . . . [Turn to page 117]

Autumn Along Broadway

CLAUDIA DELL is as pert as her new revue, "Gay Paree," which the Shuberts have made into another sensation. This is her first Broadway show and she has proved an attraction. She is eighteen, tall, blond, saucy, and hails from San Antonio, Texas.



HELEN MACKELLAR steps from a restaurant to a ranch in "The Mud Turtle," a play which had a good reception this fall. Her characterization is excellent and helps to make the play.



DAGMAR OAK
LAND as she appears
in "The Student Prince,"
which has remained a
favorite with the theatre-
going public for over a
year. The music is more
than ordinarily good.



ALICE BRADY
season in "Oh Mama!"
Royal farce from the French.
She is consistently
portrayals, and seems
stage.



Primrose

*She Makes You
Think of an
Easter Lily,
so Prim and
Gracious,
With That
Knowing
Little Nod
to Each
Bloom, but
This Story
Has to Do
With Another Flower*



*I could just imagine the way
Linda felt—proud, calm, al-
most self-sufficient again.*

LINDA PAGE had a picture of Dane Aubrey on the wall of her room when she was sixteen and attending boarding-school—along with a lot of others so it wouldn't be conspicuous. But the girls all admired Dane the most extravagantly. He was quite a decently hinged youngster for sixteen—never seemed to have trouble about keeping his hair or feet in place, or in knowing what to do with his long body. And when Linda was home he always rung her doorbell a satisfactory number of times. True, it was generally to pour into her ear all his minor troubles and major love affairs. Linda grew quite used to his ravings about the newest and prettiest girl in town. She would turn a calm and speculative eye upon his adorable brown head and help him think up high-explosive adjectives with which to describe these girls.

It was not until just before she went away to college that he seemed to view her in a different light. He had been raving about a girl, as usual; and afterward he had reached over and taken Linda's hand.

"Not even a little bit jealous, old pal? Gee, Linda, your hair is peachy fixed that way. Do you know—your eyes just match your hair, exactly—" and so on, using his own adjectives very glibly.

It made Linda's heart do a double-back somersault. She hadn't thought she cared that much. But she said to herself, "It's a joke; it doesn't mean anything. There

are too many others for him to love only me." And to him: "Of course I'm not jealous, silly. I want you to tell me about all the pretty girls forever and ever, until I can write a book about them . . ."

But he brought over a brand new photo of himself, all a shadowy brown; a photo to sigh and dream over, and Linda hugged it and wistfully wrapped it in a silk scarf before she packed it in the bottom of her trunk.

Dane kissed her dutifully and affectionately at the station. She had clung to him a little and said, "Oh, Dane!" in a trembly way, at the thought of leaving him. And he looked a bit troubled and stooped and kissed her again, but not in the way that would have sent her off happy.

SHE would never be more than "Pal," she reflected; a sort of useful sister.

Before she was through college she thought very seriously about Dane, and had to admit that he would make a very unstable husband.

He was not a flirt in the accepted sense of the word. His touch was not light enough, as one might say.

His every affair was tremendously vital. Yet he could whisper the sweetest nonsense into the ear of a Waning Light, as his eye rested more and more warmly on a Rising Star.

Linda knew he would be a model husband for a while.

Then—zipp-hang-bing—he'd be off after a new pair of eyes with all his old meteoric flash and brilliance.

But she knew also that if she had the chance she would thankfully grasp those few years of heaven. I didn't know then that she had it all doped out like that. Folks called Linda Page a remarkably sensible, capable girl. She was tall and fair, with a calm, intelligent look that was given an interesting sparkle by her eyes. Nice eyes, hazel, with an odd way of laughing all by themselves.

She was not overwhelmingly popular with men. They seldom looked at her twice on the street, but if one happened to dance a couple of times with her, or sit a while talking, he found himself asking if he could call.

She made me think of an Easter lily. They have such a good solid stalk and they last so well; new buds opening off and on for a week at least. And then the odor of them—delicate, and yet it tingles. Why, if I get a whiff of something prettily sweet on a dull day in winter, my mind flashes back to the elegance of last Easter's lilies—prim and gracious, with that knowing little nod to each bloom, *rememberingly* sweet—well, that's Linda.

She jogged along through college—just steady paddling, no splashes. Her vacations must have been torture: Dane dashing in and out, and Linda trying to keep so much love folded neatly in one small heart. She did not pine away nor moan in the twilight. She went on in her beautiful, sensible way. Everyone said she was much better looking than she used to be. Indeed, she seemed very happy that summer after her graduation. She helped Jean Ludlow with her tea-room and gift-shop, and was delighted with the work.

Then, without one teeny word of warning, she and Dane were married the last day of August. He was doing very well in his father's business—they manufactured furniture.

It looked to me as if she had caught him on the rebound, although to the general public it seemed but the culmination of a boy and girl affair. But he had been rushing a girl over at Denlyville—been pretty torn up over her. More so than usual. He went to call one evening and found she had run away to marry another fellow. I think it took a ragged chunk out of his pride, mostly.

My, they were happy! I wish there was some way to say it bigger and stronger. *Happy* seems such a diddling sort of a word to apply to Linda and Dane Aubrey.

They went to housekeeping in a roomy brown bungalow that Linda made into a thing

of beauty. I always went there when I was particularly tired. It fairly sang me to sleep. Delicious spots of color to keep one from tiring of monotones; pieces of furniture arranged so that they melted into something not unlike a poem; and there was Linda. She would just look at me and know if a tired, cross, old-maid school-teacher wanted to be laughed at and cheered up, or if she wanted to be left alone to soak up peace on earth.

I GREEDILY stayed many an evening to see him come home and greet her. I always left with that heavenly feeling that I am reduced to when the hero takes the heroine into his arms so beautifully on the last page of a properly written novel.

Dane would rush in and sling his hat with atrocious aim at any convenient furniture and call, "Sweetheart!"

It was perfect. It was milk and honey. It was a sym-



"What have
you done
with that
delicious
Dane?"

"I wonder."

phony in mauve and silver. Yes, you'd rave too, if you'd ever heard him. He would always be the perfect lover—to *some* woman . . . Then we'd have supper. Linda preferred to do her own cooking, and she did it with her own special sort of perfectness. Then I'd say, like the sentimental old fool I am, "I never go to the movies any more since you two got married. This is a perpetual love story."

Linda would pretend to frown dreadfully at me and Dane would lean over and try to tweak my nose . . .

Time went on. Linda had two children: Dane, Junior, a husky replica of his father; Muriel, a winsome dark-eyed daughter.

I was away teaching in another city for a few years and was not sorry when I was asked to come back to Hillsdale and sit in a principal's chair. Again I dropped in at the brown bungalow. But things had changed. Dane was still the perfect lover, but to some other woman

now. He was charming to his family. Dane Jr. was six now, and Muriel four. Lovely children. And I'm darned if those darlings didn't know as well as their mother about leaving me alone when I was tired and crabbed . . . Dane would take Muriel by the hand and say, "I guess we'll play in the yard now. You left your dolls out there and they will be lonesome . . ." And he would lead her out as if he were thirty, peeping back for a final grin at me. He adored the marshmallow taffy I brought.

LINDA—well, Linda had developed into a remarkably beautiful woman. She was a whole field of Easter lilies now. And Dane, instead of eagerly scanning the added magnificence, had grown weary of the lily aspect and was about to find that thorns accompanied every Red Rose.

On every side their friends expostulated about and eulogized the *ideal* family. The Aubreys were pointed out as Rock of Gibraltar evidence of perfect married life. And so it seemed . . .

About this time I overheard a conversation between a woman and man of undoubted intelligence and refinement. At a reception. A dull affair. Any amount of time to exhaust any or all subjects.

"Well, I don't know," the gentleman said. "It all hinges on that, of course. But how is one to know if a married couple is happy or not?"

Happy or not! Those last words buried themselves deep in my brain. Yes, oh yes! It all *did* hinge on that. And how *was* one to know unless one almost lived with a family as I did with the Aubreys!

Most certainly, thought I, there must be different kinds of happiness, too. And what one couple would enjoy under that classification would not satisfy two other joined people. That was the word that was worn to a rag in connection with the Aubreys. Happy! They were so *thunderingly* happy. Let that word be. I would rout it out of a school composition with blood in my eye, but this is blowing off steam for me, and I do not propose to let one iota of my enjoyment be marred by remarks as to the pattern of my steam as it rises . . .

LINDA AUBREY was not happy. Her husband was not happy. Their life had turned into an empty shell; the shell kept turned right side out, polished and shining for the children and the world to see. It was a beautiful shell. Such a good imitation that the pity of it rubbed my soft heart between two rasps.

Dane stayed away so *many* evenings now. And there came a Saturday night when he telephoned . . .

" . . . Oh, Linda. Mind if I run up to Phil Dyers over Sunday? Business to talk over—couple of important men to meet—good chance for me . . . "

And Linda . . . "Yes . . . Yes, Dane. Of course . . . Perfectly all right . . . Yes . . . Have a good time. 'By . . . '

She came away from the phone and strayed into the living-room like a launch that's run out of gasoline. She sat down and mechanically took up her embroidery—she did exquisite things for Muriel—and didn't say anything for a while. We always had the *best* silences, she and I. But this was a horrid, uncomfortable kind of silence. It scratched one's skin and made one's throat dry. I began to talk about town [Turn to page 95]



"Carrots and I—my husband's real name, the one he signs on checks, is Mansfield, which is much too dignified for a red-haired man who has two dimples—well,"—



Over the Fence

*Oh, what a tangled web we weave,
When first we practise to deceive!*

YESTERDAY was my birthday, and among my presents from Carrots was a funny little picture frame holding a cheap postal card, on which was printed the above verse. To make it more compelling there were wreaths of forget-me-nots twined all around the border. As though I would forget!

"Do you mind, honey?" asked Carrots anxiously, after I had groaned over the gift. "Is it just a little joke?"

"Do I mind? Carrots Durand, do you know where that picture is going to roost? Come, and I'll show you."

Dragging him by the hand up to our bedroom, I ceremoniously placed the reminder of my fall from grace upon the bedside table where my eyes are sure to rest upon it every single morning, until that inevitable one

when I'll say, "Enough of you!" and consign it to a fiery burial.

Carrots and I—my husband's real name, the name he signs on checks, is Mansfield, which is much too dignified for a red-haired man who has two dimples—well, Carrots and I were meandering along in our peaceful second year of married life when the Whites bought the house next to us. You know how it is in a suburb. You know everyone so well. I don't deny that it was kind of thrilling at first to think about two entirely new people, who hadn't gone to school with us—Carrots and I had been in kindergarten together—and to dwell upon the delights of getting acquainted.

The house had been completed only about a month when they bought it, and the agent told Carrots that he had sold it to a peach of a young couple who were moving out from Chicago.



"*My dear friends, one and all!*" Carrots began his oration.

I called Bertha right up to tell her, Bertha being one of my most intimate friends, and she was rather apprehensive. "I've seen 'em from Chicago before," she worried. "They will probably high-hat us for having nothing better to offer in the way of excitement than our Country Club and Milwaukee."

BUT upon further conversation I discovered that Bertha's maid had given notice that morning, so I lightly ignored her pessimism. Why, if Carrie so much as looks disgusted after she breaks a dish from my English china-set, I feel fluttery and have all I can do to keep from apologizing for having such breakable chinaware.

Chicago was rather impressive, I admit, and I carefully

waited a correct length of time before putting on my new brown afternoon suit and going in to call. And my word, was I glad that I had waited!

Her maid wore black taffeta—I had a vision of keeping fat Carrie in black taffeta afternoons; anyway, she has too much to do, poor dear—and Mrs. White, her full name was Mrs. Robert Langdon White, kept me waiting as long as she dared before she came down in her Irish green frock that had Michigan Boulevard simply written on it from hem to neck.

That night at dinner I talked so fast that I could scarcely spare time to eat. "Uh—huh! A grand piano and orientals! I don't know if they're real or not. And Karpen furniture that would melt in your mouth. Oh, dear . . ." I looked around at my own chaste Sheraton

dining-room, then down at the simple gray rug. "I wonder how she'll like us?"

Carrots grinned. "Bet she hasn't got anything on a certain person not so far away for looks!"

It really is comforting to have Carrots for a husband. He is awfully prejudiced in my favor.

"Maybe she isn't so awfully good looking," I conceded, "but, oh my, her style!" That was it. She had something that living all your life in placid Elmdale doesn't give you.

OF COURSE we were bound to get better acquainted with our neighbors, the Whites. The spring was coming on, and Carrots and I used to rush out into the garden the very first thing after dinner at night, to poke around and see what was coming up. Mr. Robert White came out often and we sort of exchanged over-the-fence confidences. But he could never stay long because Mrs. White soon called him in and in a little while we'd see them start off for the city. A movie, or dancing! Mrs. White was apt to get so bored after a whole day of Elmdale!

In a way I understood why. She was not in tune with us. She was used to so much faster living: apartment life, for one thing. He had begged her to consider living in a suburb and in a house. It was very plain that she had little use for either.

It was all so different with us. Carrots and I had to sacrifice so much to have our own home that it grew dearer and dearer in our eyes. Our house was the star by which we steered our course. There was the monthly payments, the incidentals—and speaking of incidentals, I give you my word that whenever a pipe breaks or a chimney looks lopsided, I make immediate mental preparation by dropping the plans for my next luncheon; then there are the taxes and the upkeep of the garden. I would have loved a new fur jacket this year, but I

"Carrots," I managed to whisper in an agony of fear, "have we got enough money?"

We exchanged looks of mute misery.

"Yes," he hissed, "I've got my whole month's salary."

"Oh, Lord," I murmured, "let him have some left—enough to pay Carrie and the laundry."

concluded that I preferred cedar trees for the lawn, knowing that my husband nearly committed robbery every time he passed the darling things parked on other lawns. So that's the way it went.

Ethel—I grew to call her that gradually, and she called me Beth, my real name being Bethune, shortened to Buzzy by my close friends and Beth by the intermediate ones, but I didn't encourage Ethel to call me Buzz—well, she couldn't ever sympathize with anyone doing without for the sake of a home. Consequently, their

place being raw and new, it didn't progress on the outside the way the rest in our block did. Pride made her let Bob have the lawn graded and sodded, but when he wanted to have the landscape gardener lay out a garden and told her it would cost six hundred dollars, she nearly collapsed. She laughed at him, before us, in such an unfriendly way that he grew red and miserable. I felt sorry for him, but as I told Carrots, I'd slap a man if he were my husband and had no more back bone than that.

"She's taken it out of him," announced Carrots after deep thought. I looked with pride at my husband. After months of pondering he's apt to arrive deeply at a conclusion at which I have literally leaped, the very first thing.

IT WAS hard to place one's finger on the pulse of it, but a certain spirit of unrest crept in with the coming of Ethel. Just as old Bertha had predicted, she high-hatted us for our simple fun, and most of us couldn't stand it. For instance, our Wednesday bridge club had always been the last word in informality, but after Ethel was asked to play it grew fussier and fussier.

There were twelve of us; we had luncheon first, then played. When Ethel entertained she had a maid sent up from the city to help her Martha serve—where we always helped our own maids—and besides, she had a woman in the kitchen who had done all the cooking. Naturally, her luncheon was a peach, but it made us apprehensive. Then, again, we had been in the habit of giving only two prizes and Ethel gave three; all expensive things. I won second and don't deny that



He had made it worse! Up on business, and sitting in my living-room at eleven o'clock in the morning, holding my pink handkerchief!



I was pleased as could be with it; a Venetian lace bridge set. But it made me feel uneasy when I realized that I could not afford to give like it.

"What does that Robert White do?" Harriet Stebbins asked curiously when she came home with me from the luncheon. Jack was coming home with Carrots for dinner.

"I don't exactly know," I answered absently, trying to get out of my dress over my head and not ruin a fresh marcelle at the same time. "Something about bonds, I guess."

IT WAS such a relief after the stylish atmosphere at Ethel's to get down into my own kitchen, with Harriet setting the table in the dining-room and calling out every minute, "Salad forks, Buzz?" and with me mixing biscuits and whistling. For once I was perfectly enchanted that Carrie was out with her young man.

The two men sat and smoked before the fire in the living-room while Harriet and I washed the dishes.

"Harriet," I said suddenly, "do you know something? I haven't really enjoyed having folks in for dinner so much in, oh, perfect ages!"

I stopped and looked into the foamy soap suds. I wondered if Harriet was thinking what I was?

"Me too, Buzz. Don't you think we're all letting Ethel get under our skin a bit? Now, listen; I, for one, think it's asinine to try to be 'so formal.' The other night Mil and Pete had us over for dinner, just the four of us, mind you, and we found the two of them dressed as though they were going out to a dinner party! Can you imagine? And Jack and I just in from the six-ten train; I had been down in the city shopping, and met Jack in the station. Why, Buzz Durand, we've been eating together every week since we've all been married. Mil and Pete and Jack and I. I wonder if you understand how I feel? It isn't just wearing one's best clothes for an everyday affair that I mind; it's the idea. Pretty soon one of the girls will feel she has to have a cook in the kitchen when she has anyone to dine, and so on. I object to being lured into more expensive paths than we can follow."

And then I wondered whether to ask Harriet about the dancing party at the Edgewater Beach Hotel, or not. I thought I would.

"Say, Harriet, are you and Jack going down to the Edgewater in that party that Ethel is getting up for Saturday night?"

Ignorantly blissful, I ate on, unaware of the shock ahead of me. For at a quarter of one they opened the Black Cat.

I tried to make my voice casual, but it couldn't be done. Underneath was too strong a current of real anxiety. I was afraid of that party, but a foolish pride made me cringe at refusing to go. Ever feel that way?

"We said we would," Harriet's tone also was thoughtful. "Do you think it will cost much?"

"Oh, probably not more than twenty dollars." My, how hard I tried to make my voice sound matter-of-fact. All the time, twenty dollars for one dancing party was looming like an insurmountable mountain before my tired legs.

"Not so bad. Where shall I put these towels, Buzz?"

I knew that for some reason all the fun had gone out of Harriet's eyes and heart. I, too, felt leaden and indifferent.

That night, as we were going to bed, Carrots asked me if I had seen the Whites' new car. "Harlem Coach." Bob was telling me he bought it for Ethel's birthday. "A surprise."

MY HUSBAND'S tone held the same dull, brief quality that had been in Harriet's and mine earlier in the evening. I had a swift rush of compassion for him. How dear he was, and how bad he felt because he too couldn't give me those things!

"How lovely! But their car really didn't look anywhere near as good as ours, dear."

Inside, I was saying, meanly, "Bet she nagged, nagged, nagged until his patience gave out and he bought it." I had heard Ethel campaign for things.

The whole crowd of us, the Wednesday bridge club plus our husbands, went to the Edgewater to dance. Bob asked us to ride with them in the new car. Ethel was jubilant at the prospect of going to Chicago for a real, live party, as she called it.

But what an evening! All I can remember is one hideous expense after another, with all of us trying to look as though we spent that much money every night in the week. The first thing, we found [Turn to page 124]

Want to Keep Him?

A Heart to Heart Talk with Authority on the Psychology

NOW there were certainly a number of girls who, when they read my article last month, knew that they had done all the things I had spoken about.

They had been mauled and manhandled and kissed. They had drunk too much alcohol and smoked too many cigarettes. They had behaved cheaply, and often had shied at thinking about their own evening's amusements when they dressed next day.

It is to these I am writing now. For it is a frightful thing, suddenly to realize that you have thrown away the only thing which makes

the rest of life worth having, and are but as a bunch of grapes with the bloom rubbed off. I want to bring them comfort.

Listen! It is never too late to retrieve and make a big success because of the lesson you have learned, if you have horse sense and controllable vanity enough to make out of your ugly memories something serviceable, and do not let them drag you lower. I do not advocate girls wading through mud to gain experience, but when they have done so, either from a taste for mud, or from drifting with the tide of friends, they may as well secure what salvage they can.

LET us call our tarnished silver belle "Sadie." She has suddenly determined that she is sick of it all. She of last season, or two seasons ago, knows that she is losing ground to the sixteen-year-olds who have just come up, so let her sit down and ask herself *why* this is so. She is prettier than ever, and has still plenty of go, but the lure she offers, being ephemeral, is now like next day's champagne, flat and stale. When they drink that kind of wine it must have all the effervescence that is in the first sip! If what you are offering depends for its attraction upon its freshness, it is obvious you can't give it when that has gone. It is therefore wiser for all feminine creatures to cultivate the kind of lure "which age cannot wither nor custom stale in its infinite variety."

But Sadie certainly by now knows more or less of men. Even if she has not had intelligence enough to study their re-actions, she can still do so—and this will teach her which of the



BY ELINOR GLYN

Girls by the Worlds Greatest of the Modern Flapper.

things she did gave the best results and which of them she now *knows* in her secret heart cooled ardor. The reason that men like the youngest flappers is because all things which are entirely material can hold only while the hunting instinct is excited. Their hunting instincts are excited to obtain the first bloom off the peach. When that is secured all peaches taste alike and the hunting instinct seeks—and seeks afresh.

But there were moments Sadie may remember, when she chanced to interest Roland or Sherman. She appealed to some grain of intelligence in them, unconnected with mauling and pawing; she aroused some train of speculative thought—and their hunting instincts upon the mental plane were aroused. She ought to see what she can do to repeat these, while drawing admiration for her beauty as well. Gradually some of her self-confidence and self-respect will return. But for quite a year she will have to watch out and weigh the re-action of her every move, until she has reached the firm ground of being a personality, so as not to slip back to hopeless competition with the sixteen-year-olds.

NO ONE can be a personality who is not absolutely poised and full of self-confidence—I do not mean vanity or arrogance, but the self-confidence which comes from inward self-respect and certainty of aim. Her mud bath may have endowed her with a sense of values—if she uses her deductive faculties. She can decide what is worth while, and then only use her lures for what she really wants to ob-

tain, and then not squander them to kill time.

Let Sadie sum up all that she has learned of men—all that she has learned of her own nature. Let her decide whether she belongs to the “lover women” or the “mother women” class, or if she is really purely intellectual and has leanings toward the [Turn to Page 117]



Running Wild

"Going Somewhere Tonight, Sadie?" He Would Ask, Talking from the Corner of His Mouth.

TO BEGIN with, I was ashamed of my parents. Old-country folks, you know, with old-country ways that my up-to-date friends laughed at. My father—he was "Papa Rumberger" to everybody—kept a little stationery store on Franklin Avenue, Brooklyn. He didn't do much selling, though. I hated to have him come out where people could see him. He was fat and bald and red-faced, and when he was excited he could hardly talk English at all. So he sat in the back-room in his easy-chair.

Maybe I'd be in the store, talking to Joe Carlin, leaning over the counter, with Joe smoking a cigarette and looking at me out of the corner of his eyes, and laughing with his thin lips—laughter that didn't have any heart behind it, maybe; but I didn't care. Joe was sleek and slim and not bad-looking; a dancer by profession—when he worked at it!—and he had a Broadway air about him that fascinated me.

"Going somewhere tonight, Sadie?" he would ask, leaning closer, and talking in a low tone out of the corner of his mouth.

"Me? Do I look like it?" I would answer scornfully. "What chance have I got to go anywhere? I've got to stay in the store here and sell papers and magazines, and maybe a little candy to kids!"

"You look swell, just the same," Joe would say. "Hair marcelled, and nose powdered, and lots of lip-stick . . . Say, Sadie, slip me a pack of Camels. I'll pay you tomorrow."

"You're some kidder, Joe!" I would say, laughing. "You tell every girl you meet she's a good-looker, don't you? Here are your Camels. Don't tell Papa. He would break his heart over fifteen cents."

Then I'd hear my father say to my mother in his bad English:

"Mom—look who is it in the store!"

"Now, Papa! It's Sadie who keeps it."

"Umph! She keeps it like it was a joke. Listen to her laughin'." Then my father would raise his voice. "Sadie! Stop that noise out there. It shames my place. Stop it—do you hear me?"

But he wouldn't come out. Mother would stop him. "Sh!" I would hear. "She is only a child. Young folks have got to laugh."

"She's runnin' wild—that's what!" my father would say. "Loafers all the time hangin' around my place. I

ain't goin' to stand it. That's all there is to it."

Meantime Joe would squeeze my hand and then slip out, very quietly. He never paid for the cigarettes, of course.

"Sadie," Mother would tell me, "you oughtn't to make Papa mad. His heart ain't so good. It is better if that Joe Carlin does not hang around so much. Already people say things about him—that he is no good—that he makes fools of girls . . . For Papa's sake, Sadie, don't make him mad."

"What chance have I got?" I would answer angrily. "Since Myrtle got married"—Myrtle was my sister—"I don't have any life at all. I just stay in this store. Other girls have some fun . . . Say, let me have a dollar, will you? And this one night keep the store yourself. Gertie and I want to go down to Coney."

Mother would grumble a little, but I usually got the dollar. Then Gertie and I would take the "L" train and go down to Coney. The lights of Luna Park would glow like fairyland. I would forget the store, and my father, and my ugly, mean existence. I would remember only that I was young, and pretty, with great dark eyes and up-to-the-minute clothes: short skirts, rolled silk stockings, and a short-sleeved dress that made my slim, straight figure twice as attractive as Gertie's plump shortness.

There was nothing wrong about our trips to "The Island." Neither Gertie nor I ever struck up acquaintances, though we had many chances. It was enough for us to listen to the music; to watch the colored lights dance and flicker; to take a ride on the roller-coaster or the "Shoot the Chutes." But it was long after midnight when we got home.

Then I would find Mother anxiously waiting in the little back-room, trying to keep me quiet, so as not to awaken Papa.

"You are late, Sadiechen!" she would say to me. Her little wrinkled face had an anxious look. "You are all right? I worry about my little girl. It would be better if you went with a man—a good man—one you can trust."

"I'd like to know where I can find one!" I would answer. "Men like that don't come around this Dutch store—with Papa scolding all the time!"

"Sh!" she would murmur, kissing me. "Don't make



"He is a good man, Sadie! Better than that Joe fellow!"

any noise now; Papa has worked very hard all day."

If I was lucky, my father would not waken. Sometimes he did. Once I remember. It was one-thirty. Papa was sitting in his easy-chair. He looked very stern.

"So!" he said. "You come over here. I am going to whip you. It is the only way you will learn not to stay out all night. Come here!"

HE HAD a strap in his hands. I felt myself trembling with anger.

"You hit me," I said, "and I'll go out of this house, and never come back!"

"Felix!" cried my mother, holding his arms. "You shall not. She is not a bad girl! Maybe something kept her from coming home—the 'L' train—or something else. Often there is a tie-up!"

"I tell you I'm going to whip her!" thundered my father. He raised the strap, but it did not fall. He caught at his throat, and sank back into a chair. "Mom . . . my heart! The doctor . . . bring the doctor . . ."

I was frightened myself. I ran for Doctor Stein, and brought him. Papa was better by that time. The doctor said that he must stay quiet in bed for several days. I caught Papa's eyes fixed on me. They had an unforgetting look in them.

"Oh!" I wept, when I was alone in my room. "I can't stand this! I hate him! I hate him!"

It hurts me to tell about these things now. But after all, I had some right on my side. I was young and pretty. I wanted excitement, romance—love, even. Nothing had ever happened to me, except those trips to Coney Island—and Joe Carlin coming in to flatter me; to say soft, insinuating things that made the blood rush to my cheeks. I didn't love Joe. But anything would be better than the sort of life I had to put up with. I resolved it wouldn't go on much longer. I couldn't stand it. If my father's cruelty forced me to run wild—then I'd run wild!

Of course, there was much to be said on his side, too; I see that now. He was an honest man who respected himself, and wanted his family to be respected. Although his ideas were old-fashioned, he knew, even better than I did, that no good could come of a girl who ran wild—who was headstrong and proud, and who wouldn't take advice. He loved me: I know that now.

BUT at that time I grew hard and bitter. I didn't stop to realize what might be the consequences. I was ready for any adventure . . .

Up to one night in mid-summer when Joe took me down to Coney. He had been drinking. His eyes were bloodshot, and his cheeks flushed.

We had decided to go by car. It took longer, but it was pleasanter. As we waited for it I noticed a tall, broad-shouldered, strongly-built young man watching us. He was dressed in gray. He had keen blue eyes.

He got on the car when we did and sat in the next seat behind. I was aware of him, without turning around. I knew that for some reason he was watching me.

Joe seemed to know it, too. He turned around several times. At last he said: "Well? Think you'll know us again when you see us?"

"Yes, I think so," said the man, quietly. I looked at him more closely. He was well-dressed, with a cane hooked over his arm, and a flower in his button-hole.

"Joe, don't start anything!" I whispered. "He's not bothering us."

BUT Joe was drunkenly unreasonable. He stood up in his seat and said something to the stranger — something insulting, though I could not hear it plainly. The man caught Joe's wrist and drew him to the end of the seat—the side where we got in. He motioned to the conductor, who stopped the car. Then the stranger calmly, quietly, pulled Joe off the car. Joe was swearing noisily, but the man paid no attention. He jumped back on the car and gave the signal. Joe was left behind, standing in the middle of Ocean Avenue. The man in gray sat down beside me.

"What did you do that for?" I cried furiously. "He was with me."

The man hesitated. "I put him off because he insulted me. But I had another reason, too. I wanted to talk to you."

"To me?" I exclaimed. "But why . . . ? You don't know me!"

"I know that your name is Sadie Rumberger, and that your father has a store on Franklin Avenue, near Bergen Street. I know that the man I just put off the car is Joe Carlin. Do you know him well?"

"Of course! He's an old friend of mine!" I said.

"Well, if I were you," replied the stranger, "I wouldn't let him be my friend much longer. He's no good."

"Who in the world are you?" I cried. "And why do you take such an interest in my affairs?"

"My name is Weimert—George Weimert. If I take an interest in your affairs, it is for your own good. But . . . I don't want to spoil your evening for you! Won't you let me show you Coney Island?"

It was strange. I should have been furious. But—Joe had deserved what he got! Besides, what girl does not love a mystery? This man—I must call him George, because he asked me to—had appeared from nowhere. He was pleasant, quiet, strong . . . "Yes," I answered.

It was a wonderful evening. I had never gone anywhere with a man who showed me such perfect respect; who didn't make remarks of the sort a girl gets to know as "fresh"; who was a good, quiet, jolly companion. Even though curiosity had me in its grasp, nothing had marred my happiness until—

When we started into one of the side-shows, someone



Even though curiosity had me in its grasp,

all of a sudden ran up behind us and snarled: "You cur!" I looked around. It was Joe. His face was distorted with rage. He held a revolver in his hand.

"George—look out!" I cried.

George turned just in time to knock the revolver aside, at the moment Joe fired. He twisted the weapon from his hand, flung it aside, and held him tight by his arms. A policeman came running. "Take this man into custody!" said George sharply. "Hold him under the Sullivan act!"

I was so frightened that I asked George to take me home. When I got in the house I didn't dare tell my mother what had happened.

The next day there was an article in the paper—on the front page—giving the details of an attempted murder at Coney Island. My heart stood still. They gave my name and address . . . I could scarcely recall my giving it to the policeman.

"Sadie!" said my father. "What is this?"

He was purple with anger. All the pent-up fury in his heart came out in that talk of his which followed. He



nothing had marred my happiness until—

made me admit that I had gone to Coney Island with a perfect stranger—and had been the cause of a shooting. In vain I tried to explain. He silenced me.

"Thirty years I keep this place, and no one can say a word against me or my family—till I have a daughter who runs wild! Now everybody knows about it. I must sell my store. I do not stay here where I am ashamed. Mama, you understand; I sell my store. I go somewhere else! All on account of this good-for-nothing! Ach! It is too much!"

My mother wept. I tried to comfort her. I wanted to explain. But I was frightened, too. The thing had sobered me. Mother said:

"You promise me not to see this man—this stranger—again?"

A pang came into my heart. But when I saw her weeping, the first real sympathy I had ever felt for her made me say: "Yes, Mama, I promise."

After all, there didn't seem any likelihood that I would ever see George again. He had come into my life out of nowhere; he seemed to have disappeared again. No

one knew of any George Weimert in the neighborhood. Even the papers, which had given Joe's name, and mine, said only "an unidentified man."

For some reason the whole thing was hushed up. Joe was released on suspended sentence. He came to see me.

"I know I was wrong that night, Sadie," he said. "I started the trouble. I oughtn't to have carried that gun. But when a man's fond of a girl, the way I am of you—well, he will do anything, I guess."

He seemed frightened and uneasy. I was sorry for him. As to myself, I felt cured. I wasn't likely to run wild again. Something had changed in my heart. Most of all, I felt sorry for Papa.

He brooded all the time. He seemed to think he had been shamed before the world. He tried to sell his store, but times were bad.

"Next time, Sadie," he said once to me, "you won't run around with men you don't know, will you? Better even if that Joe comes here . . ."

Joe came in often. He said one night: "Sadie, I'm selling chances on a raffle. You have a store here; maybe you will help me. Five dollars a chance. They are all in these envelopes. If a fellow comes in and asks for a raffle ticket, tell him it will be five dollars. I've got a hundred of them here."

He showed them to me, little envelopes, sealed, and without anything on the outside.

"Put them under the counter," he said. "Don't open any of them; the numbers are secret. But this thing will mean some money for me. If I sell all the chances maybe you'll be willing to marry me. How about it, Sadie?"

"Maybe," I answered. But as I looked into his shifty eyes I felt a great fear. I couldn't love him—I couldn't even trust him!

It was strange how many people came in, after that, and asked for a "raffle ticket." Soon I had a couple of hundred dollars put away for Joe.

BUT I was sorry. If all the chances were sold, then I might be called on to marry Joe. My mother told me that Papa approved of it.

"He says: 'Better than that she should run wild, I am willing for her to marry Joe Carlin.'"

I felt a queer pity for my father. He seemed suddenly grown old. He looked tired, and sad. "After all," I thought, "if it gives him pleasure, I suppose I may as well marry Joe." I was thinking of George. But the earth seemed to have swallowed him, since that night.

Fifty of the chances were sold—then sixty. The roll of bills under the counter worried me. Suppose some one should take the money?

One night I was alone in the store. Papa had gone to bed. Mama sat in the back room. [Turn to page 98]

Don't

*Perhaps It Was
Fortunate the Maid
Announced Dinner.*

Perhaps—



*Fear such as I have
never known nerved
me to desperation.*

IF ANYONE had told me that another woman could possibly enter my life after I had become the proud husband of Lois Errol, I would have laughed at the absurdity. But then, I would also have laughed at mother-in-law jokes.

I never had loved anyone but Lois. Though her mother had withheld, for years, her consent to our wedding—because she was loath to lose the devotion of her only child—it never had occurred to me that, once married, I should not, automatically, become master of my own household.

Eighteen months of wedded life, however, had convinced me of my mistake. And the doings of a mother-in-law, at least of my particular mother-in-law, were no subjects for joke!

The first thing she did was to coax me, just before our marriage, to renounce the offer of a position in Chicago. It was in a research laboratory for which my degree of Ph.D. in chemistry eminently fitted me. Her excuse, that she must have Lois near her, seemed rational at the

time. I therefore submitted to having Mr. Errol present me with a partnership in a coal business.

If interference had ceased there, I might have tolerated it. But it penetrated to every detail of our domestic affairs till the very sound of the word 'mother' on the lips of my wife began to act as a goad to irritation.

Just when I was beginning to feel tried beyond the point of endurance, there came a renewal of the offer in the Chicago laboratory. My heart leaped! Here was the solution, the legitimate way out. The coal business was not a success. The laboratory—well, for a minute I was lost in dreams.

Just why the face of Alice Perry entered those dreams I could not have told. Perhaps it was that she always held such firm belief in the ultimate success

of my chosen work. Had, in fact, aided its accomplishment.

She was a trifle older than I, a fine student, and had often served as my tutor through the difficulties of Latin prose and mathematics. On the announcement of my engagement, Lois told me that Alice spent the entire afternoon walking alone round and round the old reservoir at the top of Beldon Hill. I can't answer for that. I do know I was surprised and a trifle hurt that she made an unexpected trip to Europe so timed it was impossible for her to attend our wedding—following close on the heels of our engagement.

When she came back from abroad it was as the wife of Professor Stimson, a man twice her age, a semi-invalid, demanding all her time and attention. Lois and I called, perfunctorily, on their return. But it was a relief to have them finally settle in Philadelphia. Two or three times, when business necessitated flying trips to that city, I had made Alice Perry's house my headquarters, urged to such a course by both her and her husband. Three months ago, he had died. Since then

Touch Me!

I had written to express sympathy, but I had not accepted her still proffered hospitality.

Yet it was her face, alight with sympathetic understanding and enthusiasm, that determined me to act at once in regard to this fresh opportunity.

Perhaps it was an unwise time to act. It was a blistering day in July. Baby Eric had a slight cold in addition to the uneasiness attendant on cutting teeth. Doubtless Lois had had a nerve-wracking, exhausting day. But then, so had I! Her work, the care of home and baby, was at least of her own choosing. It hadn't been wished on her by a mother-in-law!

Such reasoning was filling my mind in the tiresome climb from the car-line up the hill to our home. Funny how women seem to get the idea that, because you have been out of the house all day, you must have had diversion denied to them in their domestic routine. To me the home looked so cool and inviting in comparison with the stuffy unattractiveness of the office. Yet Lois' face was wistful, her kiss impersonal and preoccupied.

"Hard day, Keith?" she asked. But I could see it was her troubles, not mine, that occupied her.

"Helluva day!" I exploded. I wasn't distributing sympathy.

"Keith!" She was genuinely shocked, for I seldom swore.

"Sorry, but take a look at that, and guess how I'm feeling!" I thrust the letter into her hand, shoved my own into my pocket, and began to pace up and down our tiny hall.

She read it, standing in the double doorway of our living-room. I saw her move uncertainly toward a chair.

"Are you terribly anxious to accept, Keith?"

I faced about almost savagely. "Am I? Oh, no, nothing like that!"

"But my home, Keith — our home?" Not a thought of my longings — my uncongenial work.

"See here!" I lifted a chair, set it down hard in front of her and flung myself into it. "If it really was our home—or even your home—but it isn't, and you know it mighty well."

"Keith!" she protested.

"Don't pretend to misunderstand, Lois," I was in no mood for mincing matters. "but you know as well as I do that it was bought and paid for by your mother. What we think, or what we want, doesn't cut much ice in this establishment. We can't even call our furniture our own."



"You—you did go to her?"

Lois was very pale now, and evidently too much surprised to interrupt me, so I hurried on, venting the pent-up irritation of weeks. "Only last week, wasn't it, your mother decided that the covering of our morris chair didn't match the wall-paper? What happened? She whisked it off to her own parlor, and sent us that hulk of an easy chair! She tells you what to eat and what to wear: how to feed the baby. She hurries you off to her house any old time, and telephones me I am expected there to dinner! I might as well not have a home or a wife. She even made your father buy a business for me. And, ye gods, how I loathe it!" I got up to pace the length of the room.

IS THAT all, Keith?" It was a pinched little cold voice that reminded me of her mother's.

"It is not!" I whirled to face her. "At last I have a chance to recover that place in Chicago—to do work I am trained to do. Better money, a chance to advance, to earn a home of our own for you and Eric. What would you have me do about it?" She could not know with what terrible anxiety I waited her reply—how much it meant in her life and mine. It came at last, in the form of another question.

"But what about your business here?" That was all.

"As if that counted!" The words conveyed none of the misery that tore at my heart, but they brought her to her feet in swift indignation.

"But my father's money!" It was rebuke, not question.

"Your mother put it in; let her get it out again. She's good for it."

"Keith, you can't really mean that!" Tears were close now. "You can't want to upset everything—just as we are getting a start!"

"Start!" The mockery of it. "What sort of a start? Where does it get me—chasing rotten coal contracts over the entire universe!" My laugh was bitter.

Perhaps it was fortunate the maid announced dinner. Perhaps—but I shall never know. All I do know is that I hurried away to clean up.

As we faced each other across our little table, conversation lagged. Neither of us cared, or dared, to voice personal opinion—yet. I fancied that Lois really welcomed the fretful cry of baby Eric. Anyway she was gone a long time, so long I became anxious. My small son was terribly close to my heart. There was nothing but sympathetic concern in my quick.

"Nothing the matter?" as she entered.

Lois shook her head, evidently glad to accept the truce; to be able at last to introduce her own particular worries. Immediately I realized how selfish I had been to have offered no opportunity before.

"He's been awfully fussy all day," she began, hurrying her words in evident relief, "and it's been so hot! Mother thinks—" she bit off her sentence, her face burning. "All my altruism turned to ice in the one word:

"Well?"

She went on, desperately now, but with a certain fixed determination I had encountered too often after one of

her conferences with her mother. She was trembling.

"She's afraid he'll be sick. She thinks he ought to have a change of air."

"Ocean trip—or visit to Newport?" bitterly ironic.

"No, Keith, just a few days at Stoneport, perhaps." "Week or two—at twenty-five per? All the same as far as I am concerned. You ought to know that fifty's as impossible as five hundred, right now."

Her face was pitifully eager. "But you won't have to pay it. Mother's willing to help out."

I ground my teeth as I pushed back my chair. "Again! No use for me to say anything. If that's what she wants, that's what you'll do, I imagine."

"Keith, how can you! She's my mother!"

"Suppose she is; you are my wife. I might be supposed to have some influence over your decisions, but—oh, what's the use?" I got up and strode to the door. There I turned hoping—what?

Lois was staring fixedly out of the window, her hands tightly clasped, her lips a thin, straight line—whether for self-control or obstinacy I was in no mood to question.

Instead I said tersely:

"I'll be working late tonight. And I'm leaving on the five-forty in the morning. May get back tomorrow evening. May not. Don't bother about breakfast. I'll get some at the station."

I sought my den as I called it, my heart on fire. And across the burning unhappiness, I could seem to feel the cool hand of Alice Perry softening the bitterness with her unshaken faith in my future, urging me to stand firm in the way. With a sudden longing that terrified me, I found myself studying time-tables, planning how I could stretch the necessary trip to include Philadelphia.

Again and again I threw the time-tables aside, and bent to my figuring. At last, in a sort of fury, I tore them up, acquiring a certain calm as I scattered the bits into the waste basket. But underneath the calm lurked the satisfying conviction that the schedules were stamped indelibly on my brain—that if I could push business in a neighboring city, I might be able to get a train that would let me arrive at Alice's not later than 9 p.m.

It was after midnight when at last I sought my room—our room—shared with Lois and the baby. The sight that met my eyes was more effectual in banishing uneasy thoughts than the destruction of a thousand time-tables.

DEEP in the embrace of an old wing chair that stood near the crib, one hand, even a sleep, stretched out to hush the first fretful cry of the baby, now bunched in unquiet slumber, was Lois. Her brown hair tumbled in soft confusion round cheeks flushed with weariness and streaked with tears. For the first time I was fully alive to the meaning of the almost incessant cries that had irritated me in my supposedly enforced labor of the evening, fully aware of the unfailing patience that had stilled them, the strain of it, the fatigue.

I cursed myself for an unfeeling brute as I lifted her limp figure, so appealing in its utter [Turn to page 112]

What was I to do? I had promised not to communicate with him.



The Hidden City

*Life Seemed to Stop when Eden
Stole into the House, and—*

FEW people knew of our existence. Back in an upland valley less than a day's journey from Broadway, we lived—a group of people whose customs and religious beliefs were far from the swing of the outside world; far from the greed of men and the lust for possession.

We thought our mode of living was immutable—until Clyde Orsay came into our lives. The state had sent him there to engineer the road building, and he had found refuge in our home.

From the beginning, Martinsville treated him coldly. My father was no exception. Steeped in the creed of his own convictions, he disapproved of this interference by the state.

My life had been one of ordered routine. Eighteen, and an only child, I knew little about social contact among young people. I thought nothing of asking Clyde to let me go with him on his short trips—driving Cosmo to our light buggy.

It was soon after Clyde bought an automobile that he invited me for my first ride one night. We rode and rode, finally stopping at a public dance-hall. I had never seen a dance. Soon Clyde's arm was about me, and I was gliding over the floor. I was in a different world! I knew Father's attitude; I knew he had never scolded me—that any such actions must be settled between me and my conscience; and before our long return, I knew that I loved Clyde, and that Clyde loved me.

Part II.

LIFE itself seemed to suspend, when, at the instant that Clyde Orsay and I stole into the dark living-room upon our return from the night's escapade, Father appeared, to confront us in silent accusation.

I had never seen him angry. He was too steeped in his simple ideas to permit any such emotion to master him. But, as if I had suddenly been gifted with clairvoyance, I seemed to divine that such was his reaction, and the mere thought struck terror into my heart.

Seeing Father thus, in his everyday clothes, I realized that he had not gone to bed. The clock chimed two. Never have I heard two such ominous sounds.

After all, I was not schooled in the ways of deception. Ten generations of fearlessly frank Quakers stood behind me, and I could not be expected to forget this inheritance in one night. I simply did not stop to think that my parents would miss me.

For the first time, all the possible consequences of my weakness marched before me in flaming array. What would Father do?

I could not bear this oppressive silence any longer.

"Father!" I cried out. "I have succumbed to the world. I have danced!"

"It was I who took her to the dance, sir," put in Clyde, his voice ringing confidently against the rafters.

THE hand in which my father held the lamp trembled violently, causing the rays of light to flicker and cast evil shadows on the wall. He reached out toward me. This must be anger, I thought, and in alarm, I shrank against the wall, away from his outstretched hand.

Then a lightning change took place. What I thought had been anger gave way to pain, and humiliation, and sorrow. Father seemed to have aged. His gray face and deep sunken eyes were destined to haunt me for weeks.

"Have I ever struck thee, Daughter," he asked sadly, "that thou shouldst shrink from my touch?"

His gentle compassion shamed me. I stood before him with bowed head.

"It is because I thought I deserved to be struck."

His fingers rested lightly on my bared head. How it must have hurt him to see that I had uncovered my hair.

"Hush, Eden. It grieves me to hear thee talk thus. Thou art tired. Go to thy room."

Through the merciful tears, I caught a blurred vision of Clyde's astonishment at my father's consistency. My brain was too numb for conscious thought, but I remember being vaguely conscious of the great and overwhelming pride that my father, at least, was again true to himself and to our traditions.

"Listen to my story, wilt thou, Father!" I begged. "Tomorrow, Eden; tomorrow. Come!"

Without a backward glance at Clyde, I preceded my father. It was not until I was alone in my room that I wondered why he had ignored Clyde so completely.

How could anyone sleep after such a night of turbulence? I undressed and got between the cold sheets, but the wind sighing through leafless trees only reflected the dullness of my heart. Every slight sound unnerved me. Every breath brought a sharp pain to my side. I was exhausted with weeping, and felt too insignificant even to pray.

Clyde was kind to me. He left the house before breakfast, so I would not have to face my parents in his presence. He knew it would be harder, considering the great difference in our standards. But he left word with Martha, who came to build the fires, that he had gone to the telegraph office at Madison on business of the state.

I knew by Mother's pale, drawn face that she, too,



I had never seen him angry. He was too steeped in his

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had waited up for my safe return. Now in the light of cold day, I could not understand my own behavior. That I, a daughter of Friends, should have forgotten myself so far as to go to a dance with a worldling!

Was it because I loved Clyde that I had yielded? Is this what love does to us? I wondered.

Throughout breakfast not a word was said of the previous night's events. Once Mother found an excuse to follow me into the kitchen. Not a word of reproach passed her lips. She just folded me in her arms and held me there. Surely no girl was ever blessed with such unfaltering parental love.

"Talk to Father," she whispered.

I had meant to do so as soon as I could control myself. Now her faith gave me the necessary strength, and immediately after breakfast Father and I had our talk. I shall never forget it. What he asked of me meant

great suffering and sacrifice. In return for this patience and infinite understanding, it seemed a small thing to give.

My love for Clyde had aroused fierce protective instincts. My greatest desire was to shield him. Of course Father would blame him for having painted the temptations of the world in such alluring colors. But that must not be. Guilt rested on my shoulders. I could say nothing in my own defense. I was, however, preparing to defend him with every ounce of courage I possessed.

Accordingly, even before Father spoke, I hastened to protect Clyde's blamelessness. Father astonished me again.

"I do not want to speak of him, Daughter," he said. "He is a man, past twenty-six, and I am not authorized to guard his morals. 'Twould be presumptuous for me to dictate to him."

"Please be not too hard on him, Father. He meant no harm."

"That is what saved him," came the quiet reply.

This is one of the few things I had ever heard him say to indicate what a hasty and turbulent nature existed beneath his impassive exterior. It frightened me, for still I did not know what Father meant to do. Yet, it called forth my admiration—that he had not done in the first heat of his rage what he would later have regretted.

"I am sure—he knew not what he did, Father."

For a fraction of a minute he was lost in reverie, as if calling to mind those words of the Master's which I had unconsciously paraphrased.

"But thou, Eden?" he whispered brokenly. "Thy mother and I had always thought thou were proof against this—all this."

Something in his yearning tone pierced me. It was as if by a trick of the voice he had laid before me a complete picture of their efforts for my sake—their secret hopes, their whispered plans, their patient building and unending toil.

I HAD always sensed this much. Now it came to me with the force of a revelation—clear and profound.

My resolutions were of no avail. I broke down. Hard choking sobs shook me from head to foot. Wisely enough, Father offered me no comfort. When my grief was spent, I knew that whatever impossible penance might be demanded of me, would be made possible by my gratitude.

Then I began to tell my story, making it clear to him that I had gone with Clyde because the little red automobile fascinated me, and because I had unconsciously craved a glimpse of what had been denied me all my life.

I may have deluded myself into thinking that I had consented in order to prove to Clyde that I was free to act as I chose. In reality, the voice of the world had called—an unfamiliar, tantalizing voice; a joyous, carefree voice—and I had followed.

That dazed look never faded from Father's eyes throughout my story.

"Thou art young, Eden. That is it—young. I know. Thy mother and I were once young, too. Must youth ever be assailed by doubts?"

I had started out bravely, with head high. But arriving at that point where Clyde swung me out to the dance floor, I faltered. Only the determination to be honest in this, as I had always been in everything, goaded me on.

"And knowing that a daughter of Friends must submit only to the embrace of one man—thou suffered this?" he asked in bewilderment.

"Oh, I was weak, Father! Confusion swept



simple ideas to permit any such emotion to master him.

me hither and thither. But I did not like it. I felt distressed. And when I could, I broke away. Then we—we started home."

It may have been just five minutes before I spoke again. Eternity could not have seemed longer. Father paced the room with hands folded across his chest and head bowed. I felt that fate hung in the balance.

To promise over and over again that I would not repeat the offense was quite insufficient. Oh, that I might prostrate myself before my parents and not rise until they had granted me forgiveness. Only we Friends do not kneel, and it would add injury to injury to do so.

Still Father paced restlessly back and forth. Again and again I was tempted to tell him of my betrothal to Clyde. Perhaps I was guilty of additional deception in keeping this secret close to my heart. I did not think so.

I LOVED Clyde with all the pent-up emotions of my eighteen years. I was certain that Clyde loved me as deeply. There were his kisses, his tender caresses, his loving solicitude to prove it. Was that not enough? Our feelings seemed a sacred matter between us, a secret too holy to be shared even with my parents—unless I wanted to share it.

throbbed, yet my body felt curiously numb and cold.

"Father!" I whispered, seizing his hand as he came closer. "Dost despise me?"

He straightened abruptly. "Eden!"

"I say this—because I failed thee, Father. I was not true to thy trust."

"Thou failed thyself, Daughter," he corrected. "Dost remember the words I said to thee the night that we took this stranger under our roof?"

I nodded. "—that it is no great victory to avoid temptation. One must face it, and pass it boldly by. This is what I failed to do, Father. The guilt is mine. I met temptation but could not—pass it. Help me, Father," I begged. "Help me to strengthen myself."

Then silence fell between us again. I knew that Father was struggling to frame his thoughts. Would he ask me to deprive myself of necessities that the money might be sent to funds for charity? Would he confine me to the house for a week? Would it be a period of fasting and prayer?

Strange that I did not consider the most obvious course!

"I did not want it said that I must send this stranger away because my daughter could not resist temptation.

Too much pride is a grievous thing. I was too proud—"

A premonition of what he was about to say paralyzed my thoughts.

"I shall have to ask Mr. Orsay to leave our house."

Everything went black before me. My throat dried out. I could not move my tongue. And it was best that this happened, I suppose, for in the first sharp moment of agony, I might have cried out some impulsive protest at his decision.



By giving a few hours each day to those who needed help, I found consolation.

And for obvious reasons I did not—just at that particular time. Father was most displeased with Clyde's part in the affair. It could do no good to have him know that I had pledged my life to a man who had so often violated some of our most cherished customs.

The way of truth is always the way of God. How much pain would have been spared to all of us had I only told Father everything, instead of withholding what, to me, was the most vital part.

So I sat there waiting for him to speak. My heart

only express my earnest wish. If thou are unconvinced of the justice of this, thou must then make thy own decision."

I knew the reason for his final request. If I could not resist Clyde's appeal, I must give him no opportunity to exert his influence.

I nodded. Then together we bowed our heads in prayer.

Without hearing Clyde, I knew that he was standing in the doorway waiting for us to [Turn to page 108]



"I must telephone a moment. You won't mind?"

The Café of the Red Hat

*A Suspicious-Eyed Frenchman Opened the Door
a Trifle. Helene Spoke and It Swung Wide—*

DON'T laugh, Dinny Harwood," Tully Randolph had warned me. "Just you wait and see. Paris got me. She got old Aldy there. Maybe you're New York's hardest boiled egg, but Paris'll knock you for a loop!" he had shouted over a brace of *bon voyage* highballs, back in the Yale Club.

Now that I was dashing from the Gare du Nord through Paris' twilight-veiled streets to my hotel I looked somewhat skeptically for a sure sign of the city's alleged magic. I studied the kaleidoscopic panorama that the reckless chauffeur unfolded for me as we swerved from one thoroughfare to another, until at last, I reached Place de l'Opera.

Already I had looked upon the heart of Paris, and still I was under no influence. My mood, that of interested curiosity, was a thing of my own volition.

"After all," I said inwardly, "Paris is only another city. Older than my New York. Quainter, of course. Moving at a little slower tempo. Throbbing more inside

than Boston or Chicago. Richer in traditions. Perhaps, a trifle more daring . . . a bit more dramatic and high strung. What the writers call temperamental; nevertheless, only a city of stone and straw, street-cars, policemen, gasoline smells, luxury,—poverty! Nothing more; nothing less!"

The taxicab stopped with a sudden jerk that broke up my self-communion and nearly sent my one hundred and eighty pounds crashing through the front window.

"Monsieur is here," cried the driver at the door before I was quite in place again.

TWO men resplendent in blue, gold-trimmed livery fought over my bags like two young dogs scrapping over a choice bone. The shortest of the two finally got possession of the luggage and showed me to a room.

Shortly after hanging up my suits I went over to a window for a more careful survey of the town. Lights twinkled back at me through the deepening dimness.

Paris was turning on the soft incandescence just as Broadway did. Soon the purpling spaces would give way to the white midnight that made Times Square famous. Paris would be lit up—nothing more!

But, like the woman she turned out to be, Paris fooled me. Her evening lamps did not flare up swiftly as if afraid of the night shadows. Instead they glowed mellowly, unconsciously making me think of myriad fire-flies playing at hide-and-seek. Vaguely, like rows of mysterious hills, the old-world architecture of Paris shadowed the fading russet of sunset skies. High and clear above this unevenly shrouded horizon spiraled her sacred steeples, and Eiffel's tapering tower, each a wraith-like silver finger pointing at heaven.

FROM the winding street below sounds of a city closing shop for the day drifted upward. Many times I had seen and heard New York going through the same function. Always there had been din and clamor, as if a weary and petulant giant were throwing down heavy burdens. It was vastly different in the street below. Paris was leaving her day tasks like a woman going forth from her boudoir, happy-voiced and eager in her turn from toil to pleasure.

Fascinated, I leaned out beyond the sill. A breeze blowing from the summer-scented Bois de Boulogne stirred the storied Seine across the way. Reaching me it launched a fragrant invasion of my New York hardened senses that I did not want to repel. Inhaling the magic air, my fancy was caught by the enchantment of evening coming to Paris—Paris the town Tully Randolph said would get me as it did all others who passed within her gates!

Dressing hurriedly I went down to the lobby and asked the garrulous doorman where one might find Paris at her best during dinner, and afterwards. Henri, for that was his name, suggested a famous hotel, the gathering point for English and American visitors.

"Non-non, Henri! I want a real French place. Not an artificialized New York hotel. Come, name an unusual place."

The Frenchman, wasting no more time, told me of *The Café of the Red Hat*.

"Cardinals once wined there, Monsieur. You will find the food of the rarest kind; champagne that is like melted silver to look at, and ah, Monsieur, the taste! Par excellence! But first you should promenade. Perhaps you will find company for your visit to the Red Hat. But it is not necessaire. The Red Hat," his voice dropped down to an awed whisper, "is the rendezvous for the French baby-doll cheeken', you call it in American!"

Thanking Henri with a brand new five franc note, I started out of the Hotel Louvre at a dash, passing several groups of promenaders before realizing there wasn't any



The sight of Helene's loveliness filled me with

rush. I wasn't back in New York, hurrying madly to keep a date, or to escape from being trampled underfoot. I was on the Avenue Opera with nothing ahead except hours which I hoped would not hang heavily upon me.

SOMEHOW, as I slowed down and became a part of the garrulous, gesticulating crowd drifting toward the opera, I unknowingly began to respond to the sorcery of the night mood now investing the soul of Paris. Broadway and Fifth Avenue had occasionally given me kicks. But it was not such a kick as Paris was now handing out. It was different somehow. More of a keen desire to make a dream come true,—a dream that had to do with love and romance; one I had never before admitted to.

Of course, denying that cities could cast spells, I did not realize that Paris sometimes ran hot, and sometimes cold. Consequently, I did not recognize upon this May evening that the whole city was laden with the fiery yearnings of a pleasure woman. Nor did I realize that my own sudden unrest of body and heart was a spell being cast by a city, deep-dyed in the seductive ways of femininity.

I strolled along for blocks amateurishly trying to analyze the mood coming over me, trying to laugh off its reality as a trick of the imagination. Then I tried to fathom the people at my elbows. There was something about them



thrill enough, but thrill that was mixed with regret.

at once tangible, and yet intangible. I felt their touch . . . heard them laugh . . . inhaled the haunting perfume of passing women . . . caught the colors of dresses and uniforms . . . looked back into many inviting eyes . . . filled my lungs with the intoxicating elixir of summer air; and still, full understanding would not come.

At last, standing at the bar of the *Café Americain*, my second absinthe frappé half-lifted to my lips, a surging sensation swept over me; simultaneously my mood became one and the same with that of Paris—one that made me thrill as if a current of electricity were shooting through my veins!

In that miraculous moment Paris claimed me for her very own, setting me on fire with an irresistible urge to seek and find whatever romance might have to offer. No longer did the things of the night, of, the boulevards, baffle me. I was of them all: of the throbbing spirit of

her path was barred by another girl, slimmer, prettier, younger. She must have got up from one of the sidewalk tables. Snatches of their voices drifted my way, but they talked too fast for me to understand.

Apparently the woman who had followed me was scared away, for, curling her rouged lips she turned on high heels, and with a saucy shrug of agile shoulder retrieved her steps. The little drama I witnessed puzzled me for a few moments; then I remembered Tully Randolph had once said that girls of the Parisian boulevards recognized each other's possession of certain sections of the boulevards.

I studied my surroundings, careful not to encourage the approach of the young lady who had stood up for her rights in the café. My desire was not for romantic adventure with her kind. Several old men sat next to me gossiping over their beer. A large [Turn to page 121]

Paris! No longer did I fight her advances. Instead I was ready to embrace her soft allurements that swayed me, body and soul.

"That's real absinthe!" I admitted, draining the glass, and making my way to the thronging sidewalk. A girl in the crowd smiled at me. I was about to speak to her when the light from a street lamp revealed more years on her face than I desired for companionship. If Paris had aroused the romantic and adventurous in me, then Paris must give me Youth!

Such was my thought as I passed her up after a glance. But, it was not such a simple thing to look at a girl of the boulevards, and walk away without an argument.

"Monsieur seeks company tonight?" said a voice at my elbow. Suddenly there was a soft weight upon my arm. The woman looked up invitingly.

NO, THANK you," I stammered, freeing myself and dashing into a café at the right. It was one of those places with chairs and tables on the sidewalk, so popular in Paris. I was annoyingly surprised to find the girl had followed. But now

"What is The Café of the Red Hat like?"

"It is different. It is Paris!"

"I will call a taxi," I answered, rising.

*"Just a moment; just—she cried.
"Sit down!"*

I did as requested. What was the big idea?

"Tonight my time is worth much money," she said.

. So that was it—money! Gad!

Here Is Your Big Chance to Learn the



No. 1

No. 2

No. 3

No. 4

Miss Jackson Illustrates the Fundamental Steps.

How I Originated the **CHARLESTON**

By B. JACKSON

FOR years we have been importing the dances which furnished the fads of the moment in America. It seemed certain that sooner or later we would find one typically American. And suddenly it has come. I didn't originate it any more than Columbus originated America—but I did discover it, and perfect it, and bring it to Broadway. It was a new thrill, and New York liked it—as did Chicago and Main Street.

Dancing is not only more ancient than either music or poetry, but dancing steps were the sources of musical measure and poetic cadence. In fact, poems are composed foot by foot as the dance is developed step by step along the same musically measured way. Music and poetry are written down on paper, while the steps and figures of dancing are drawn—designed upon the stage; that is the only difference, for all express poetic beauty.

Down through all the ages every nation and every group of people have given us some form of dance, typical of themselves. The old folk dances, the Irish jig,

the shaking sistrum of the ancient Egyptians, the tango, the Apaché—all are typical of the countries that gave them birth, just as the "Charleston" is typical of the American negro of the South. New, refreshing, thrilling with all the charm and mystery which accompanies the tom-tom and all the jazz and pep of American youth! Perhaps it is the past calling out to us that makes it so suddenly universal in appeal; that I do not know.

But I do know how to dance the Charleston, for it is my brain-child, in a way. And I am a child of the dance.

When I was only fifteen I was thrilled almost to the bursting point by a write-up in a New Jersey newspaper about an amateur production in which I had a part. They said, "In our humble opinion Beatrice Jackson is what Broadway stars are made of, and some day we may have to pay more than \$1.65 to see her act."

We lived on a farm outside New Brunswick, New Jersey, in those days. A low, rolling farm it was, and near the road stood our white cottage with the green



Correct Steps of the Latest Dance Sensation.



Left—Miss Jackson as she appeared on the Keith Circuit.

Right—"Crick ett" Wooten does the Charleston in her own way in the Ziegfeld Follies.

blinds and old-fashioned flowers growing up to shade the windows in the summer time.

After I left school we took an apartment in New York, and Mother didn't hesitate for an instant when I had an opportunity to go in the Winter Garden chorus. Ever since I was big enough to totter I had tried to dance, and she knew that when the opportunity came nothing in the world could keep me off the stage. Any kind of music had always made my feet twitch and jump whether I wanted them to or not.

That same winter I sent my picture to the editors of a New York newspaper to compete in a beauty contest. I was awarded the prize!

On the strength of that, I landed in the Ziegfeld Follies of 1922, and my career had really begun.

AFTER the Follies I went to the *Rendezvous*, a New York night club, where I worked with Gilda Gray and watched the development of her dances and her method of "putting them over."

The next spring, Mother and I visited some of our relatives—the Jacksons of Charleston, South Carolina—descendants of Andrew Jackson. One afternoon I was riding out through Magnolia Gardens, when suddenly there came to my ears a faint rhythmic pounding like the steady beat of a tom-tom. And in time with the beats I heard shuffling feet and the high-pitched laughter of negroes.

Filled with curiosity, I dismounted and stole around a bend in the path and came upon a group of pickaninnies. One of them was beating a soap-box with a stick

in a peculiar tempo, and in the center of the group was a little pickaninny dancing so hard that his eyes seemed about to pop out. When they saw me they scattered, and no amount of persuasion would bring them back to do their dance.

The next day I went out along a beautiful country road. I passed a group of negroes, some of them well along in years, doing the same dance I had seen the day before. Spellbound, I watched them, wondering at the peculiar time and the odd lightning-like movements of their usually languid feet.

As I watched I realized that they were all doing the same step with their own little flourishes thrown in. And then I realized I had come across a new dance.

Excited! As though I had gone on out to Folly Beach and found a pirate's treasure.

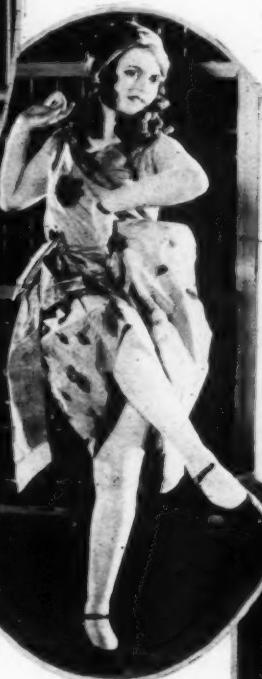
During all the rest of my stay in Charleston I haunted the docks and wharfs—any place that I could find a group of negroes. Some of them did the old "Buck and Wing," but most of the younger ones did the peculiar movements I wanted to study.

Then I would go home and practice their steps before a mirror until I had mastered them.

When I came back I named my dance "The Charleston" and took it to Broadway!

I danced it in a score of New York night clubs: the Silver Slipper, the El Fey Club, the Club Richman, the Madrid. And I taught the steps to my sister Doris, who helped me spread it about New York.

Then we went on the Keith Circuit all over the country, doing the new steps we originated—the steps that [Turn to page 84]



Above—Sally Starr upholds the popularity of the newest steps in George White's latest Scandals.



Right—Peggy Watts as she does her bit of demonstrating in Earl Carroll's Vanities. Each of these girls has developed her steps in her own individual way, but has clung to the basic movements.

The Far Ends *of the* Earth

IT WAS Daddy King who took me out of the orphanage and brought me home to Mother King. I was a pretty kid of nine, and she hadn't the heart to send me back, for she had no children of her own.

They were an awfully straight-laced couple, though, and were very strict in keeping the Sabbath, and all. They liked me because I was pretty, but they were uneasy in their minds about it, too. They thought beauty was wicked, somehow.

I did like to dance and sing and waste time. I couldn't pretend that I liked church, the way Hazel Smith did. She pretended to like everything her mother told her to. And—my name was Gloria! They all had good, solid names, like Hazel Smith, and Gloria seemed so outlandish and full of fire. Maybe . . . maybe blood *does* tell!

Mother King died the next year, and Daddy King said he was going to bring me up. He said there was no telling what sort of people might get hold of me, and no telling what I'd come to, and, besides, he and Mother sort of set a store by for me. He did his best, too, and when he grew older, he seemed to get just a bit more gentle in his religion, and not mind so much if I didn't like the stuffy church, so long as I went. He liked to sit in the garden I had planted, and smoke, and feel good, and he didn't think it was wicked any more, because it was pleasant. "The laborer is worthy of his hire!" he said, and looked contented.

He saw that I got a fairly good education, but the music and the drawing, which I loved, he did not like, because he thought I should study the things that would make me a good wife when the time came. "Pianos can't cook!" he said.

Daddy King was failing a bit, and was saying around that it was time I began to figure on getting married, as he was getting old. I wouldn't, though a lot of the young men came to call.

Hazel Smith told some of the girls the Sunday after our "boy preacher" had preached his first sermon that she thought he was lovely. And I wanted to scratch her eyes out, because I had always hated her, and now I hated her more than ever. She was so pretty, and her father had a lot of money, and I had nothing—not even the



good will of the village. And the last was what hurt.

I wanted him for myself. When I had seen his calm, clean face, and heard him preach, I knew why women were willing to slave for a man. I would slave for this man; I could die for him. And I felt hot and then cold when I as much as thought about him.

Hazel Smith was not in love with him—yet. Her sort fall in love slowly, and by degrees. But I fell in love the way a Hallowe'en apple falls in the tub,—all at once and all over.

I couldn't tell anyone, not even Daddy King. I was going to, but—I don't know. I couldn't. It was something that was my own. It hurt so, and I wanted the hurt, the joy, the pain, the rapture all to myself—and the minister, of course, but I wanted him to find out for



*I Saw Him Walking Down
the Road, Hands
Deep in His Pockets, and
a Hurt, Puzzled
Look on His Face That Should
Have Belonged
to an Honest Man Instead—*



*"This is Gloria, my
adopted daughter.
Gloria, this is my
brother's son, Tom
King."*

himself. Only—*would* he find out? That puzzled me. Hazel took him a cake the second week, because old Jenny Howard, his housekeeper, couldn't cook worth mentioning. When I heard that, I cooked him a big custard pie and took it to him myself. Hazel's mother was there; she stared at me and said:

"It's that girl the Kings adopted!"

Then old Jenny was mad, because it showed I knew she wasn't a good cook, and said:

YES, and nobody knows *who* her people are—but *I* know the sort of woman who lets her children go to an orphanage! Named Gloria, too!"

The minister was nice, but I could see he was not what you'd called pleased. He thanked me in his deep, quiet voice, but there was just a shadow of a frown on his face, and I felt my own face get hot and hotter.

I didn't care much about Hazel, or about her mother, but it hurt—oh, it hurt—to see him frown at me! And then at a sort of church party I overheard Hazel's mother talking to the minister:

"She's a foundling, and a dear child, I suppose. I really can't say, for she and Hazel are not good friends. Hazel is so careful. And, of course, that kind can never really be our sort. Why, do you know, sir, I would not be surprised if she were actually setting her cap for you. But she's pretty, don't you think?"

"Er—I—I did not notice. I suppose so," I heard him say.

And all at once I hated him; I hated her, too. He would never dare look at me now. Men are like that if you let them guess. He would always avoid me; I knew it, and I hated him because he was not big enough to—to get around it. I got red and slammed down the pie.

"Excuse me! Daddy King may need me!" I said as I ran from there, but I heard Mrs. Smith snort, and saw the minister flush and turn away. I don't know how I

saw him, for I wasn't looking, but I did.

Daddy King did need me, too, though not in the way I could ever have guessed. There was a big red auto near the gate, and on the porch was a tall young man with steady eyes. He was smoking a cigarette, and when I came in he stared and said, "My Lord! What a pretty girl, Unk!"

"You must not blaspheme!" said Daddy King, sternly, and a bit upset; then he said, "This is Gloria, my adopted daughter. Gloria, this is my brother's son, Tom King!"

"Gloria!" he laughed. "What a glorious name! It is like the sun on Karnak at noon!"

"You must not blaspheme!" repeated Daddy King, more sternly than ever, "nor fill the girl's head with idle idolatry!"

But I was so filled with bitterness, shame, and anger that I hardly noticed. I answered, sullenly, and said, "I will get supper, Daddy King. Is he staying?"

Daddy King looked at him, and the strange young

man answered, "You bet your sweet life, kid!" and then he laughed again in a queer, tingling way, and his eyes met mine like dancing devils.

He put up his red auto and stayed all night, but I hardly noticed him, my heart was aching so. How could I show the minister that I loved him? How could I show him that I wasn't just setting my cap for him? How could I prove that I was "one of our sort?"

Next day when I had finished the housework and had come out into the garden, Tom King was there, smoking cigarettes and whistling a strange tune that made the shivers go up and down my back. I began to weed the garden, and then Tom King came over to see me and said:

"I am going to call you Bisesa, for I knew a dancing girl in Burma who had all your dancing, floating grace; your joy of movement; your—your—"

WHEN I looked up at him, he stopped teasing and stared at me; a queer, surprised look came into his eyes, as if he had suddenly seen me for the first time. Then he swallowed hard, and said, "I'm a darned fool, Gloria! No woman in the world is like you!"

What could I do? I can't see what else I could have done but sit and work at the weeds and hate him. He did not say much else, but every now and then he would rap out a deep, blood-curdling oath, and say, "You are pretty!"

And the people who were passing on the sidewalk heard him, and I knew that soon all the village would be laughing and sneering at me. "Gloria King set her cap for the minister, but Mrs. Smith put a flea in her ear, and she was glad enough to take up with that rotten nephew of Daddy King!"

Finally I couldn't stand it any longer. I got up, ran into the house, and wouldn't come out until supper time. But by then Tom King had gone in his big, red auto, smoking his cigarettes and swearing carelessly like the sinner he was.

Daddy King read me two whole chapters, and gave me a long talk, telling me that Tom was supposed to be very handsome, and lots of women fell in love with him at first sight; that he was a wicked and a blasphemous man who drank and gambled and went to strange, out-of-the-way places. Then Daddy King said that perhaps we would have to forgive him for that last, for he was an engineer, and they had to go to these places, but that did not change the fact that no respectable girl could afford to get interested in him.

I hadn't much to say, for I felt tired and wanted to go to my room, and dream about—the minister.

Next Sunday was hot; the church was drowsy, and though I fought hard against it, I fell asleep. I couldn't help it; even the wonderful sermon he preached was sort of drowsy, and the first thing I knew Daddy King had his hand on my knee and was shaking it, gently, but in a panic for fear people would see what I had done in the house of worship. But I was still only half awake, and I said, right out loud, "Don't, Daddy King, I'll get right up!" and then I woke up suddenly. Everything was awfully still. Dresses swished, men's coats rustled; everyone was staring at me; my hat fell over one eye.

Oh! I was miserable! *Miserable!* And the minister was staring at me. I stared back, and all at once he almost smiled, but then his face grew stern and grim, and he went on with the sermon.

I ran most of the way home after church. Daddy King was as unhappy as I was, but they wouldn't blame him, or sneer at him, as they would at me! And—oh! —what would the minister think? What could he think!

Tom King's big, red auto was in front of the house again. He was sitting beside the door, smoking his eternal cigarette when I ran past him. He stared at me, and on the way upstairs I heard him swear on the Sabbath Day!

It doesn't matter, those next two days. I won't tell about them! Tom King went away again, when I would not see him, but now he only went to the hotel in the

village. The Hanson House Hotel! Daddy King told him that he did not want him around where an innocent girl would be obliged to hear his swearing.

ON WEDNESDAY I went for a walk. Crossing John Graves' cow-pasture I saw a man all bent over as if he were looking for something. It was the minister, peering at some ants through a magnifying glass. He looked up, and for a moment he did not seem able to see anything—just smiled, vaguely—but when he recognized me, his face turned red as mine. He got up, stammering:

"Miss—er—yes—Miss King! I—I was looking—ants, you know [Turn to page 99]



I nearly jumped out of my skin at the new voice, but I saw what she wanted.



SMART SET *Girls*

This is ROSE CORBIN of Brooklyn. She isn't a movie star—but she may be some day, as she is only seventeen. She was born and educated in Brooklyn and is a stunning Spanish type of SMART SET girl. See page 82.



GERMAINE "JIMMIE" FAIRE was born in Manitowac, Wisconsin. She is an accomplished dancer but hasn't forgotten the movies. Her home at present is Sheboygan, Wisconsin—but she is only eighteen and may yet move to Hollywood.

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SIOUXSIE IGLESIAS has won us over! **MOLLY**, oh, it's such a picture, now at the Chicago. She was just two when she first appeared on stage during her eighteen years in this world. She has been a star ever since, and has done entertainments all over the country. She is three years old. Now she is a Siouxsie girl with her mother.



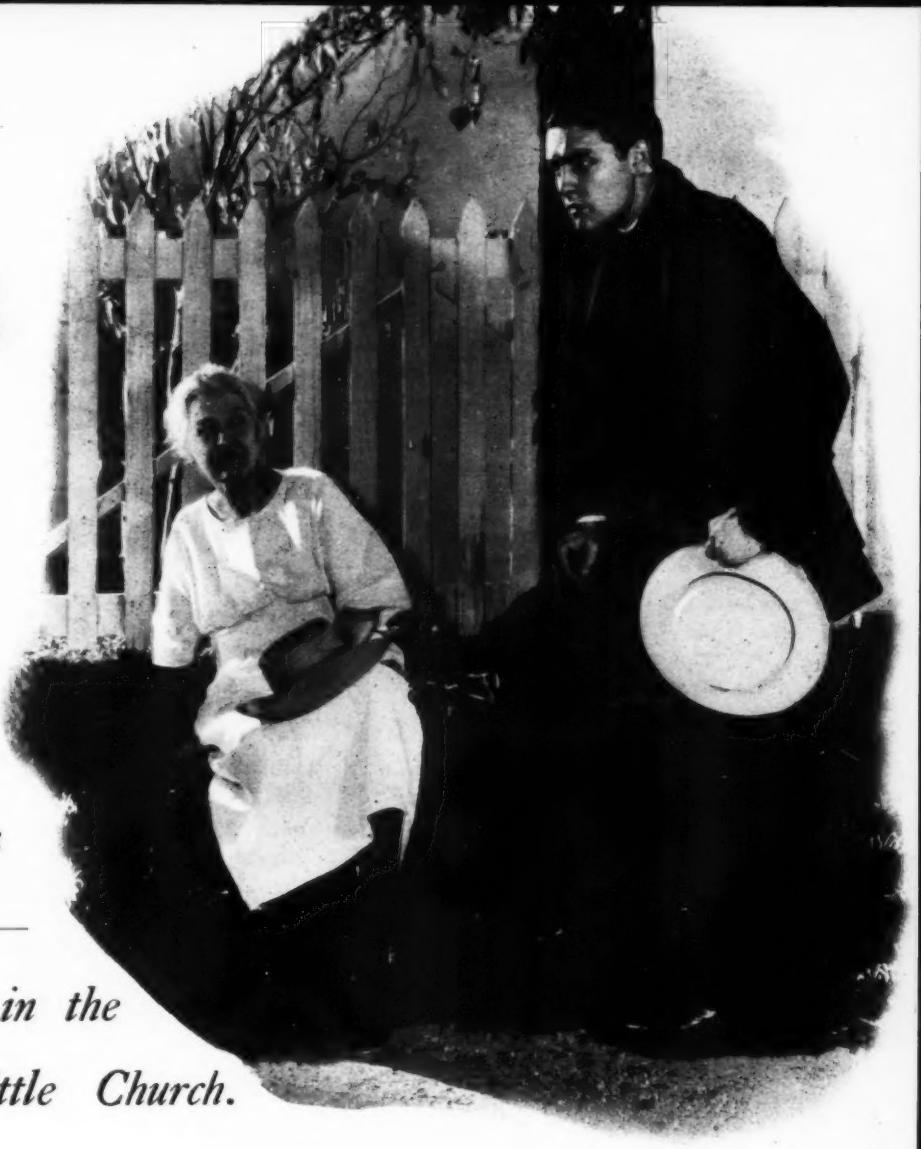
Montreal is represented this month by LYNDA DALL who dances a little, does costume designing, can sew on occasion, and is at present—she says—suffering from intense ambition. She was educated in the convent in Montreal, and we are glad to have her included in this section, as a movie prospect.

"I'll Try My

Sails

Alone."

*The Conclusion
of a Fascinating
Story of Life in a
Fishing Village—
and of a Light in the
Tower of a Little Church.*



. . . while sneers and gossip lurked in every corner.

THE fact that I feared the sea set me apart from the village—and Carrie's very marriage to Olaf suggested a character struggling with the elements.

My mission was one which kept me faithful as the pastor of the little ivy-covered church, and the light which I kept in the belfry. But gossip, vicious in its very inception had linked Carrie's name with mine. Olaf understood—but Olaf was away—that Carrie and I had been forced by the storm to take shelter on an uninhabited island. Here we were found, and here, for the first time, I found courage to answer to all the gossip about Carrie and me.

"You're a damned liar," I had told Olaf's brother.

MY WORDS were the excuse Ben had wanted ever since setting foot on Pelican. An ugly sound burst from his lips. His great hands shot out, doubled like hammers. I'd never been in a fight, but I had sense enough to try and protect myself. My own arms, weak from lack of food, flashed up to meet his fists. He swept them away as if they had been chaff. First my right shoulder burned with sudden pain. Then

a violent stinging sensation came to my left cheek. I staggered back under these first two blows, almost reeling to the sand. A mist seemed to shadow the sunlight. Through this mist I saw the man follow me, then rear back. I knew what was coming! Those two terrible sledge-hammer fists again! They would rip me apart and drive me into the beach sand.

Realizing the futility of trying to stop him with my own hands, I dropped to the ground. Like two fast moving stones, Ben's knees struck me on the jaw. Then I felt his whole weight skidding over me. Up on my knees in a flash, I found him lying in the white sand, momentarily stunned by his crash to the beach . . . A rusty ship-bolt, washed ashore by the sea, was at hand. My fingers groped for it—snatched it up at last! Ben Sundberg's head was commencing to move as I brought the iron bolt down with all my strength, bent upon crushing his skull.

But, thank Heaven, I never carried out my impulse. Jim Keller grasped my arm from behind, and twisted the bolt out of my grasp.

"Steady, Mr. Manners; you ain't a man to commit



Already Bill was boasting of how that boy would soon be handling canvas.

murder. I'll take care of him now." With these words he pounced on Sundberg. Jim Keller was a powerful man of the sea, but his strength was not as great as Ben's. The thing that made it possible for him to pin Ben's arms to the beach was the fact that I twined my arms around the giant's legs so he couldn't move—

"Look a-here, Ben; the parson could've killed you if I hadn't stopped him. Now I'm going to bargain with you. We take Carrie and him back to Rice and let Olaf settle this matter. If not, I'll tie you up with this splice of manila—"

"All right, Jim; but you wait till we hit Rice again. I'll break that preacher's neck—" he growled.

I WENT for Carrie. She was still sleeping exhaustingly on my cot. I waked her gently, telling her that they had come from Rice for us.

"Luke, we are going away? Going back home?" she asked unbelievingly. Then she said something that made me know the long strain had at last cracked her brave spirit with hysteria. "I love it here on Pelican, Luke; it's so—oh, I don't know," she ended, drawing the blanket over her tattered clothes.

The impulse to take her hands in mine was irresistible.

I snatched them to my lips, my heart going out to the woman I loved in her breaking moment. When I raised my lips and eyes from her hands, I started at the vision of her lovely head thrown back, and the way her eyes were closed . . . Was she going to faint?

I would have believed so if her eyes had not magically opened, brimming with a tenderness that I knew must come from the thought of going home to her man, Olaf Sundberg.

Olaf! He would be waiting for us.

"He is only human after all. Most men would condemn me for what I've done. If I lose Olaf's confidence, it will break my heart," I told myself over and over again, as we made our way slowly to the beach where our rescuers waited. Then came another stabbing thought. Olaf might lose faith in Carrie; might blame her; accuse her, as Ben Sundberg had done!

"No, not that! Olaf's love and trust in Carrie is too big and true for that. He may blame me, but Carrie—never," was the reassurance I forced upon myself.

* * * * *

THE run back to Rice Island was a silent thing. I did not fancy the spell of strange quiet that hung over us. It seemed full of foreboding, and a dozen fearful premonitions came to me. I tried to break this silence time and time again by casual bits of conversation. But Carrie sat beside me in the bow, her eyes continually drifting astern to where Pelican seemed to float like emerald and mother-of-pearl in a setting of sapphire. The two men never once gave a sign that they so much as heard my remarks about the "pup-pup-pup" of the launch's motor.

The cove was deserted when we made fast to the pier. This heartened me. I had been afraid the island would be down to meet us. Most likely, Ben Sundberg had slipped away without telling anyone on Rice. At least, that was something in the ruffians favor, I thought.

Carrie now plainly showed the break that had come over in the Pelican cottage. Her steps were wavering things across the sand dunes. Time and time again I had to take her arm. Just as we reached Olaf's cottage she stopped short and leaned against me. I bent down to catch her words, for I could see her lips moving:

"Thank you—Luke—for everything. You were—"

"Never mind, Carrie, about me. You're tuckered out. You mustn't try to talk at all. I'll tell Olaf all about it."

That one smile, understanding in its sad sort of way, would always be enough reward for me, I thought.

The sound of a door opening, and of steps on the Sundberg porch, reached us. Looking up, I saw Olaf, a giant in his yellow oilskins, coming toward us. He did not swagger like a Sundberg. Instead, he moved as if each new step were a strain. Almost upon us, Olaf halted. He searched us with glances. Then passed a huge hand across his eyes, as if he were dreaming, and trying to awaken and prove that his senses were not

deceiving him. We stood there like people in the presence of the unreal,—that foreboding silence of the launch still heavy upon us.

"Carrie—Luke—".

Olaf's voice snapped the tension. An incoherent cry came from Carrie. She swayed forward. Her husband, quick as a flash of summer lightning, caught the swooning girl in his arms, lifted her clear of the sand, and bore her up the cottage steps indoors.

We waited there on the beach. Ben Sundberg, Jim Keller, and I—they, to witness a reckoning; I, to give an accounting. At last, Olaf strode down his steps to meet us. He did not look at any of us as he spoke. His eyes kept ranging seaward.

"We will go down to the beach," was all he said.

We followed in single file, stopping when he turned and glanced back at the cottage. Apparently certain that whatever was to be said could not be heard back there,

*"God!" he bellowed . . . "God?
Who is God? If my baby's dead,
I tell you there isn't any God . . .
Come on and tell me the truth."*

he shoved his right hand into a pocket and fished out a crumpled paper. Recognizing it, I winced inwardly.

Now, for the first time since our return Olaf looked me squarely in the eyes. His glance felt like fire searing its way through me. But to have flinched then would have been ruinous. I forced my eyes up

to meet his, and for what seemed an eternity we looked at each other. I couldn't have stood the ordeal a second longer than I did. The next thing I knew Olaf's right hand shot out toward me—open. Like a man in a daze I caught his hand, knowing then what was in his heart:

"Luke Manners, that's all I wanted to know—to know if you could look me in the eye and take my hand. That—that's more'n enough for me," he said.

I wanted to cry out my thanks to him for his faith in me. But a lump in my throat wedged my tongue fast I could only stand there and let the [Turn to page 137]

*It was the Nancy D. coming in, hardly recognizable.
She looked like a tramp, stormbeaten, discouraged—
like the phantom ships of legend.*



The Handsome Brute



The act enraged the brute, and he seemed suddenly to forget our presence.

LET the wise-crackers tell it! All they require is a half-minute once-over—from the neck up—of any human, and they will determine the latter's good and bad points, habits, practices, customs, associates, and bank-balance.

The fair sex they divide into just two classes: "good-time girlies," and those who should make capable wives.

However, they favor the males with more diversified classification.

The fellows with bulging foreheads and retreating chins, who wear bone-rimmed spectacles and shun the barbers' shears, they unhesitatingly list as professors, statisticians, or anarchists; mentally strong but financially weak.

Those who are particular about their linen, wear spats and boutonnieres, and call the head waiters at the supper clubs by their first names, are captains of industry; those who wear baggy clothing and a perpetually pained ex-

pression are editors or professional humorists; those who don mohair suits in the summer months are commuters with mortgage-plastered homes; those who put off shaving until evening are dependable workers who never change their jobs; those with good looks and curly hair are cabaret hounds and cake-eaters.

The honest truth about all this snap judgment physiognomy stuff is that it's nothing but hokum and bunk; less to be depended upon than a thousand-to-one shot.

And I'm basing that statement upon personal experience—plenty of it.

For in my sixty-odd years I've brushed shoulders with all kinds of people in most every corner of this old world. And, for the last thirty years, I've been intimately identified with the stage, a line of endeavor which is divided about fifty-fifty between incongruities and assorted temperaments.

Listen. I've encountered fellows whose No. 11 foreheads and bi-focals made them look like direct descendants of Mr. Solomon himself, but who, when put to the



test, proved to be intellectually less than a tenth carbon copy of nothing at all.

And I've run against understudies for Adonis who registered only a mental and physical zero at the first size-up, but who turned out to possess the gray matter of a Daniel Webster and the sand to tackle Jack Dempsey at the flip of a nickel.

And just to advance some supporting evidence for my argument, I'm going to tell you about Allen Lowell, who did the juvenile role for me with "The Merry Countess" company through the 1916 season.

LOWELL was the best looking human I ever ran across in coat and trousers. Men always spoke of him as a "handsome brute." Women, at least when they saw him for the first time, were too tongue-tied to speak at all. They simply gasped and grew dizzy.

His features were absolutely regular. His nose and mouth were as perfect as though chiseled in marble, and

his large, blue eyes were deep set below heavy, straight brows. As for complexion, it was a pink and white blend which mocked at the cosmetic users, while his thick, chestnut hair just rippled back from a high, broad forehead.

Utterly useless, except for love-making and show purposes, was the reaction upon first glimpsing him.

But a second glance—at least by one with experience—would have tempered that judgment.

For directly between his eyes was a little perpendicular wrinkle which hinted at temper; his usually smiling mouth had a bit of droop at the corners, suggestive of combativeness, and his jaw and chin were not those of a

weakling. Besides, though he was scarcely above the average in height, he gave the impression of one who had experienced much hard training in the open. For his

*"Are you there, Dave?"
he shouted.*

*"Yes!" My reply was
almost a roar.*

*"Get everybody out and
make for the border. I'll
follow you."*

shoulders were broad, his hands were strong and corded, and there was a sure, firm spring to his step.

It was after noting these latter points that I thought I understood why he had retained his straight-from-the-shoulder American name, instead of following the custom with "good lookers" of filching a foreign sounding stage monicker.

The circumstances which brought Lowell and me together were nothing out of the ordinary.

THE Merry Countess" company, after a season's run on Broadway, had been sent on the road, with me as manager, to cover all the big cities to the West Coast over the northern and central routes and return by the southern trail.

Things went along smoothly until we reached Indianapolis, where Harry Cartaret, our juvenile, tiring of the road jumps, handed in his two weeks' notice. Harry wasn't much on looks, but he was steady, a good hoofer, and looked well in evening clothes, and I was sorry to lose him. However, when a trouper gets homesick for Forty-second Street, it's a waste of time to argue. So I accepted the inevitable and wired Sullivan, our Chicago agent, to land a substitute quickly and ship him to St. Louis, where I could put him through a week of rehearsals before opening in the Windy City.

Two days later I received this message from Sully:

"Am sending Allen Lowell as per your directions. Stole him from a stock musical comedy company. Pretty fair dancer, can talk his songs, has the magazine advertisements beaten when it comes to wearing clothes, and is the handsomest lad who ever shook a patent leather pump. Wait till you see him and you'll agree with that word 'handsomest.' You're in luck."

I put my tongue in my cheek when I concluded the wire. For, while good looking juveniles were an asset at the box office, making it easier to take the dollars from the fair sex, they usually caused friction among the women of the company and were hard to handle. But, even if Sully's telegram did not cause me to give three cheers, I endeavored to suspend judgment on his find until I had met him face to face.

The suspense was brief. He reported early in the



"I know all about that place. It's no place for an American woman, particularly if somebody should start a row."

morning when we reached "old St. Louie." In fact, he presented himself almost as soon as I had been piloted to my hotel quarters.

Honestly, I think I almost gasped when that youth—he was considerably on the right side of thirty—came into my room with extended hand and grinning. Never had I seen anyone behind or in front of the footlights who—

But I've said that before.

Within five minutes I had outlined the program I had mapped for him for the week, he listening practically without interruption. But all the time I was studying him, trying to determine if I had drawn a blank.

"Anything else?" he queried, rising, at the conclusion of my monologue.

"All for now, Mr. Lowell. But I'll probably think of a lot later."

"If you don't mind," he said, holding me with a look in which there was not a flicker of embarrassment. "I'd



like it if you and the others would call me Al. You'll find me a regular fellow."

That come-back caught me off my guard, and his stock instantly took a long jump toward par with me.

"You're on, Al," I laughed. "Anything else?"

"Yes, Mr. Crossley, if you can spare me a couple of minutes." The laugh had died out of his features and I caught the pucker between his eyes and the hardening of his mouth.

"Please take what I say at its face value," he went on, "for there isn't an egotistical hair in my head. I'm a rotten singer and only a fair dancer. I got this job simply on my looks; the same as I landed my other stage positions. I know it as well as you. My face is my only asset. Circumstances forced me to capitalize it.

"I probably know what you have been thinking about me, and what the others are going to think—for a time. But let me say this squarely. I don't give a hang about women. You won't find me getting into trouble on that score in your company. That's all and let's forget it. Now, I smoke. I drink when I want to, and I can play any game with cards from seven-up to auction-bridge. Draw-poker's my favorite. If you'll put me next to the boys who like a friendly game after the show, you'll do me a real favor."

I guess I spent five minutes staring at the door after Al had gone, trying to dope out the youth's number and determine whether I should recast my estimate of handsome men as a class. But when the company assembled at the theatre for rehearsal in the afternoon, and I introduced the newcomer all 'round, I indicated the members most likely to supply him with the off stage entertainment he sought.

One of them, Terry Reilly, low comedian, a graduate from burlesque and as outspoken as an army mule-driver, called me aside later with: "Say, Dave, are you trying to string us about this pretty boy wanting to break in with real rough company? Why, his game ought to be beanbag."

IT WAS not until well after breakfast the following morning that I again met Reilly. His funny, old face wore a puzzled look instead of a smile.

"Well, did you play with the kid last night?" I queried.
"We had a game, if that's what you mean," he grunted. "But I figure Al was about the only one who played. He cleaned us, right down to the last copper. Say, what he don't know about the American pasteboard classic ain't been writ, that's all. And he's there with the talk and the come-back. He's a regular, all right. But it's a crime for a fellow like him to be handicapped with such a face."

After receiving the unqualified approval of such hard-shells as Reilly and his cronies, it was a natural sequence that Al should quickly find himself [Turn to page 130]

Six Minutes to *And the Moon Saw a Tear-Stained Jimmie — and Then Disappear*

NERVOUSNESS is a condition usually attributed to women only, but I am glad to tell you that some men possess that feminine quality also, otherwise "What Happened to Me at Midnight" might have been a very different story.

Yes, thank goodness that old 'Bingo,' the janitor, is nervous, and given to prowling about at all hours. Well, not at all hours, exactly, for he'd never dare to appear in the "dorms" during the hours when we girls are at liberty to roam the halls.

They say that once, years ago, he was indiscreet enough to venture back through the south corridor for something he had forgotten. It was during the eight to nine rest-hour, and it has been told that he hid for forty minutes behind the hall-rack, waiting for the kimono and bath-robe parade to cease long enough for him to retreat, and at last he gained the window at the end of the hall and made a hasty exit down the fire escape. At any rate, he never bothers around during our free hours, but at any time after we are supposed to be in our rooms, he may be heard poking about. Often he will become nervous about the fires, and as he lives in a tiny bungalow right back of the school, he will get up in the dead of night and go prowling about the building. But this is supposed to be a story of what happened to me at midnight, and not what happened to the janitor.

Well, you see the whole trouble started by Jim's getting that new racer. If he had kept his old Ford run-about, it would never have happened. Jim, I must explain, is my "sweetie." Before I went away to school, we girls just went around with whatever boy that came along first—"indiscriminately," as Miss Weatherspoon is always saying—but after I came here and joined the sorority and all, every time there was a "prom" or anything special, the girls would begin planning for weeks ahead of time on how to get a man for the occasion, and as beaus are as scarce in this town as the snakes' hips, all of us who possibly can, have to import one from the old home town.

That is how it happened that Jim became my man. He is about the best dancer in our crowd, and besides, he had the roadster, so that he could drive out occasionally, and as a good dancer, plus a car, are among the most essential qualifications here for one's beau, I chose Jim as the best adapted to my needs. I really hated to slight Hugh, who had been one of my most faithful adherents, but he is so self-conscious that I knew he would probably

stub his toe and fall down before we were half way down the receiving line, while Jim is very cool-headed, and invariably makes a hit with the older ladies.

So I fell into the habit of inviting Jim out to different school functions where a male escort is essential, and every time he came someone would have it put in the village paper that Jim had attended 'so-and-so' with me at the college, until soon it became a settled fact that Jim and I were "steady company." Well, I liked him as much as I did any of the boys, and he is very well thought of at home, so I didn't worry any about that.

The faculty is very particular about where we students go, so when the American Legion began advertising a big dance which they were going to put on, we girls all held our breaths to see if it would be approved or not. At length a notice appeared on the bulletin board saying that we might attend, provided we had a dependable male escort and were in our rooms at 11:30. We howled some about the 11:30, as it's sort of humiliating to invite

a fellow from away off somewhere to come, and then just as he gets to enjoying himself, to have to ask him to take you home. But as it was on a school night, we considered ourselves lucky to be allowed to go at all, and didn't say much about the restrictions.

The same day that we found out that we could go, I received a letter from Jim, beginning—"Dearest Bertha," (he had never added the "est" before) "Listen to the news—I've traded 'Lizzie' in toward that little yellow racer I told you about, and she sure is some boat. I am anxious for you to see her." Right then and there I sat down and wrote him an invitation to drive out in his new machine and attend the dance.

I experienced quite a kick in telling all the girls about the new car and how sorry I was for those who couldn't find a man, and so forth. Why, I was just as sure of Jim's coming as I was of the lecture Miss Weatherspoon would deliver to us on "The Conduct Expected of Our Girls at the Public Dance," and that is presented as regularly as a dance is given.

I SHORTENED my blue chiffon a little, and ripped out the sleeves that Mother had insisted upon having made in it, all the time remembering how Jim had said he liked me in that shade of blue, and wondering if he would notice my new bandeau to match. I guess I didn't realize at the time, just how much I was planning on seeing Jim again.

Twelve

Face Kiss Indoors.

At last the long-looked-for day arrived, and with it a deluge of rain that would have made Noah's flood look like dry weather. It kept up a steady downpour all day, and I couldn't help worrying about that detour on Jim's road, which is bad enough at best, and common sense told me that it would now be very nearly impassable. And yet I never doubted that he would come. Even when Cora Leet, who is a Senior, and who used to go with Jim a bit herself, said "Surely, you aren't expecting James on these roads?" I had carelessly replied "Oh yes, Jimmie wouldn't break a date with me for any old roads, and besides, he's coming in his new racer you see."

YOU don't know him as well as I do," she flung out with that superior air common to Seniors. "I can remember when he got his Ford roadster, and he was as careful of that then as a mother is of her first child, and I haven't forgotten how he failed me once. He had promised to take me to a social down at the Corners. It was a day something like today, and do you suppose he'd take out his new flier? I should say not. There was only a mile of muddy road, too. So don't be too disappointed if he is among the missing tonight. And just let me give you a tip—don't ever let him think you can't get along without him. I went with Henry Barret that night, and it was the best thing I could have done for little Jimmie. But he's a nice boy," she added patronizingly. I guess she saw that I flushed a little. I had never regarded Jim as much of a catch, but still I didn't particularly enjoy having a Senior speak of him like that.

"Good-night," I thought to myself. "she talked just as if I were afraid of losing him." I wonder if that's the impression that everyone back home has of our friendship, too? Why, James Hooker is nothing to me but a convenience by which to be taken to a few good times, that's all. I wonder if he thinks that just because I've needed a male escort and invited him out to a few dances, and so forth, that I'm crazy about him? I wish I could find another man—one that no one back home has ever heard of. I'd soon show them how in love I am with Jimmie.

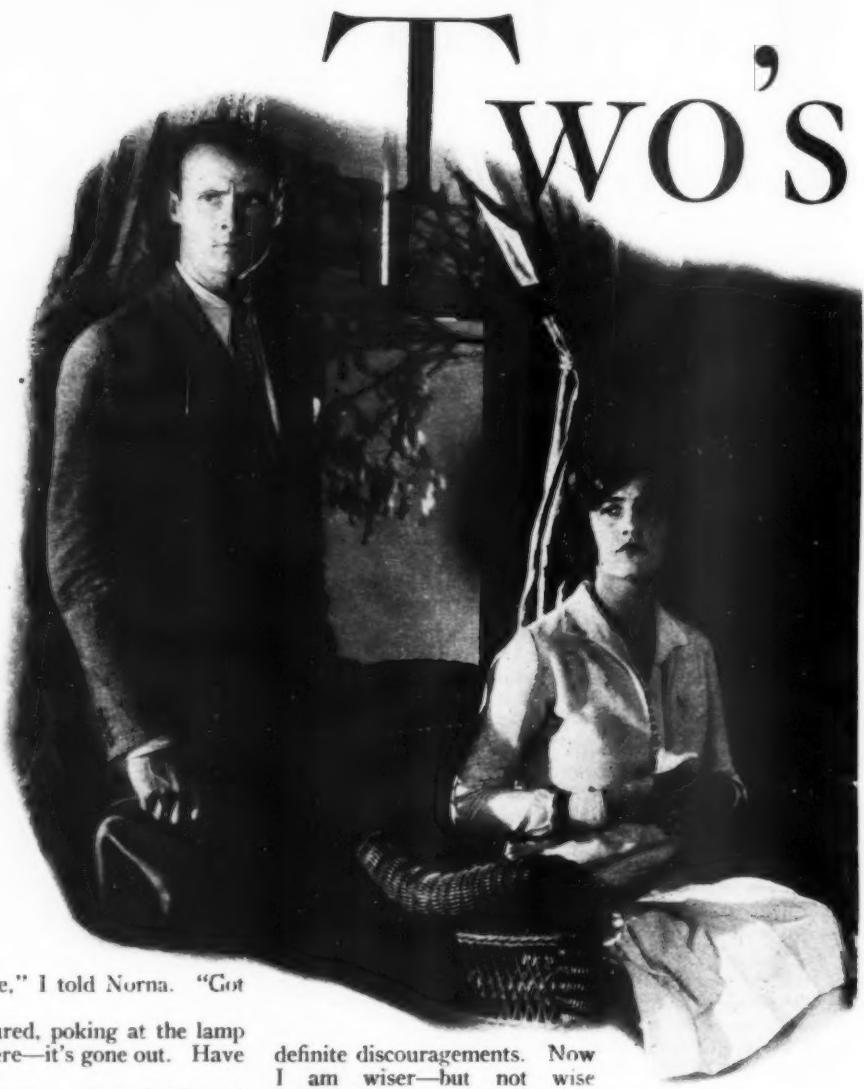
The more I thought of it, the more infuriated I became. Yes, all the gossips back home were probably planning on an early marriage for us. Possibly they



If you ever had to face the Dean of Women you'll know why I was desperate!

might even give us the thrill of an elopement. Now that my eyes were opened to it, I could recall several instances where folks had distinctly shown that they considered Jim and I a settled case. Old Mrs. Croony had even unearthed an antiquated picture of Jimmie when he was three years old, and given it to me, saying that she knew I would prize it even more than she did. At the time, I took it, giggling about the hole it showed in his stocking, (it is a cute picture) and never tho't of the significance of it. Of course she wouldn't have given that to me if she hadn't tho't I was to be the one [Turn to page 94]

*Love Is
Too Often
This Way.
It Grows
Until It
Either Wins
—or Kills.*



DICK MITCHELL'S here," I told Norna. "Got in last night."

"Really?" she murmured, poking at the lamp under the hot water kettle. "There—it's gone out. Have you a match?"

I burned my knuckles on the bottom of the kettle and dropped the flaming match onto the tray cloth. Norna caught it up and relighted the lamp, her deft fingers silently rebuking my clumsiness. Then she asked: "Have you seen Dick?"

"I met him this morning. He sent his love to you." "Toast?"

"Thank you. He's been away five years this time. I should think he'd be about ready to settle down."

"Dick?" Norna smiled. "You don't know him as well as I do, Billy. Two's a crowd with Dick. He likes to hunt alone."

We were having tea in the bay-window of Mrs. Wyatt's sitting-room, which looked across the Park to where a round yellow moon was rising in a gray-blue sky. It is a charming room, I think, but any place which holds Norna is charming to me.

I love Norna. I have loved her all the ten years I have known her. For a long time I hoped against hope and against Norna's very

definite discouragements. Now I am wiser—but not wise enough to give up altogether.

"My dear," she said to me the other day when we, or rather I, had been speaking of this matter, "I should hate you and I should hate myself. It would be foolish, wouldn't it, to change a perfect friendship into a rotten marriage?"

There was a little shadow at the back of her eyes and I knew that she was thinking of another friendship I longed to take her in my arms and tell her how my heart ached for her. But I did not.

"Don't pity me!" she had cried to me that other night, and there had been something like terror in her voice.

"You'll make me pity myself."

That is the only time I have ever seen her give way, even so far as that. I think she tries to persuade herself that she is happy. She is very gay in that quiet manner of hers. For she is always so quiet, so serene, as if she were outside all the tumults of this world of ours. I know not how many romances, how many scandals, her friends

"My dear," I objected, "being in love, even madly, doesn't explain—"

"Being in love," said Norna definitely, "explains everything."

*"Well, I'm waiting," I told her.
"It's a long story," she warned me.*

a Crowd



"And so, you see," she finished, "it's quite impossible."

have arranged and aimed at her; they felt somehow that there should be something of the sort, that Norna was too vivid, too charming, for all her quiet to stand so coolly apart. But always that quiet coolness turned them aside. Norna has a way of making molehills out of mountains. If she had lived in the Middle Ages when such things happened more frequently than they do now, she might have said to her maid one fine day, "Grizel, I am going to be burned at the stake this morning. You'll have to see about the fowls for dinner." It is not that she lacks feeling, but simply that she in herself is stronger than anything that the world can do to her. So gossip has given her up as hopeless and let her alone.

Norna is thirty now; most of her contemporaries have been married, and many of them remarried, long ago; the others have gone in for business or religion or what-not. Yet she seems satisfied just to go on living from

day to day, from year to year. One of her friends who has studios and things once said to her:

"Norna, I should think you'd try to get interested in something."

Norna replied, "I am interested in everything."

And she is interested in everything, from world politics to narcissus bulbs. Yet she gives you the impression that none of these things really mean much to her. I used to wonder if there were anything she really cared for.

Except Marjorie. I knew of course that she loved Marjorie. And Marjorie worshipped Norna. "The world can't ever go all wrong," she said to me one day, "as long as there are women like Norna in it." Marjorie was eighteen and enthusiastic. But I quite agreed with her.

SHE came in that afternoon while Norna and I were sitting in the twilight, watching the sky grow darker and the moon brighter. I was glad to see her. Norna had changed from the dark suit in which she had been walking into a soft trailing thing in all sorts of delicate colors. Her eyes were brighter and deeper than ever—from the exercise. I thought then—and her cheeks were glorious. If Marjorie had not come in I should have made a fool of myself again. So I was glad to see her.

But for that matter one is always glad to see Marjorie. The very sight of her is a pleasure, like looking at some lovely old miniature. There was a photograph—it was Norna's favorite and had the place of honor on her table—which always

reminded me of lavender and mignonette and all manner of old-fashioned sweetness. But Marjorie prides herself on being violently modern. I once incurred her scorn and displeasure by telling her that I had never known a modern young woman who did not drink or smoke. To the first she replied absurdly that drinking didn't agree with her; to the second that Norna didn't smoke. The minx knew of course that I couldn't answer that argument. But as a matter of fact Norna does smoke; I have seen her do it once or twice. She dislikes tobacco, but she smokes sometimes when things are going wrong with her; that is the only way you can tell that they are going wrong. I cannot pretend to explain the mental

processes of any woman, least of all Norna. I only know that with her smoking is a sort of bitter defiance of life.

I have often thought since of that afternoon, the beginning and end of so many things. At the time it seemed only an afternoon like so many other afternoons, Norna and Marjorie and myself sitting in the twilight, talking . . .

Then Dick Mitchell came. Norna said, "Hello, Dick," and went to meet him. He kissed her; they are old friends of course, but it rather got me, the matter-of-fact, taken-for-granted way he kissed Norna—Norna!

She and Marjorie forgot me completely from that moment. I could not blame them, nor did I blame myself. Very few men can compete with Mitchell. In the first place he is better looking than most of us; and he has a charm that even men cannot deny. He loves the far places of the earth and spends his life there, yet he is as much at home in a drawing-room as we who live in them. He has not too much of the roughness of the outlander nor too much of the softness of the city dweller. And there is always about him the glamor of the far places. He has been in the middle of Asia this time, back of India and Persia. He had gone seeking adventure and had found it. He had played with life and death. He had killed men. And there had been women. Mitchell is a born story-teller. He has a light touch, an impersonal sort of manner which makes it all sound like some delightful romance. Even I felt the thrill of it.

And Marjorie, Marjorie the modern, bored with life in general and with men in particular, she sat all but open-mouthed in wonder. She hadn't known Dick before.

Mitchell and I left together and walked down toward the blaze of Columbus Circle.

"Funny thing," he said. "When I first come back I love all this—the streets and the lights and the racket. But after a while it gets on my nerves—I have to get out. I've had that feeling all my life, that I wanted to go—anywhere, just *out*, and alone, quite alone."

"Two's a crowd?" I suggested, speaking as much to myself as to him.

EXACTLY. I've thought sometimes of getting married, but it wouldn't do. I couldn't marry any woman and not play fair. It wouldn't be fair to leave her behind and it would be the very devil to have to take her along. Not to be able to stir without thinking of her wishes, her comfort. I'd just settle down somewhere and that would be the end of me. I'm a selfish brute, Loring. I've been in love—but I love myself too well."

We were often together after that, Norna and Marjorie, Dick and myself. And I soon noticed a change in Marjorie. I called it hero-worship at first, but I found that it went deeper than that. She quite forgot to be bored and blasé. I had always known of course that that was a pose, but I was surprised to find what a vein of domesticity lay under it. I could feel it whenever she and Mitchell were together. Yet there was nothing you could point to and say, "There! That's what I mean." She didn't put pillows behind his head or bring him ashtrays. But you could feel it in her manner, something that made you think of firesides and children. Knowing how Mitchell felt about all things domestic, I was interested.

Then one day I met Russell Pritchard. I had not seen him since we both left college and he went west with a



surveying outfit. He had been in the war and then had stayed over with a commission of some sort. Now he was going back to his beloved Rockies. We had many things to talk about, and Pritchard, who doesn't like to sit still, suggested a walk.

We went up to Sixty-fifth Street and crossed the Park. It was when we were coming down Central Park West that we met Norna and Mitchell.

"Hello!" Pritchard exclaimed.

"Do you know them?" I began in surprise, but already he had rushed forward. Pritchard is impulsive.

"Hello, Moore! This is a surprise, Mrs. Moore!"

For a dazed moment I could only grasp the fact that Mitchell was looking queer. Then Norna spoke. She was a little pale, but her voice was steady.

"I am Eleanor Wyatt, Mr. Pritchard. And Dick's name is Mitchell."



"Hello, Moore! This is a surprise, Mrs. Moore!" For a dazed moment I could only grasp the fact that Mitchell was looking queer. Then Norna spoke.

I gasped. And Pritchard stammered, "Oh—I beg your pardon—I was mistaken—"

"Not mistaken," Norna answered. "Only—shall we say—deceived?" Then she smiled at him as if to say that it really didn't matter anyhow, and ended the intolerable situation by walking on.

At the corner of Seventh Avenue and Fifty-ninth Street Pritchard asked:

"Friends of yours?"

"Yes."

As we waited for the traffic at Fifth Avenue and Fifty-second Street he said:

"Rotten, isn't it?"

I had an engagement for dinner that evening. Then I found Mrs. Wyatt with Norna and spent another hour wishing that she would go to bed. At last Norna and I were alone. She had greeted me as casually as if the skies had not fallen on our heads that afternoon.

"For God's sake, Norna," I said, "tell me about this." Her gray eyes seemed to grow suddenly deeper and brighter, as if there were a great light behind them. I realized for the first time that this look was always there when she was speaking of Dick.

"Have you really known me all these years," she asked, "without discovering the fact that I am head over heels in love with Dick?"

"But, my dear," I objected, "being in love, even madly, doesn't explain—"

"Being in love," said Norna definitely, "explains everything."

There was a silence.

"Does Marjorie know?" I asked.

"No." Silence again.

"I'm waiting," I told Norna.

"It's a long story," she warned me.

I THINK I have loved Dick ever since I was born. I can't remember a time when I didn't know that I loved him. And he loved me. We never talked about it; there was never any boy-and-girl silliness, but we knew. Long before we were old enough really to think about it we knew that we belonged to each other. We understood each other perfectly, you see.

"And so it was always understood between us that Dick should go away and that I should stay behind. We were too young even to begin to think of marriage. But we planned that Dick should go where he pleased and that I should be here when he came back. Oh, if life were only as simple as that!

"Later, of course, I thought it all out.

I knew that Dick would marry me if I wanted him to, but I knew too that we should both be unhappy. There are some men who were never meant for marriage; Dick is one. He has none of the instincts of the home-maker, the father. He will always be a wanderer."

"But you—" I interrupted.

"I was meant for Dick. I love children—I should like to have children—but I do not feel the need of them as some women do. I was made to be a mate rather than a mother. I was quite satisfied—then—just to love Dick and to know that he loved me.

WHEN I was fifteen he went away. Already he had begun to feel smothered by civilization—people. He took all sorts of honors in prep school just to show that he could do it and to please his parents; then he flatly refused to go to college. He went away—by himself. We didn't write; neither of us could bear the stupid futility of letters. I was nineteen when he came back—that was in May, 1914. We realized then how we had changed; that we were no longer children. We wanted each other—so madly. If we had met then for the first time we should have been married that summer. But I had known all these years that marriage wouldn't do for us. It was what the Freudians call an inhibition, I suppose, for I was beyond reasoning then. Dick hadn't thought about it as I had. It is always the woman who must say 'No' to her lover, and to herself. Dick wanted me to marry him. I said, 'You'll be sorry, Dick—afterwards.' He said, 'Who minds being sorry afterwards?'

"That was when I thought of it—of going away together. It was my idea. Dick agreed; he would have agreed to anything then. We [Turn to page 104]



H. H.
New York City.

OLD Soak—So you've been all over the world, eh?
Youthful Traveler—Yes, yes—I've been everywhere and seen everything!

Old Soak—Have you ever had delirium tremens?

Youthful Traveler—Nope, never have.

Old Soak—Well, then—you ain't been nowhere and you ain't seen nothing!

* * * * *

W. G.,
Los Angeles, Calif.

TWO intoxicated friends were riding in a Ford on a mountain road.

One friend—"Look out there, how you're drivin', or you'll send us over the bank."

Other friend—"Huh! Me? Why I thought you was a-drivin'."

* * * * *

J. A. S.,
Minneapolis, Minn.

THE little four-year-old bought an ice-cream cone.

"Do you go to church?" she asked the druggist.

"Yes," he stammered in bewilderment.

"That's good," said the tot. "The nickel is for the collection, you know."



H. H.,
New York City.

ACOWBOY, while strolling through Central Park on a recent visit to New York City, was suddenly confronted by a hold-up man.

"C'mon," he growled, "peel off the bank-roll or I'll blow your brains out."

"Blow ahead, buddy," chorused the Westerner. "You can live in New York without brains, but you can't without money!"

The Funniest

We will give three dollars for every joke published in this department. Items found unavailable will not be returned.

—THE EDITOR.

E. M. C.,
Grant Park, Ill.

IDON'T see," said the new salesman, "why Mrs. Boggs went away in such a hurry when I was showing her our Guaranteed Non-Explosive Gasoline Stoves."

"What did you say to her?" asked the manager.

"Why," replied the salesman, "she said she wanted to buy one of the smaller models and I just asked her how high she wanted to go."

* * * * *

L.,
Electra, Tex.

SHE—"Do you still go to see that little crab you used to run arour with?"

He—"She's married."

She—"Answer my question."

* * * * *

L. N.,
Gilroy, Calif.

AWEALTHY lady having two tickets to the

opera which she could not use gave them to her maids. After listening to a beautiful piece of music, the first maid remarked, "Isn't that 'Overture from the Poet and Peasant' beautiful?"

"That was a scene from 'Faust,'" indignantly returned the second.

"Well, to prove that I'm right I'll go up and read the sign there," said the first.

After consulting the placard she returned, saying, "I guess we're both wrong, Mary; that was the 'Refrain from Spitting.'"

* * * * *

M. C.,
Oakland, Calif.

BRIDGET left Ireland with a letter of recommendation from her last mistress, but on the way over it dropped into the sea. Not knowing how to find work without it, she appealed to a friend who gave her the following:

To the general public:—Bridget Flaherty had a good reputation when she left Ireland, but lost it on the way over.

Stories

Told by

SMART SET Readers

E. B.,
Fresno, Calif.

THE teacher had been talking about military fortification and asked, "Now, children, can you tell me what a buttress is?"

"Please, ma'am," said Sammy eagerly, "it's a nanny goat!"

C. J.,
Long Beach, Calif.

THE minister met Tom, the village ne'er-do-well, and much to the latter's surprise shook him heartily by the hand. "I'm so glad you have turned over a new leaf, Thomas," said the good man.

"Me?" returned Tom, looking at him dubiously.

"Yes, I was so pleased to see you at the prayer-meeting last night."

"Oh," said Tom, light breaking in on him, "so that's where I was, is it?"

A. B.,
Livingston, Ill.

SON—"Daddy, how many people work in our office?"
Dad—"Oh, I should say about half of them."



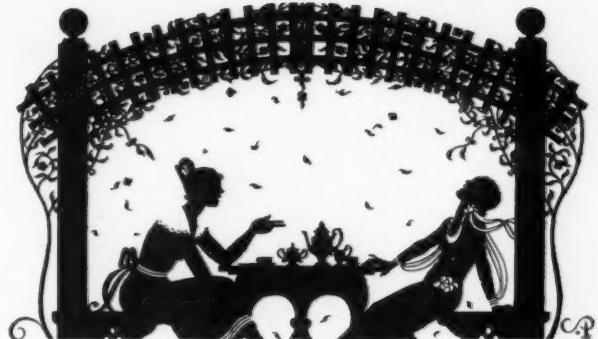
"I guess you can," he said; "a big truck with soda-pop just went through!"

E. T.,
Hope, Idaho.

WELL, Mrs. Johnsing," announced the colored physician after taking her husband's temperature, "Ah has knocked de fever out of him. Dat's one good thing."

"Sho' nuff?" was the excited reply. "Does dat mean dat he's gwina git well, den?"

"No," replied the doctor, "dey's no hope fo' him; but you has de satisfaction o' knowin' dat he died cured."



L. F.,
Ogden, Utah.

WHAT caused the social downfall of Jack?"
"Oh, he went out riding in a twin six and when it stalled he looked under the seat for the gas tank."

E. A.,
Milwaukee, Wisc.

FIRST Boot—"I hear that the Drill Sergeant called you a blockhead."

Second Boot—"No, he didn't make it that strong."

First Boot—"What did he actually say?"

Second Boot—"Put on a hat; here comes a wood-pecker."

T. W.,
New York City.

THE mother was watching her little girl, whose grandfather had just died, and as she noticed her start toward the piano, she cried, "Oh! Ethel, I wouldn't play the piano so soon after your grandfather's death."

"That will be all right, Mother; I only intended to use the black keys."

A. E. G.,
Chillicothe, O.

TWO "No Equal" Silk Garments lost by saleslady, with Mabel inside. Please return to 442 Nat'l Bank Commerce. Reward.

H. T.,
Omaha, Nebr.

HE—"Of course I'd marry her tomorrow if it hadn't been for something she once said."

She—"Really? What was it?"

He—"No!"

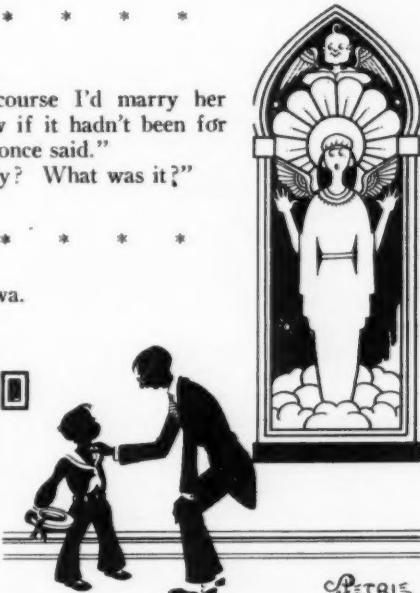
A. D.,
Davenport, Iowa.

PAPA—

"Willie, dear, don't you want to come to see the sweet little sister a stork brought you?"

Willie—

"No, I don't. I want to see the stork."



©ETRIE

I'll Never Go Back!



A Problem Story

I DO not know whether I am a misjudged hero, or a heartless usurper. Anyhow, my intentions were of the best.

I live in a western coast city and am an instructor in a college of music. At the age of twenty-seven, I married Alice Fairfield, the charming daughter of a Presbyterian minister. Within a year, the great flu epidemic swept the country and took her. Then the light of life went out for me. Only the love of my profession kept me going.

My brother-in-law, Arthur Fairfield, took pity on my loneliness and often invited me to his home. He was eight years my senior, and just when folks began to regard him as a confirmed bachelor, he fell violently in love with Eula Barton, one of my students.

She was only twenty, strikingly beautiful and a talented singer. Somehow, the match seemed strangely incongruous, though Eula had eyes for no other man as soon as Arthur appeared on her horizon.

In a few months they were married and began housekeeping in a modern apartment. Arthur earned a modest salary as secretary of the Y.M.C.A., and they seemed con-

"I'm tired of this theatrical stuff—the eternal love-making and silly songs. It seems Eula will never grow up."

tented as the average couple—until their little son was born.

After a few months, Eula drooped like a neglected flower. Her whole soul was wrapped up in Billy, whose big blue eyes of haunting beauty so closely resembled her own. Arthur simply tolerated the child, in his quiet way, unless it annoyed him.

When one evening I wanted Eula to sing a new song I had bought, I found her alone, crying. She was not the weeping sort, so I knew something unusual had occurred. I tried to excuse myself, saying I would drop in some other time.

"Don't go, David, please. It will do me good to talk to you, for I know you'll understand—" sobbed Eula.

"Is there anything I can do?"

"No—I must fight this out alone. Arthur has such strange ideas; he cares for nothing but church and lectures. I want young company at times—music, happiness, laughter. He says I'm silly and objects even if I go to the movies. He always reads of nights and growls if I interrupt him. I'm dying of loneliness—just by inches!"

Again Eula fell to weeping in a hopeless way. I was astounded, but had no desire to mix in their marital troubles. Still, something must be done. I knew Arthur had been brought up strictly, but that was no excuse for his heartless tyranny.

"Have you told your husband how this seclusion is affecting you?"

"What's [Turn to page 110]

Arthur's face grew livid; he advanced angrily.

"Be careful, or you may tempt me too far. No man shall show me my duty as a husband."



Make These Your "Golden Years of Loveliness"

WIN AND KEEP THE BEAUTY YOU WOULD HAVE—
WITH THIS FAMOUS "TWIN CREAM" TREATMENT

IN nearly every woman's life there is a span of years—golden years when she is at her loveliest and life is at its best!

If you're at the threshold of this glorious stage, would you like to speed the happy day?

If you're now living in your "golden age," would you like to prolong it without end?

If you think your beauty is starting to fade, would you like to turn back the years and renew your fresh, youthful charm?

You can. Yes, here is a method—the now famous Twin Cream treatment—that will enhance and retain your natural loveliness; make even a coarse, unlovely skin gossamer-fine; that will counteract the effect of wind, dust and exposure; that will rejuvenate and renew loveliness that has lost its bloom.

Twin Creams—one to build Beauty from within; another to repel enemies that attack from without

Remember that no one cream can give your skin all that it needs. It is not possible. Because—

Your skin needs nourishment, must have it,

if it is to be healthy. And before it can be nourished the pores must be opened.

Also, your skin needs protection, must have it, if it is to be delicate, fine-grained. And for protection the pores must not be left open, but must be normally closed.

Your own good judgment will tell you that no one cream can do both. But Princess Pat Twin Creams will do what no one cream can—nourish the tissues first, then close the pores, thus preserving your skin's fine texture. You know, "All true beauty must begin with the texture of your skin."

Try This Twin Cream Method At Our Risk

Get the Princess Pat Twin Creams today. Try the Twin Cream treatment—just once and see how lovely it makes your skin—how soft and glowing and exquisitely fine. And with every additional Twin Cream treatment it grows more lovely.

The "golden age" for you may be to-day and to-morrow—and all your future years, if you will. Get the habit of being beautiful all the time—that is the secret.

The Princess Pat Twin Cream Treatment

After thoroughly cleansing the skin, apply Princess Pat Cream—the skin food. Massage lightly until absorbed. This nourishes and rebuilds the tissues. Smoothen out the tired lines.

Don't wipe off this Cream. Right over it apply Princess Pat Ice Astringent. You will feel a cool, delightful freshening, as of the pores contracting. Like an ice treatment, only pleasantly and instantly. Princess Pat Ice Astringent closes the pores, keeps them from filling and clogging during the long hours of exposure, protects and restores the fine texture of your skin. Next wipe the Twin Creams away. This firm, smooth, fine-grained surface is the perfect foundation for make-up for daytime or evening.

If results do not more than meet your expectations, your money will be refunded.

Princess Pat Twin Creams—the treatment that nourishes the tissues and refines the pores—may be had at your favorite beauty counter. Or if you prefer, send the coupon for free trial packet.



Free So that you may know for yourself the lovely effect of Princess Pat Twin Creams treatment, we take pleasure in sending you a free trial packet for you to use on your own skin. Just mail the coupon.

PRINCESS PAT, Ltd., Dept. 2411
2701-9 South Wells St., Chicago
Please send free trial packet of Princess Pat Twin Cream treatment.

Name _____
Street _____
City _____ State _____
(Print name and address plainly)

Princess Pat

PRINCESS PAT LTD. :: :: Chicago, U. S. A.
In Canada Address 107 Duke St., Toronto, Ont.

Our Thousand Dollar Cover

Continuing the Policy of Choosing SMART SET Girls

MAYBELLE SWOR, of Dallas, Texas, is the girl whose picture was chosen for this issue of SMART SET. I think it's a beautiful portrait. What do you think? I know Miss Swor agrees with us, and I am sure the thousand dollar prize has helped her to build confidence in her own ability to succeed.

Miss Swor is eighteen years old and has been dancing for several years. She does sewing in her odd moments. It is more than likely we will see her starring in the movies within a few years.

And now the judges are busy choosing more covers. We have received thousands of beautiful portraits, which have been filed carefully for regular consideration. The contest, as originally planned, closed September 1st; but it was too popular for us to end the choice of cover pictures so soon.

THE pictures which the judges do not accept for the cover are being considered as possibilities for the rotogravure section. How do you like the one this month? Isn't it a wonderful way to introduce SMART SET girls to the motion picture people?

Our faith in our readers has been more than justified. We have been given the heartiest support that it is possible to receive. I am sorry that we can't give every one of the thousands of pictures some sort of recognition—but since we can't I know you are going to show the good sportsmanship for which our country is famous and wish those who win all the luck in the world.

We are continuing the SMART SET Girl idea and will continue it as long as you want us to. If you haven't sent your photograph to us, do it now. Look over the pictures we used in the rotogravure section and on

the cover and see if you have one just as good or a little better. If you have, and would like the publicity we may be able to give, enroll as a SMART SET girl and you will be assured of consideration. It is THE THING to do, and it's almost like being a member of a rather exclusive club, this being a SMART SET girl. Every time we print a picture it shows our good will toward every one of you; and your sending it to us is ample proof of your good will.

—THE EDITOR.

<i>Enroll as a SMART SET Girl</i>	
Name.....
Complete address.....
When were you born?	Where?
Typical American type?	Spanish?
French?	Other?
Please give: (a) Height (without shoes).....	
(b) Weight (lightly dressed).....	
(c) Color of eyes.....	(d) Color of hair.....
(e) Complexion (<input checked="" type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/> Light)	
Will your parents (or guardians) give their permission for SMART SET to use your picture if you are chosen?	
Are you willing to cooperate with us to make this plan succeed?	
<small>Postage must be enclosed if you wish to have photograph returned.</small>	

Famous Marcelling Cap

Now Offered at New Low Price



After moistening the hair with McGowan's Curling Liquid, which comes with every outfit, cover your hair with the elastic headband with the hands and bring it over the hair.



Then with the fingers, or an orange stick, puff out the hair from the cap and let it dry in this position. Meanwhile you can read or finish dressing.



In 15 minutes your hair is dry—your new Marcel—*and there is the loveliest marcel you ever saw!*

Nothing succeeds like success! Rarely in the history of American business has any invention received such instant and hearty approval as the McGowan Marcelling Cap, recently granted Patent by the United States Government. From the very first announcement orders have come pouring in and pouring in, until now this marvelous marcelling outfit is in the hands of more than 40,000 women—40,000 satisfied users, who are doing more to "boost" our sales than all the advertising we could possibly run!

In our first advertising we told the women of the nation we were going to set a price that would mean ruin for us unless we could quickly get a big volume of business. Instead of pricing this unique invention at \$5 to \$10, as many advised us to, we went to the other extreme and offered the entire outfit (including a \$1.87 bottle of McGowan's Curling Liquid) at \$3.27—(\$2.87 plus average of 40c postage). This was little more than enough to cover the cost of making, advertising and selling, but we felt that by selling at the closest possible margin of profit, we could quickly get the volume of sales we needed to operate most economically.

We knew the Marcelling Cap was something every girl and woman wanted. We expected a quick response from the women of the nation. But optimistic as we were, even we did not anticipate such an overwhelming flood of orders. Our judgment was vindicated. Soon our facilities were overtaxed so we could hardly keep up with orders. But now we have just completed arrangements which will practically double our capacity—and we're going after the next 40,000!

You're Invited to Share in the Profits

Now we're going to do an unheard of thing. We've figured that if we can quickly sell 40,000 more of these Marcelling Outfits

Tremendous volume of sales makes further reduction possible on remarkable Curling Outfit, which marcel your hair at home in 15 minutes

—a total of 80,000—we could afford to sell them at a still lower price. But we're not going to wait until the 80,000 are sold to give you the benefit of this quantity production. We're going to give it to you now while orders are still pouring in at the regular price almost as fast as we can fill them. We're going to cut nearly one dollar off the price and distribute this saving of approximately \$40,000 among the next 40,000 girls and women that order!

If you read the newspapers

adopt this safe, natural way, you'll begin to see the difference. Split ends and unruly strands will vanish. You can put the waves in the same place each time and soon you will be able to train your hair and keep it naturally marcelled with very little attention.

The Curling Liquid that goes with the McGowan Hair Waving Outfit is most beneficial to the hair, too. It not only accentuates the curl, but acts as a tonic for scalp and hair, eradicates dandruff and itching and promotes rich, luxurious growth. It is absolutely neutral and is guaranteed not to stain the hair or affect its color in any way.

Be Among the 40,000 Who Will Profit by This Reduction

The McGowan Marcelling Outfit consists of the Marcelling Cap and a large size bottle of McGowan's Curling Fluid. The Curling Liquid itself has always sold for \$1.87 a bottle and the Cap, if ordered separately, for the same amount—a total of \$3.74. When we offered the combination for \$3.27, we had to do some close figuring, but we did it in order to get a great volume of sales in the shortest possible time. Now we're going the limit and making another reduction to \$2.45 for the entire outfit and this price includes the postage—a price which, as we have said, is based on the anticipation of selling 40,000 more during the next few months.

Frankly, unless we can do so it will be impossible to maintain this price. We may have to change it at any time, so if you've been thinking of ordering one of these Marcelling Outfits, don't lose any time. Remember, we still take all the risk. The same guarantee of Absolute Satisfaction or Money Back applies at this reduced price just as it did before.

Send No Money—Just Mail the Coupon

Even at this reduced price you do not have to pay for your Marcelling Outfit in advance. Just sign and mail the coupon and when the postman brings your new found beauty aid, simply deposit with him \$2.45. Then after trying this outfit for seven days, if you aren't entirely satisfied in every way just return it and we will refund the purchase price in full.

We couldn't afford to make such an offer if we didn't know the McGowan Marcelling Outfit would do everything we say—if we didn't know you will be amazed and delighted if you give it a trial. Your mirror is the sole judge. If you don't find the McGowan Marcelling Outfit the greatest beauty invention you ever used—if it doesn't give you the loveliest marcel you ever saw—if you are not simply delighted in every way with both the Marcelling Cap and the Curling Liquid—then the cost of the trial is on us.

Don't put it off another day. You have nothing to lose; everything to gain. Tear out the coupon, fill in and mail today. You'll always be glad you did!

The McGowan Laboratories
710 West Jackson Blvd., Chicago

COUPON

THE McGOWAN LABORATORIES,
710 W. Jackson Blvd., Dept. 113,
Chicago

Dear Mr. McGowan—Please send me your hair-waving outfit, which includes your recently patented Marcelling Cap and a bottle of Curling Liquid. I agree to deposit \$2.45 with the postman upon its delivery. After seven days' trial, if I am not satisfied with results in every way I will return the outfit and you are to refund the purchase price in full, without any further obligation on my part.

Name _____

Address _____

Note: If you expect to be out when the postman calls, enclose \$2.45 with your order and the McGowan Marcelling Outfit will be sent postpaid.

Norida
Yanitic
for Loose Powder

Not a Sifter
Not a Compact
Not a Powder

Worth many times its cost. Any one at any toilet goods counter. If your dealer can't supply you, order direct from Norida Parfumerie, 630 South Wabash Avenue, Chicago, Illinois.

Single Powder only \$1.50 Double Powder and Rouge, \$2

NORIDA

DIMPLES

It is amazing what a difference dimples make. Who appears younger. Plain girls acquire a distinctive charm. Men are fascinated by their mischievous beauty. Yet dimples may be yours now, for the DOLLY-DIMPLEB is a simple, harmless device that quickly produces dimples. Invented by a woman. Patent applied for—nothing else like it. Used by beauty specialists and movie actresses. Easily used at home. Results positive. Complete outfit, including instructions for use, \$1.00. Postpaid in plain wrapper, for only \$1.00 or mail to DOLLY DIMPLER CO., 266 McDaniel St., Dayton, Ohio.

Be a Radio Star!

Big Money for Singers, Speakers, Musicians

ADIO Stars are going into vaudeville at fabulous salaries. There's a crying need for trained talent. If you have natural ability, get into our school now. You learn all techniques of broadcasting; fit you to step before the microphone as a professional. We Guarantee You An Actual Broadcast Training.

RADIO STATION has our trained talent and agreed to place our graduates on programs. Through these stations we guarantee you a job. You can earn money over radio. Or You Pay Us Nothing. We also help you get radio, vaudeville and other big pay opportunities. You can work one month. Learn at home in spare time. Send no money, just write today.

RADIO ART STUDIOS, Dept. A-1
1460 Maryland Ave., Milwaukee, Wis.

The NEW BIG-PAY PROFESSION

The Charleston

[Continued from page 57]

had to be done with lightning rapidity.

Suddenly the country seemed to be going mad over the Charleston. The word "Charleston" had come to the lips of every village and hamlet in the country through the medium of the hoarding madness which the darkeys evolved upon the waterfronts of Charleston, S. C. Everyone, from the flappers at the night clubs to the more pretentious dancers at formal affairs, began to dance it. Charleston contests have become a common occurrence all over the country.

And I studied all the harder, evolving new steps so that I might give America a new dance which is really of native origin—a typically native dance, developed from the American negro's love of whining, sobbing half-minors and syncopation, and their love of dancing.

A MOVING picture concern wrote in a special part in "Lying Wives" and engaged me to dance the Charleston. When it was first shown on Broadway at the Piccadilly Theatre I appeared in person, in the picture and in the news-reel. The audience couldn't seem to get enough of it.

I am going to try to tell you how to do it. It isn't hard, now that I have worked it out. Of course my explanation may seem a little stagey, as I am not a teacher, but a dancer. So many people who don't know how have tried to teach the steps that I am going to do my best to set you right.

The most important part of the Charleston is the rhythm—a thing that seems to give the majority of dancers trouble. Without proper rhythm it is next to impossible to dance the Charleston correctly.

The basis of rhythm is repetition, simple in its origin; but even the simplest rhythmical measure can become artistic by development. And this rhythm is the recurrent wave-movement which can carry a meaning, which, even in its simplest form, can translate a degree of emotion in the dance.

One should always try to start off on the first beat of a musical measure. To be sensitive to musical measure is a gift without which one is hampered from the start. In this respect a dancer can be compared to a singer; if a singer sings out of key or tempo she will hurt the ears, and a dancer who dances out of measure will hurt the eyes. A dancer who dances out of measure is deserted—the very principle of dancing to music.

The rhythm of the Charleston is a stop-time consisting of two beats, a rest, then two more beats. This is repeated throughout the dance, never for once changing the tempo, regardless of the step. This time can easily be acquired by clapping the hands twice, saying the word, "rest" and then clapping the hands twice more: *clap-clap—rest—clap-clap—rest*. During each double-clap and rest there are six movements made by the feet of the dancer. This does not vary in any step.

To me the secret of the success of the Charleston is due to the fact that each person can work out individual and personal step schemes. Of course there are basic steps that must be followed, but in conjunction with these basic steps each person can dance his own ideas.

In composing their own steps, dancers should remember that there is nothing vulgar or sensuous about the Charleston. Although it is not a dainty dance, such as we term ballet dancing, it has a graceful, mysterious swing led by a sway of the

body. The arms should be kept relaxed and in constant motion following the movements of the upper body during the entire dance.

A perfect balance should be maintained at all times—on the balls of the feet—in order to acquire speed and keep on the beat.

The toes of both feet are always either pointed in or out together. The Charleston cannot be danced with one foot pointing in and the other out. They must coordinate.

These are the basic Charleston movements. All steps must be fitted in to work with these movements in regular Charleston rhythm.

THE SINGLE STEP

Hold the body in an upright position with a slight curve to the back, the arms hanging loosely at the sides as in *Photograph 1*. Balance on the ball of the right foot and bring the left foot slightly forward as in *Photograph 2*. Place the left foot down as in *Photograph 3*. Then bring the left foot back to its original position as in *Photograph 1*. By reversing this whole movement by balancing on the left foot and placing the right foot forward and then back to its original position you have completed the first basic step of the Charleston. The whole of this action should take place in six beats: *clap-clap—rest—clap-clap—rest*.

This is the first step from which you can build other steps. The illustrations on page 57, indicated below by the letter "A" will be helpful.

THE DOUBLE STEP

Hold body in upright position with a slight curve to the back, the arms hanging loosely at the sides as in *Photograph 1A*. Balance on the ball of the right foot and bring the left foot slightly forward as in *Photograph 2A*. Place the left foot as in *Photograph 3A*. Continuing to balance on the right foot, bring the left foot slightly back of the right foot as in *Photograph 4A*. Then bring the left foot up to position beside the right as in *Photograph 1A*. By reversing this whole movement, by balancing on the left foot and placing the right forward, then back of the left and up to its original position, you have completed the second basic step of the Charleston—the Double Step. This step should also be completed in regular Charleston rhythm of *clap-clap—rest—clap-clap—rest*.

OTHER steps may be built from the Double Step. It can be used as many times as desired and between any other steps you may conceive.

The above steps may appear to be very simple, but the beginner should master them both as to speed and rhythm before he attempts to execute any of the following more difficult steps.

THE CHARLESTON SKATE

Clasp hands behind the back. Lean body forward. Place feet flat on the floor. Glide to the left with both feet, raising right foot in air. Glide to the right, raising left foot in air. Always keep the feet flat on the floor and the hands clasped behind the back with the body leaning forward. And don't forget the rhythm of *clap-clap—rest*.

THE CHARLESTON "MULE KICK"

Place weight of the body on left foot, kicking right foot forward as far as waistline. Bring right foot back to position with left. As soon as balance has been

placed on right foot, immediately kick left foot to the back, throwing the body slightly forward. Repeat this as often as desired, keeping in the same rhythm of *clap-clap-rest*.

THE JACKSON CUT-OUT

This is a dance step well known to dancing teachers and can easily be learned in a single lesson. Fall off the log to the right, throwing weight and balance to the left. Travel to the right with right foot stepping front, and back with left foot flat on floor. After doing this step in four counts, using two for the *Fall off the Log* and two to travel, repeat the traveling back in the opposite direction. These movements should be repeated at least four times—twice each way.

THE MONKEY JUMP

Take a squatting position, starting on the right foot. Glide twice to the right, placing hands on knees. Point left foot and tap toe, then heel and toe, counting *one-two, one-two-rest—one, two, three, four*. This counting should be done in Charleston time. Then step on the left foot, gliding twice to left, placing hands on knees. Point right foot and tap toe, then heel-toe with the same counts as before.

The Monkey Jump is a very difficult step and should never be attempted by beginners until they have thoroughly mastered the other steps.

THE CAROLINA TWIST

Fall off the log to the right, raising right foot in the air, wiggling it twice. Alternate this, doing it twice on each foot. This step is very effective when properly done.

THE FOLLY WING

Clap hands over head. Stoop and turn toes in at the same time. Wing three times on left foot. (The Wing can be learned from any dancing instructor in a single lesson.) Repeat this again only winging on right foot. This can be done as often as required changing feet after each clap of the hands over the head.

THE CAMEL WALK

Place hands over head palms together. Press the knees tightly together to give a knock-kneed effect. Step first with the right foot and then with the left with knees knocking each other as you step. You must cover ground rapidly as you do this to make it most effective and it can be used as a very good exit.

Throughout all of these steps it must be remembered that the toes of both feet are always either pointed in or out together. They must co-ordinate at all times in order to dance the Charleston properly.

YOU may find it difficult to execute the Charleston with grace at the start. But anything worth doing is worth doing well, and anything that is well done requires will and perseverance.

Get acquainted with your feet and your body and make them work in unison. Give your feet freedom. Walk barefoot about your room. Dance in your unclad feet. Stretch your toes. Dig them into the floor as if it were the soft soil of a garden and they were roots reaching down into the cool darkness.

Stretch your body whenever you have an opportunity. Have you ever seen a drowsy caterpillar stretch itself in the sun? Gradually it raises its body up and then lets it hang over and circle until it is touching the ground with both ends, the rest forming a half circle. Try it to slow music.

Get your body in a supple condition. Learn to make your feet do their movements without thought. Get the right rhythm—*clap-clap-rest—clap-clap-rest*; speed, speed, speed, and let it go!

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The Ancient Fool

[Continued from page 23]

of livelihood. Aren't your parents living?" I shook my head.

"You have no one?"

Again I shook my head.

"And you are a pretty girl! That's bad, for you are pretty, you know."

I sighed. Just when I seemed to be seeing the real man, a kindly, generous gentleman, it was immediately smothered in some inanity, some senseless remark, some silly action. I could not understand him.

Not waiting for my answer, he was going on, slowly, hesitatingly, as though not knowing just how to proceed.

"I feel we owe you something, my nephew and I, for we are all that is left of the Hiltons. A fine old family they were," he sighed—and again, "were."

"You owe me nothing," I told him.

"Tut! Tut! Of course we do. We have taken your name and smashed it good—or rather, bad," he cackled at his own silly joke, "and you are a pretty girl. Two and two make four. A Hilton has never yet sent a woman to the dogs."

HIS voice changed subtly, and again I glimpsed the kindly gentleman. "Will you come and be my nurse? I need one badly. Pete is insufficient. He is incapable of many things—pillows, for instance."

"Are you not afraid of my poison?" I asked bitterly.

Ambrose Hilton answered more to himself than to me.

"Not half so afraid of that as I am of your beauty."

I flared on him, but again he stopped me before I could burst forth into angry speech.

"Do not mind an Ancient Fool, my dear. My bark is far worse than my bite. I am just a lonely old man. Loneliness is a terrible thing."

I caught my breath suddenly. I, too, knew the bitterness of being lonely.

"I will come," I said.

And fled.

More than once, in the next few days, I regretted that decision. But still, what else could I do? Even as I had told old Ambrose Hilton, no one respectable would want me. They would be afraid of my poison. My poison! The very word made me ready to rave, to shriek, to tremble. I wanted to run up and down the streets, shouting:

"I am innocent. I am good. I did not do this terrible thing. I would not. I could not. I did not."

With an effort, I calmed myself. To what avail would such actions be? People believed me guilty despite the verdict of the jury. They believed with Richard Hilton that the jury had found me pretty rather than guiltless. And nothing I could say or do would change anyone's opinion. In fact, the more I said I was innocent, the more they would doubt. I felt that at least I had taken the wisest course in silence.

For even I did not know who had murdered James Brandeis!

And it had been a murder, not an accident. Poison had been given him, undoubtedly, but how or when or why, I did not know. I had been with him constantly that day, except for the short while I had been in the kitchen preparing his lunch. When they first came to me and told me I had murdered James Brandeis, I was stunned.

"I?" I gasped; "I? Why should I murder him. He had never harmed me."

He had eaten a good lunch. I remember everything on that tray. Will I ever for-

get them? A bowl of soup, a poached egg, a cup of scalding tea. James Brandeis always liked his tea hot. I remember that he congratulated me because it was so hot. A dish of rich red strawberry jam was there, too. We laughed and talked. He really was splendid company. He asked if he might have a cigarette. I told him I was afraid it would interfere with his nap—he always napped after his lunch.

"No," he had said; "I had a nap while you were getting lunch. That's why I'd like to smoke now. I probably won't go to sleep again till later this afternoon."

"Are you sure you napped?" I teased. He was so often like a small boy, fibbing about little things, trying to work me in any way to get an extra cigarette or two.

"Why, yes, you must have seen me when you were in."

"But I wasn't in—" I was sure then he was fibbing—"I always had trouble poaching an egg, and I tended this one as though it were a baby."

He smacked his lips.

"You're a wonderful cook! But I did sleep. It must have been Martin I heard."

"Martin is off for the day," I reminded him, "and besides, how could you hear anyone if you were asleep?"

He looked sheepish.

"You're too smart for me, young woman. I did have a cat-nap, though. Thought I heard someone, decided it was you or Martin, and didn't trouble to look. Must have dreamed it, I guess. If I dreamed, I slept. That's proof, isn't it? Please, now, may I have that cigarette?"

I relented, gave him his glass of medicine which stood already prepared nearby on a stand, and let him have his cigarette. We chatted along while he smoked, and I straightened up the room.

"How soon can I be about again?" At least a dozen times a day, he asked that question. He knew the answer as well as I.

"Dr. Hadley said you would be able to be up and about next week."

"Next week! Pfah! I'll be out of bed tomorrow. Mark my words! I feel like a kitten."

I shook my head.

"Next week," I repeated.

YOU are a stern guardian, a martinet. Leave my sight—at once!"

I gathered up the tray, and tip-toed softly from the room. This was a sort of game we often played. When I came in again, a few minutes later, he was sleeping. I was rather surprised at that. He hated his naps. But they were a splendid thing for him. I took a book and sat by the window, reading. His breathing grew heavy. Five o'clock came, and he had not roused. I began to be alarmed. I wished Martin would return. I shook him. He did not waken, only mumbled. Then I became frightened. I ran out of the room to the telephone, but at the door I met Martin.

"What's the matter, miss? Mr. Brandeis worse?"

"I—I don't know. Call the doctor."

James Brandeis was dead when the doctor arrived. An overdose, he said. I was frantic. Had I given him the wrong medicine? But no! It was his usual dose. Martin was the only calm person in the place. I had hysterics.

And then they said I had murdered him, intentionally; that that was why I had had hysterics.

"But why should I murder him?" I insisted. "He was always kind to me."

[Turn to page 88]

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But don't put it off. The longer you wait, the harder it will be to get your hair back in perfect shape. Falling hair is the forerunner of baldness—and once the roots of your hair are dead it will be too late. Don't take a chance; don't put it off. Act now and save your hair and good looks! Mail the coupon today.

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The Ancient Fool

[Continued from page 86]

"Too kind," suggested the plain-clothes man who had come to arrest me.

"What do you mean?"

The plain-clothes man shrugged his shoulders.

"Tell it to the jury."

"Are you going to arrest me?"

"Surely."

"But I didn't do it."

"Orders is orders."

"But I didn't murder him. I even looked. I gave him the right medicine. I can swear to it."

"Better not talk, miss. And come along."

"Why don't you accuse Martin?"

"They're bringing him along, too."

But Martin established beyond the shadow of a doubt that he had been at his sister's all day. Clearly no blame could fall on him. I grew panicky.

"Mr. Brandeis said he heard someone moving about?" I recalled that conversation of his suddenly.

"Then you have seen a lawyer?"

"Lawyer? No!" I gasped.

"I'd advise you to consult one, then." The smile which accompanied the remark was sarcastic.

After that I was duly accused and tried. Now where did I stand? A branded criminal! For not even the jury which had freed me believed me innocent. They believed only that I had not been proved guilty.

I made no attempt to secure work, though goodness knows I needed it badly, for I was in debt as well as penniless. But who would want a nurse that gave poison? Even those who might be generous enough to believe it was a mistake, would not dare to take the chance of that mistake being repeated. And I had thought I stood on a firm foundation; that I could always take care of myself, earn my own living; that I need look to no man for anything. And here I was, penniless, in debt, without a job or prospects of one. All my long weary years of training gone for nothing! Well, I was pretty.

Then Ambrose Hilton's letter had come, and this opportunity. Was it charity? I shrank from that idea. But he had mentioned illness even in his note. And he had assured me he was not afraid of my poison—only my beauty! The old fool! Well, it was that or nothing. And I had not yet reached the point where I could face the "nothing."

WHAT did it matter? One old man was as easy or as hard to take care of as another. Ambrose Hilton might be crabby, an old fool, but so were many, many other men of his age. But he had wealth. The place was comfortable, luxurious even. I would not have to worry about delayed wages. I could pay off my debts.

But there was Richard Hilton! My heart skipped a beat—I would scarcely ever see him; never, perhaps. He hated me so bitterly that he would keep out of my way on his visits to his uncle. No! Richard Hilton would cause me no trouble.

Again the tall, lean valet opened the door for me. Whatever he thought was well hidden within his long, thin, horse-like face. I felt somehow that this man did not like me. Perhaps he was afraid of my poison.

"Mr. Hilton is engaged," he informed me. "He left instructions that you were to be shown to your room." He picked up my bag gingerly.

"It won't explode!" I felt like snapping it out, but instead, I said it with my pleasantest smile. He looked at me quickly then straightened, and carried the bag in

his most dignified manner to a room at the far end of the hall.

It was a small room, but most attractive. Gay little flowers ran riot over the paper. An east window caught the morning sunlight, but green cretonne drapes subdued it. The furniture was greyish velour, gayly upholstered. There were no pictures, save a silver-framed photograph of Richard Hilton, standing alone and forgotten on the dressing-table. I snatched it up. My first impulse was to dash it to the floor; my second thought was to ring and have the valet take it at once to Mr. Hilton. But that, I decided hastily, would be foolish and rude. I could take it out to him myself when I went. I laid it, face downward, on the dressing-table. And somehow, I forgot to take it with me when I went on duty.

I unpacked my scanty belongings; hung my extra uniforms and two dresses in the tiny closet, where they rustled stiffly; opened another white door curiously, and there was the most perfect of tiny private baths, white-tiled and glistening.

I OUGHT to be happy here," I told myself, and fought to keep back those ever ready tears.

Reveling in the luxury about me, I dressed slowly. It was half an hour later when I left the room, arrayed in professional white, a fresh cap on my head, soundless shoes on my feet.

I approached the sun-room where he was sitting, warming his old bones. He was half-reclining, gazing out at the blue sky, so he did not see me at once. He was talking to another man, a younger man, whose back was toward me.

"Not necessarily," Ambrose Hilton was saying.

"Possibly not. I will be leaving here in a few months time at most," replied the other, and my heart almost stopped beating; "I am still trying to persuade Amy to hurry up the wedding, but she has her mind made up for an October wedding; says she prefers the autumn colors for decoration, and here it is, only June."

His voice trailed off. I stood frozen to the spot. I did not know he was engaged. To whom?

"She is a stubborn little thing," commented old Ambrose Hilton.

"No," Richard Hilton's voice was cold, "not stubborn; merely determined—strong, if you choose. We need a few women in this country of ours of strong wills, morality, and courage."

"He's off again," Ambrose Hilton murmured to the upper, empty air. "Dickie, when you lay off this crusade stuff, you're a real fellow."

"I detest your use of slang," Richard Hilton reproved his uncle irritably. "It is undignified in one of your age."

"Dickie, I know I'm ancient, and a fool, but don't rub it in."

Richard Hilton shifted uncomfortably.

"We seemed to have strayed from the main topic."

"Which was, or rather, who was, as usual, Amy Fulton."

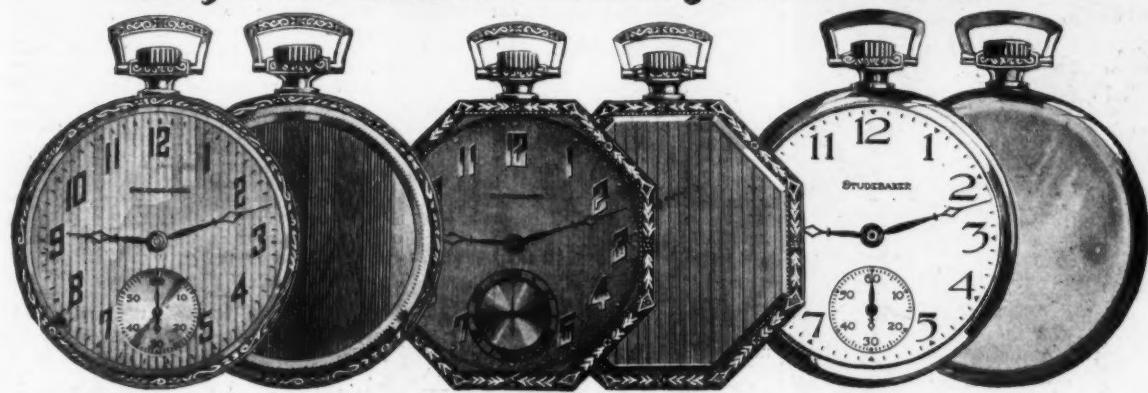
"As fine a woman as ever walked the earth."

"Do you know, Dickie—" Ambrose Hilton straightened slightly and I thought he half caught sight of me—"somehow, I can never think of Amy Fulton as being fine. She is too pert to suit me, too self-satisfied. I prefer a woman to be tall, blond, sensitive."

"Like this Alice Comter that you threaten to engage; this prostitute; this killer of decent men."

[Turn to page 90]

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The Ancient Fool

[Continued from page 88]

Ambrose Hilton straightened abruptly. "When does Amy intend to announce the engagement?"

"Not until September. And remember, Uncle Ambrose, it is a dead secret, to be mentioned to no one."

"I'm sorry," I came forward. I should have stopped them sooner, but somehow there had been no opportunity. "Is there anything you wish, Mr. Hilton?"

I tried to appear calm, professional. My voice was under control, at least, though what my eyes showed, I do not know. I completely ignored Richard Hilton. He sprang to his feet, upsetting his chair.

"You here?" he glowered at me.

"I am not a ghost," I replied.

He scowled, noticing my uniform.

"Here! In my uncle's house—as a nurse!"

"That is my profession," I told him.

"But—but—here! And you—you—"

"The jury found me innocent," I informed him, sarcastically.

He turned to the other man.

UNCLE AMBROSE. You haven't dared—not really? I thought you were only joking, threatening. Surely you do not mean to keep her—here?"

"Why not? I need a nurse. Pete is negligent in many things. She is a capable one, I am sure."

"Capable!" sneered Richard Hilton, and in that one word and that laugh was a world of bitterness. "Capable of many things, I grant you."

He flung out of the room.

Hastily, I stooped to pick up a magazine that had fallen face downward on the floor. There was silence for a long time between Ambrose Hilton and myself. Finally I spoke.

"Why does he insist so?" I asked, and raised my eyes pitifully to the older man. He was lying back again, gazing at me with pity in his eyes.

"You poor child! I do not understand myself, unless it is that he is piqued at losing your case. It was quite famous, you know."

"No one knows better," I answered bitterly.

"I hope he will not make it too hard for you," said Ambrose Hilton, still pityingly.

"Too hard for me? How can he?" I was regaining my composure somewhat. "I will keep out of his way hereafter. He doesn't come to see you so very often, does he?"

I looked at him beseechingly. My heart was still bleeding from his recent encounter. I was not anxious to see the hate in Richard Hilton's eyes again soon, and yet—and yet—

Ambrose Hilton shook his head.

"You poor child," he said again. "I supposed of course you knew. Richard lives here, in this apartment, with me."

It did not take me long to discover which was Richard Hilton's room. Although my duties did not take me near it, I slipped in one day while Ambrose Hilton was sleeping. The same face stared at me from half a dozen photographs, three or four on the wall, a miniature on his desk, a large, silver-framed picture on his dressing-table. I picked that one up and gazed at it for a long time.

Dark, I should judge, tiny, thin at least, but possibly fairly tall. A hard face, I judged at first, but I changed that opinion to merely selfish. The lips smiled, but the eyes did not, and even about the smiling lips was a look of determination. Where I got the impression of selfishness from only a photograph, I could not say, but it

was a very definite impression. Yet she was pretty in a way, only too thin. I put the picture down slowly.

A footstep behind me, a gruff voice, angrily:

"What are you doing in here?"

I whirled, thinking to face Pete, and stared into the menacing eyes of Richard Hilton.

"Why—why—" I gasped, "you here now? This time of day?"

"I am not a ghost," he retorted, using my own words. For an instant I thought I saw a flicker of amusement in his eyes, but anger promptly wiped it out. "I repeat, what are you doing in here?"

"Why—I—I—"

"Snooping! Just plain snooping! I'll thank you to leave my things alone, particularly this." He almost snatched the photograph from my reach.

"I'm sorry; I don't think I harmed it any."

There was a tense silence.

"If women like you—" I flung up my head at that.

"Women like me!" I retorted. "Let me tell you, Mr. Richard Hilton, if there were a few more women like me, the world would be a better place."

I flung from the room, then. It was only later in the afternoon that I learned how Richard Hilton had taken my flash of temper.

Old Ambrose was in high spirits after his nap. I brought him an egg-nog, and as he sipped it he chuckled. He all but patted me on the head.

"My dear, my dear," he said gleefully. "Between us, we'll make a man of Dickie yet."

I must have looked bewildered. I know I felt so.

"He told me this afternoon about—" continued old Ambrose, "about the little spat you two had. That's the stuff, my dear. Give it to him good. Show a little temper. We all like it, even though we are afraid of it. Better show a little spirit, a little fire, even though it is unpleasant, than this eternal iciness."

"I'm not icy," I responded.

"No, no, not you, my dear. I was thinking of this woman Richard plans to marry, this Amy Fulton, the human iceberg. No, indeed, not you! Dickie told me you burst forth into a passion, and told him that the world would be a better place if there were a few more women like you." Old Mr. Hilton burst forth into uproarious laughter as though he could no longer control his mirth.

"What is so funny?" I was ashamed of that outburst now, and a little curious that it should so please Ambrose Hilton.

"Funny? You ask that? And you know what he thinks of you."

THAT I am a poisoner of men?" I asked in a low voice. At every twist and turn that accusation pointed its finger at me.

"Precisely. Of old men, perhaps, but at any rate, of men. To his understanding, your retort meant that the world would be a better place if it were rid of a few of us old fools."

Again he burst into laughter.

"Oh, but I didn't mean that," I gasped.

"Of course, you didn't, my dear. But perhaps it's true, even so."

"But it isn't true, Mr. Hilton!" I was astounded.

He leaned toward me suddenly; something strange glittered in his eye.

"Then you think there is a place in the world for old men . . . that we are not utterly—worthless?"

I drew back, wondering what he meant. "Why, yes, of course—no, certainly not!" I was badly confused, and cast about hurriedly in my mind for a topic to swing the conversation. One presented itself with surprising quickness. "Tell me more about this Miss Fulton whom your nephew is to marry."

"Remember that is not yet public news," he reminded me.

"Scarcely necessary for me to remember that. I never see anyone to tell it to, other than you, Pete, and occasionally Mr. Richard Hilton himself."

Again the look of pity, and something more I did not quite understand. He half put out his arms to me. Then he dropped them abruptly.

"Amy?" he asked. "A selfish little prig."

"Do you know her well?" I asked, surprised.

"Well enough. She's been after Dickie a long time."

"After him!" I showed my surprise, plainly.

"Oh, not that she'd admit that. Nor Dickie, either. But it's true, nevertheless. I've seen her maneuvers. Oh, she's clever—clever and cold. But let me tell you: if Dickie hadn't the expectation of my wealth—she probably hopes I'll be dead by October—and growing fame of his own, she'd never marry him. That's the reason she hates you, my dear. You were the cause of Dickie losing a very famous case."

"Does she hate me? I didn't suppose she even knew I existed."

"Ah, yes. No doubt she helped poison Dickie's mind against you. He certainly does not see you in your true light. He hates you, too, and how he can is more than I know. Only, since he has been engaged to our dear little Amy has he gone around ranting against home-wreckers." Ambrose Hilton's eyes twinkled. "I think he has a dandy little home-wrecker on his own hands, but of course, he won't listen to that. But you wait and watch and see. You can't bamboozle an old man, even if he is an ancient fool."

WHY do you call yourself such names," I must relieve my pent-up feelings, somehow, and a protest to Ambrose Hilton was as good a way as any. "You are not ancient, and certainly not a fool."

He shook his head sadly.

"Yes, my dear, I am old, old and weary, and was and always will be a fool—over pretty women, like you!"

The evenings were the hard parts of the days. In the morning I was busy, preparing trays, straightening rooms, generally lending a woman's touch to this bachelor establishment. Afternoons I was free. Often I went for a walk or to the library; occasionally, a picture show, though I was still sensitive about appearing in public. However, the Brandeis' murder trial was now two months old, and practically forgotten. Soon I would mean no more than the usual passerby. Then came dinner-time, the one bright spot in the day. Ambrose Hilton insisted that I eat at the table with him and his nephew. And though Richard was often away, still there was always the possibility of seeing him, and in the last two weeks he had appeared almost every night, immaculate, wonderful to look at. Lately, too, he chatted and laughed with me, as though he were slowly coming to believe that I was a human being, and not a harpie. Indeed, dinner time was the one bright hour in my day. But after that one bright spot, stretched the long dreary hours of the evening. Richard was always away. I

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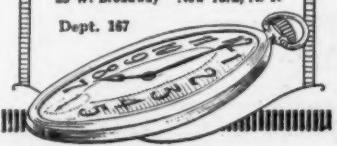


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played cribbage with old Ambrose, or read to him—market reports, perhaps, or old dry books. Once I suggested a love-story to him.

"No, thanks," he had replied, grinning. "I like my love affairs first hand. This canned stuff is flat."

I did not repeat the suggestion. I was growing a little afraid of old Ambrose. His eyes followed me so strangely wherever I moved; and once, he snatched my hand when I came near him, and kissed it eagerly. But he did not repeat that!

But much to my surprise, one Wednesday evening, Richard Hilton got up from the dinner table, and made no move toward leaving the house. Old Ambrose noted this, too.

"Not going out tonight?" he asked.

"No—I guess not. Have some reading to do."

"Gracious heavens! Prop up the roof!" exclaimed old Ambrose. "Had a quarrel with Amy?"

"Not exactly."

My heart was beating quickly, but the next words of the old man calmed it.

"Stay in if you like, but you are not to disturb Miss Alice and me. Evenings are our own private property."

Richard nodded.

"I'll be in my room, if there's anything you want."

"Want! Don't stay here on that account. What my nurse can't do, Petronius will."

"Why has Pete such a queer name?" I asked idly, as Ambrose and I settled to cribbage. He chuckled.

"Poor old Pete—that's short for Petronius. Haven't I told you that I often compare myself to that ancient fool of Rome, Nero? Petronius was his henchman. It is a fancy of mine. I thought first that I would dub this man Tigellinus, but that would be shortened to Tige—and that sounds like a dog's name. No, Petronius was the better selection."

"Then Pete isn't his name at all?" I exclaimed in astonishment.

"No—no," then slowly; "I believe I can trust you with his secret. You and Richard are the only ones that know. He is an ex-convict. His real name I never knew, only one of several aliases. What does it matter? Pete fits him splendidly."

"Why," I gasped, "aren't you afraid of him?"

"Afraid? No. He was in for theft. His job was being a butler. Bad combination. How could he get a start with only a prison recommendation? One advantage of Richard's position, I do get in first hand touch with some of these fellows."

"Why, Mr. Hilton," I gasped. This was a new light entirely on his disposition. "You're a regular philanthropist."

He shook his head a little sadly.

NO, MY dear, only a lonely old man experimenting in human values. And it is surprising at times how high the stock runs. I haven't missed so much as a silver spoon in the two years Pete's been here. He's as faithful as a dog. Perhaps Tige would have suited him better." He smiled a strange, whimsical smile that was rare on his lips.

"And is that why you have taken me in?"

He shook his head slowly. The cribbage game was forgotten, neglected.

"No, my dear. There was another reason. Would you like to know it?"

"Yes."

"It may hurt your vanity."

I smiled wryly.

He was silent for a long time. Then a different Ambrose Hilton seemed to

speak, the real man, perhaps, different indeed from the facetious, cynical old man the world knew.

"You know, though perhaps you do not, that I have never married. But I loved once—ah—very deeply, so deeply that although the hurt healed, the scar still burns at times. And I am an old, old man."

"What happened?" I asked softly. He sighed.

"We were to be married, and on the eve of our wedding, she died . . . was killed . . . an accident. She died in my arms. She was very beautiful. I still cannot talk of it."

"But that was so long ago," I protested.

SO LONG ago," he echoed. "For years I thought I had forgotten, but of late, memories seemed more alive than realities. And when I saw you, you reminded me of her, my dear, ah, very much."

He scrutinized me.

"Do you really look like her, I wonder, or is it just an old man's fancy?"

He got up suddenly, knocking the cribbage board to the floor, and walked to an old mahogany desk, beautifully carved that stood in the corner. He pressed a spring in the leg, and a small door swung open.

"I am letting you in on all my secrets tonight," he said. "Even Dickie does not know of this."

He came slowly back across the room, carrying in his hand a small miniature.

"Very like, very like, indeed." He held out the ivory.

Even I could see a resemblance, though it seemed a faint one to me.

He sat down beside me and took my hand.

"It takes me back. Sometimes I dream that you are she. Wild fancies, I grant. But you are learning to know me as she did—my badness, my few good spots. And you treat me as she did—gently, always gently. You couldn't, could you, marry an old man and make him happy in the few years he has left? I would not demand much, and you would be well paid in the end, for I am a rich man."

"Oh, Mr. Hilton," I protested.

"I would not ask much," he repeated, "but this way I may lose you to some young whipper-snapper, like Dickie, for instance."

"No danger," I said bitterly.

"I could not bear that, now that I have found you again. Oh, Anne, I need you so, now in my old age."

"My name is Alice," I reminded him gently.

"Ah, yes. Hers was Anne."

"But I will never leave you," I said.

"Promise!" he demanded fiercely.

"I promise."

And as he turned to replace the miniature, I fled.

Just outside the door, I collided in the dim passageway with Richard Hilton.

"Oh," I gasped startled, "I forgot you were home."

He grasped me roughly by the arm. His face was close to mine. His eyes glittered.

"You she-devil!"

I tried to wrench myself free.

"What do you mean?"

"I heard the vile promise you made my uncle. Think you can rope him in as you did poor old Jim Brandeis, get his money and kill him. Not while I'm here. I'll see you in hell first."

I jerked my arm from his grasp then.

"Your uncle asked me to marry him to-night. I refused. Your money is perfectly safe." I was rigid with anger.

"Money! Who wants his money, except persons like you. I'll pay you, and pay you well to leave him alone. But

remember, if any harm comes to him, nothing can save you—not even your beautiful body."

I would have struck him then, but he went on into the room where his uncle was.

In my own room, I rolled up my sleeve. On the white flesh of my upper arm, a black and blue mark was slowly darkening.

And I thought that Richard Hilton had spent the evening at home because of my attraction!

The next night, I had just settled comfortably to sleep when Pete knocked on my door. It must have been between eleven-thirty and midnight, because I had read until after eleven, and had just dropped asleep when the knock came. Instantly I was wide awake.

"What is it, Pete?" I asked.

"Mr. Hilton, Miss. He's having a bad spell."

"Have you 'phoned the doctor?" I asked, throwing myself into my negligee.

"Yes, Miss. He was out on another call, but Mrs. Hadley said she'd reach him."

"Hadley." I gasped, then said no more when I observed Pete's strange expression. How stupid of me that I had not thought to ask who Ambrose Hilton's physician was before I came on the case. But then, my wits were benumbed these days. Besides, Ambrose Hilton had hired me in a rather hasty, irregular way. His case did not call for a doctor's attention, only a nurse's care. And I had never thought to ask.

Hadley! Dr. John Hadley! The one who had testified against me in the Brandeis' case. Coming here! Was he a friend of the Hiltons? Of course he would be. He doctored all the wealthy men in this part of town. For a minute, the ugly thought flashed through my mind that Richard Hilton had bribed Dr. Hadley to testify against me. But instantly I put that thought from me. Richard Hilton might hate me, detest me, despise me, but he was upright, square, honest. Whatever he did would be fair. But the thought of him brought another question to my lips.

"Mr. Richard Hilton? Is he in?" I asked Pete.

SSH!" We were now at the door of Ambrose Hilton's room. "No, Miss. He went out this evening."

"Can't you reach him?" I whispered.

"I called the Fulton residence. They said that he and Miss Amy were out, but that they would reach him, and deliver my message to him."

Pete was a good sort. Certainly he had done all he possibly could do before calling me.

I found Ambrose Hilton in great pain. Huge drops of sweat stood out on his forehead, his eyes were staring, his hands clenched. He was afraid to breathe. I did all I dared do. I gave him a small drink of spirits of ammonia. And then, sitting on the edge of the bed, I took his cold hands in mine and began gently to rub them. Soon the pain apparently lessened, though he did not try to talk. But the tenseness in his face relaxed. He seemed easier. I drew a breath of relief, but watched him closely, wishing desperately that the doctor would come.

Almost in answer to that wish, footfalls sounded along the hall. I looked up, half-fearful, for I did not know in what way Dr. Hadley would meet me.

There stood Richard Hilton. For a minute my heart hung worse than Ambrose Hilton's, for behind him stood a young woman—tall, slender, icy. Amy Fulton! I almost spoke the name aloud — — —

[Concluded in December issue.]

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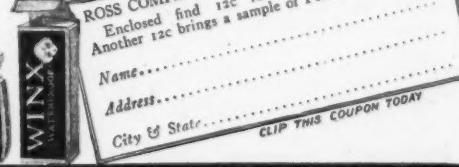
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Six Minutes to Twelve

(Continued from page 73)

who would hand it down to his children and grandchildren as the gift of Mrs. Croony. Well, I'd show them. I'd get another fellow just as soon as I could.

Yes, I'd show them, but I didn't dream that my chance would come quite so soon. After dinner, we were all in a flurry of excitement, getting curled and colored and pinned and tied and so forth, when suddenly we heard a shriek, and Rose Abner, who was at that moment curling my roommate's hair, sank into a chair in a spasm of pain. With all operations momentarily suspended, we amateurishly administered what relief we could, but the terrible pains were not alleviated, so we called a doctor.

HE CAME immediately and pronounced it acute indigestion. After a bit he succeeded in relieving her to such a degree that she was resting quietly, and we rushed back to make up for lost time in dressing.

One by one the girls were called for and departed, until at last, only Cora Leet, who had sprained her ankle, Rose, the invalid, and myself, remained. I tried to appear unconcerned, and said of course Jim wouldn't be there until late on account of that terrible detour road, but all the while I kept thinking of what Cora had said about the new car, and I had grave fears that her prophecy was to be fulfilled.

After what seemed an interminable wait, the bell rang, and my heart leaped. Jim had come. I ran down to the reception room just as a tall, handsome fellow was ushered in, but it was not my Jim. I was so disappointed that I couldn't say a word. Now I knew Jim wasn't coming. Afraid of his old car, probably, just as Cora had said. How I wished that some good fairy would play the Cinderella story with me, and make this Prince Charming take me to the dance. Then I heard him asking for Miss Abner, and a wild hope was born in my heart. In her terrible pain, Rose had momentarily forgotten her escort, and here he was, with no one to take to the dance.

I was so excited that I could never remember just what happened, but the next thing I knew I was being whirled away with Rose's wonderful looking man, in a big closed car. Talk about manners, he surely knew how to manipulate a conversation and bring in more subtle compliments to a girl in ten minutes than Jim could have in ten years.

By the time we reached the hall, my head was completely turned. He was a much cleverer dancer than Jim, and I had all that I could do to follow gracefully.

Before I realized it, it was 11:15, and I reminded my partner that I must be in at 11:30. He only put his head a bit closer to mine than is considered good taste by Miss Weatherspoon, and whispered that he could dance on like this forever. At 11:20 I noticed that nearly all the students had gone, and insisted upon leaving, as I well knew the fate of any girl who was not within these doors at the stipulated time.

Though very loath to go, he eventually did so, and I inwardly breathed a prayer that he would drive fast, and not try to kiss me, as he was acting much more familiar than I liked. I looked at my watch—we had just six minutes. I peered out to see how much farther we had to go, and HORRORS! We had missed the turn and were going down an avenue leading out of town. I clutched my companion's arm and told him of his mistake, but instead of turning around, he drove up to the curb and stopped. As he reached to dim the lights, panic gripped me. I seized his arm, but he tore it from me and placed it around my

shoulders instead, pulling me toward him.

"You didn't think, did you," he said with a fierce squeeze, "that such a butterfly as you could be taken straight home without a little bit o' lovin'?"

But my immediate situation seemed even more dangerous. Here I was, in a sparsely settled part of town, with a strange man, who showed, by his refusal to take me home at my request, that he had very little honor. Worse than this, he seemed suddenly to lose his fine mannerisms and winning personality, and to become instead, a huge brute. I struggled to free myself, but in vain.

The next few seconds seemed an eternity, and then I heard the most welcome sound I have ever listened to in all my life—I believe to my dying day that the sound of howling brakes and sliding wheels will bring joy to my heart—and there beside us, a long, low-hung beauty of a yellow racer slid to a stop, and Jim leaped out.

By this time, my gallant escort had released me, and with a little "damn" under his breath, switched on his lights. But without waiting to tell him I had enjoyed a most pleasant evening, I sprang into the arms of Jimmie, and he half-carried, half-dragged, me to his car.

"Oh, hurry," I pleaded, although I knew in my heart that I was locked out already, for the steeple clock, revealed by the tardy moon, showed 11:45. As we raced along, he managed a few words about an accident on the detour road, Cora's message that I had another man, (so that was the way she sent him down to me, the little cat!) his starting to return home, and then we were back at the school. I raced up the steps and frantically tried the door—LOCKED! "Oh, Jimmie," I cried, "I've got to get in; at midnight the hall-walker will look to see that each girl is in bed, and if I'm not there—well" words failed, but he knew as well as I that it meant expulsion and disgrace.

"We'll try the fire-escape," he whispered. We did. Nothing doing.

Then I had my bright idea. Oh, if only old Bingo, the janitor, were prowling about, Jim could knock him down, secure the keys, and let me in, but no need for such violence. Old Bingo was safe and sound in bed. In bed! That phase and Jimmie's inspiration came simultaneously.

WILDLY we raced to Bingo's bugalow behind the school. He slept near an open window, and there, on a chair, lay his old coveralls. With the stealth of a cat, Jim clawed them out, together with his old slouch hat. In the light, I pulled them on over my blue chiffon—it would be ruined, but nothing mattered now except to be in my bed at MIDNIGHT. I frenziedly stuffed my wilful curls up under the old hat, and back we dashed. Jim outran me, and by the time I reached him, he had pulled off his oxfords. "Put 'em on," he ordered. "Your janitor don't usually wear French-heeled, blue satin pumps."

"Now shuffle in just like old Bingo, and throw his things out of your window," he said, as he helped my shaking fingers to unlock the door.

Six minutes to twelve, and the moon saw old Bingo raise a tear-stained face, kiss Jimmie, whisper "I love you," and disappear within doors. As the clock struck the first chime, she saw an old slouch hat, two shoes, and a coverall suit float silently down from old Room 13, and as it finished the twelfth, the hall-walker opened the door, peeped in, and saw me safe in bed, and fast asleep—maybe.

Primrose

[Continued from page 35]

"Amy!" It was a sort of wail. "Don't talk about things. There'll be *things* after we're dead."

She stuck her needle in the middle of a blue flower and laid the pieces of organdy on the table.

She clasped her hands loosely and leaned back in the big soft chair.

"Amy, do you know about Dane?" she asked in a tired voice.

My crochet hook jumped into the end of my forefinger and drew blood. I sucked the spot a moment and looked at her.

A lily—wilted a bit for need of water. With water—ah, how proudly it would stand again!

I felt trembly inside to think she would talk about it. She had always seemed so—sort of—sufficient unto herself, in a way.

"Yes—I guess I know—a little," I said. The words sounded raw.

Then she told me some of the things I have already set down.

"...so I loved him enough to take the chance," she said. "You know how I love him, Amy. And he loves me, very, very much. But he has seen some irresistible eyes and he'll be all tangled up in them for awhile. You know how he used to be—threw his whole heart and soul into every wooing."

She smiled crookedly.

"And you know how he always depended on me. Amy, I've thought it all out. I love him enough not to go back on him, whatever he does. After he tires of this girl, he'll want to come right straight back to me—won't he?"

I nodded. She was so—patient about it. "Is he worth it?" I asked bluntly.

YES. He'll never grow up—be mature. He still slings his hat—way in under the dining-table, sometimes. And I've always got to be around to pick it up. I want to be."

Her voice twisted a little.

"He don't realize," she went on after a bit, "he's like a kid that runs out of the road to pick a flower when it knows its mother is in a hurry to catch a trolley. If the mother went on without it, it would cry and feel outraged."

She threw out her hands. It was like a shuddering of glistening lily leaves.

"So—I can't leave him, Amy. I can't. People will know, after a while—they'll call me a fool. But I don't care. I've had these wonderful years, and please God I will have more."

"He don't deserve such loyalty," I spouted, making believe I was still crocheting.

"Wait till you love a man," she said.

"Me?" I flared. "Who would look at me? Just a dyed-in-the-wool, old-maid teacher with her hair getting gray in the front!"

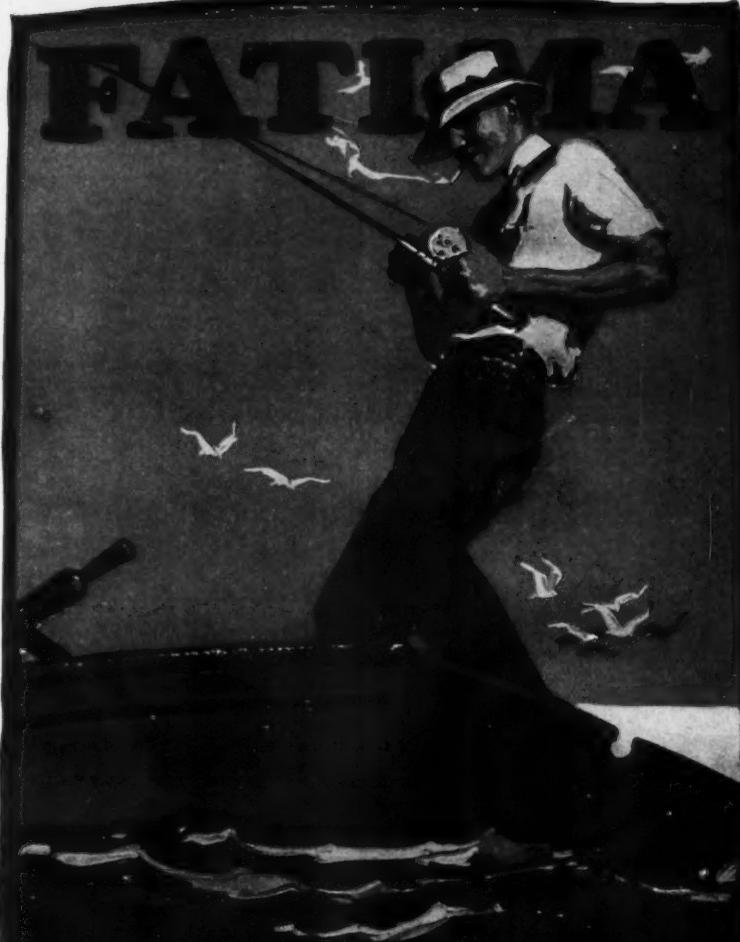
"But such a perfect dear," broke in Linda. And then we both tried to laugh . . .

Two—three months went by. Dane came home part of the time and Linda was the same shell of her lovely self.

I remember one evening along the middle of November. Linda looked Dane over at supper. Oh, the ache, the yearning in her eyes, just for a moment.

"Dear," she said, "I think you are working too hard. Why don't you take a week off and run down the shore where that funny old fisherman friend of yours has that cottage? You could fish and shoot ducks; it would do you good."

Working too hard! The words stung him. I could see him cringe. He was



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thinking: "She don't know! She don't know!" But he would go—oh, he was a beastly wretch!

His mouth settled into a firmer line. He breathed unsteadily. He jabbed his fork savagely into his slice of roast and snagged off a piece; he began to chew a tasteless mass.

"Yes, maybe I will," he said in a stiffish voice. "Ducks will be prime."

Luck—sending me off like that, he was thinking. All unwittingly—she doesn't know. Luck? Luck? God in heaven! I watched him. I was glad he was suffering; that he had a shred of conscience left.

HE WENT on to talk about the plans for the new Hillsdale reservoir. We all talked, somehow. Even the children felt the tautness of the situation and ate silently, with long, curious stares at these strange grown-ups. I looked at them . . . How do birds know about a coming storm, to go wheeling through the air with those long, plaintive cries . . . The same thing . . .

While Dane was away—duck-shooting—Linda seemed to wilt more.

"Oh, Amy!" she said, with hot, strained eyes. "Can I ever hold out? Can I? I didn't know it would be so terrible."

I shook her, lovingly.

"Go on and cry—this minute! You haven't shed one tear over this affair and you must! You must!"

Putting it that way, at just that moment, did the trick.

She slumped into my arms and cried. How she cried! I did, too. It was really a messy episode, but it tore us like jagged wire.

She was right. There was no need of saying one word to Dane—or interfering in any way. Maybe another month he'd come to his senses . . .

A marvelous new man came to be assistant principal in place of old Huebscher, who had to leave on account of illness.

I took one look at the newcomer and said, "The Lord is good."

For a scheme had been revolving in my head. It came from wondering in a wild way what on earth I could do to get Linda's mind off her trouble a little. Here was a direct answer to prayer. I knew Linda wouldn't—well—order him out of the house, anyway.

Cruelly soon I took him down to the brown bungalow.

He was youngish, tall, with a tan fairness about his skin, and black hair. Wide, deep eyes, not built for goggling. His mouth was neat and trim and he had an understanding smile. A man who spent nearly all his spare time working on a treatise about the something or other of the early Mexican aborigines. That sort of thing. A long, tan bookworm. Had never looked up from a book long enough to notice anything about a woman except that she wore dresses.

I let him see her. I said, going down, "I'm going to let you look at a rare specimen of Easter lily."

Coming back I inquired, "Did you notice the lily?"

He gave a slight start. Then he said in a smily tone, "Yes. Oh, yes indeed!"

He didn't say anything more but his head was up, and I think he was smiling in a ruminating way at the stars . . .

The very next day I put it up to him—spank plain.

He dodged, staggered, backed up, hitched and squirmed, his wormish nature exhibiting itself, no doubt. His tan went down—completely engulfed by a mountain of red; actually the most embarrassed man I ever sat in front of. Believe me, I talked. I fairly wallop him with words. I got him to see that it was al-

most a matter of life and death—that he should really do it for the good of his country. The red faded away, and by the time his natural tan was restored he had given in. I bet his collar was damp, though. Mine was . . .

Linda felt tentatively of this new thing. But it was all right, because I brought him. She fed him chicken-and-mushroom omelet and glace caramel pudding with good grace. He shaped up to the job beautifully, with the right amount of detached interest.

Dane came back from the—er—shore, and his trip had taken five pounds more from him.

I was unfeelingly rejoiced at his condition. He viewed the bookworm in a regular stew of emotion—instantly jealous, of course. But in two weeks he went away again—doubtfully. He came down the stairs with his traveling bag and had a jolting view of his wife leaning over arranging some roses in a bowl and laughing lightly with the man who had donated the flowers. An amusing picture to take with him, I thought grimly . . .

Linda had straightened up a lot. There was really some fun to the game. She began to go out a great deal—Linda and Harvey Wentworth and old me were seen at the show and at musicales and lectures. People knew that Dane was called away often by business. And with me along the curse was taken off our trio. But Valerie Hapsdorn, a stingy, over-made-up young matron, who generally wore very showy gowns, and too many accessories, and enjoyed a slant-wise reputation, couldn't resist the opportunity to comment upon the new order of things.

She trailed up to Linda at a reception one evening and remarked with a nasty pleasantness:

"What have you done with that delicious Dane?"

And Linda turned her eyes almost caressingly on the tawny head of Harvey Wentworth and drawled.

"I wonder." I almost clapped, it was shaped so neatly. Valerie was plainly thrown off the track, and several times during the evening I saw her looking at Linda and Harvey with a half-veiled glitter in her eyes, and her underlip caught between her teeth. Because Linda had chosen to keep in the lily class, Valerie had often made spiteful breaks about "our model of virtue." More than ever I saw how well cast everyone is on this old stage, the world. And how interesting it was to be back-stage for once, if only to pull one little wire!

HARVEY fell way behind on his treatise and I had to help him on it. He said I was a *teiz*—not that word, as you might know; but that I was above the average female intelligence. A calm, flat, take-it-or-leave-it bit of information.

I blushed clear around to my back hair. He was looking at me as if he really saw me for the first time.

"Aren't you rather young to be a principal?" he inquired. Then he dropped his eyes to the treatise.

"I ain't not!" I said flippantly. "I've taught school a thousand years and I'm old—!"

Well, it's funny, but that was the first time in years that I hadn't known just what to say.

He raised his eyes with a slow movement and they sort of twinkled.

"Just old enough," he said deliberately, "to be very sensible and very, very nice. Did you find that item on the biological . . ."

I went all flappy inside and didn't seem to hear what he was saying. Me, thirty-six years old, come Ladyday, as Thomas Hardy would say, feeling so unutterably

taken apart and put together again!

Then I scattered to dig up that biological bit, and dwelt on the fact that he talked differently now simply because he had become more human since going down to the brown bungalow . . .

He was beautiful with Linda. It made me feel like the sad, lovely part of a movie where the hero renounces the girl forever for some asinine reason and goes out walking in that queer, slow, hitchy way they do when they renounce things on the screen. I wondered at its making me sad, and yet it wasn't exactly sad, either. A new feeling. I'd never had it before. And why should it make me all stirred up and irritated when things were going so nicely?

But even so, I enjoyed seeing them together. Books! Both crazy about books. Just that alone would have kept them talking like an endless chain. And Linda would play the piano and he would sing. I hadn't known he could sing. I remarked about it on the way home one night.

"Well, you see, your excellent arrangement has brought out a lot of hidden things in me. You have touched the secret spring—" his voice fell away to silence.

"Not me; Linda." I said shortly.

His head was up, although there wasn't a star to look at, and he said softly:

"Oh, yes. Yes, indeed!" Exasperating, the way he said it, as if I were a little girl and there was some joke afloat that was way over a child's head . . .

Well, it was perfect when it happened—and yet it was awful. Dane was worn to skin and bones by the middle of December, he took things so desperately.

And then it was Christmas eve. One of those winter nights so starry and marvelous that tears came in your eyes at how sublime this old earth can be with some snow flung around to change and soften things, and the middle distance dissolving into purple draperies.

I had been busy as the dickens all day, and was dog tired. But a little before nine I thought I'd run down to Linda's, to get some fresh air and see how the tree was coming on. Like as not that darned idiot of a Dane wouldn't even show up to help trim the tree.

I WENT around to the kitchen window, expecting to tap on the glass—my own signal to Linda. Just before my fingers touched the window, I heard a man's voice. Then I looked in. It was Dane. I couldn't have moved for an army.

" . . . Oh, Linda! I've suffered agonies . . . Why, he's been here *all* the time! Say he wasn't anything to you—say it! . . . My God!" He was pacing up and down the room and each word he uttered was wrenched from his black misery.

"The damned longnecked wifet! I'll kill him with my bare hands! I'll break every bone in his slimy body . . ." His voice rose wildly.

"Say it!" he demanded furiously. "What was he to you?" His voice was awful. It fairly chilled my blood.

I could just imagine the way Linda felt—proud, calm, almost self-sufficient again.

"Do you think," came her voice, cold and even—oh, held so evenly—"do you think that I could desecrate our love as you have; that . . ." He was speechless with horror that she knew. His breath was sucked in with a moaning gasp.

" . . . that I could take our beautiful, clean, precious love and drag it in the mire—when the ducks are prime?"

There was a throb in her voice. It beat horribly in my ears, my neck, my breast. Oh, the courage of her!

A stricken sound from Dane. He went down on his knees—burst into terrible sobbing—I never heard anything like it in my life.

Tears like cold pebbles rolled down my cheeks. I wondered what they were and where they came from. I was racked with nearly as great an agony as those two in the living-room.

Then Linda gave in. Little pieces of words dropped on his bowed head—soft, caressing words and syllables. For many minutes she went on like that—patiently, patiently, till his sobs grew less. She would be stroking his head, now.

He got to his feet.

"Linda," he said in a broken voice. "Linda, I'll go. There is nothing else for me to do . . ."

HIS voice rose a little, to a harsh, gray thing that made my fingers burn into the door-jamb.

"I'm not fit to have you again . . . I'll go . . . God! When I think of what I've done—and you keeping on here like a sweet white angel—keeping the children's love for me just the same—for me—I'll go, Linda. I'm not fit to stay on the same earth with you. Linda, there's been three women . . ."

A sound came from Linda's throat like a laugh, choked and torn to a ghastly thing.

"Yes," she said, almost as evenly as before; "one in Corleyton and two in New York. When you go off the handle you do it thoroughly. I knew you would."

I was glad he did not beg to be forgiven.

"I'll go," he repeated dully. "Damned quick, too. There's a way."

A twist in his voice revealed his meaning; it was upstairs in a green plush case and had a pearl handle.

Linda's voice came. Sweet, trembly, triumphant, the words came.

"No, Dane—sweetheart. You don't have to do that. I won't let you go. I want you, Dane. Till the day you die—and after. Always . . ."

In a dumb fog I went back to my rooms. I went in. A light was burning in my den; Harvey Wentworth sat there, like an old prune!

"I—I like your nerve," I said. My voice was shaky. I'd been through too much. I lost control of my knees and crumpled down on the floor, looking at Harvey with what must have been a thoroughly sick look.

He picked me up in an un-bookwormish manner. With the loveliest know-how way he took my coat off, and my arctics, saying "Tut-tut!" when he found them soaking wet.

Then he sat down with me in his lap. I, for one, was perfectly satisfied with the arrangement. I was too overwrought to wonder how it had all come about; I was tired enough to lay back in his arms and keep still.

We went on keeping still for quite a while. I knew we'd have the best silences when we were married.

Then he spoke, and his voice was just like the taste of Linda's chicken-and-mushroom omelette.

"You very, very nice lady!" he said. "And they are all fixed up down at the bungalow?"

"Uh-huh," I said.

"Lovely. And would the very nice lady accept me for her Christmas present?"

I sat right up.

"Is it possible?" I said.

"Oh, yes," he said. "Yes indeed. You have been so darn busy making other people see—er—Easter lilies, that you have quite overlooked the fact that you are a perfect primrose."

Primrose!

I liked that.



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Running Wild

[Continued from page 45]

I heard a firm step. I looked up. It was George Weimert! I whispered his name. His face was grim and pale.

"Sadie," he said, very softly, "I want to ask you something. I heard today—I won't say where—that you were going to marry Joe Carlin. Are you?"

The suddenness of the question took my breath away, a little. I looked into his blue eyes. If there had been any tenderness there, I might have answered differently. But his expression was stern.

"I suppose so," I said indifferently. "Why do you ask?"

"Never mind that," he answered. "How about some chances on a raffle? Have you any left?"

Surprised, I looked at the tally I had kept. "Thirty-four," I said.

"At five dollars? Give them all to me. A hundred and seventy dollars . . . Is that right?"

I hadn't the faintest idea what was happening. But Joe had told me to sell them—so I took the money. George stuffed the envelopes into his pockets. "I wish you joy," he said quietly. In a moment he was gone.

I was completely mystified. It was very silent in the store. Tears came to my eyes. This time he had really gone—forever! And—Joe had his five hundred dollars! That would mean . . . ?

"How can I marry him?" I sobbed into my pillow a little later. "When I don't love him at all!" But the name of the man I really did love I tried to put out of my mind. He was gone!

The next night Joe came in. He looked worried. "How are the raffle-tickets going?" he asked.

"They are all gone. I have the money for you. You can count it."

Greedily Joe gathered up the bills. "It's all right, if you say so, kid," he said. "Now—what do you say we go over to the town tonight and have a grand good time? Cabarets and everything. Then tomorrow I'll get a license and we'll get married. You can slip out after the old folks are asleep—we'll paint old New York red, eh? Just run wild!"

In his eyes I saw what frightened me. "No, I'm through with running wild," I said. "And I'll not go anywhere with you unless we're married. So if you want to go over to New York tonight, you'll go alone."

"Aw, Sadie!" he protested. "I'm crazy about . . ."

JUST put your hands, Carlin!" came a crisp command. We both turned. In the door stood three policemen. "Now," said one, "we'll just look around here a little. Tom, you go behind the counter . . ."

"What is this?" came a husky voice. My father had pushed back the curtain. His face was dull-gray in color. "Police-men in mine store! What you want, eh? What means this outrage?"

"Well, if you must know, Mr. Rumberger," said the policeman who was in charge, "we've had a tip that your store has been a distributing place for cocaine. We'll have to search the whole place . . ."

"Cocaine!" My father's hands were clutching his throat. "Ach! Mein Gott . . ."

It was the last disgrace. He fell forward.

He did not die. But he was a broken man. The doctor warned us that Mother and I would have to take the whole care of the store on our hands.

"He mustn't worry," he said. "He would have died, I know, if they had been able to

prove anything. But they couldn't. There was no evidence."

I kept silent. But I understood at last what Joe's "raffle-tickets" meant. He was playing a crooked game with me—as he always did with every one. He took no chances himself—but he was willing to let me run the risk! When I knew that, I knew also that Joe Carlin had gone out of my heart forever.

But, I still didn't understand how it had happened that George Weimert had bought up all the envelopes containing the drug, the night before the raid. Surely he didn't want it for himself!

THE answer came a week later. I was in the store. I was bitterly unhappy. Suddenly the door opened, and George came in.

"Sadie," he said, "I've come back—well, because I've heard—no matter how—that Joe Carlin has gone for good. He's in Mexico. There were other charges against him, so he thought he'd better make a get-away while he could."

His blue eyes were now soft and warm and friendly. I felt something like happiness come into my heart. Very softly I said:

"George—won't you tell me—now—what it was all about?"

"Yes," said George, just as quietly. "I'm on the Government squad working against drugs—or rather, I was, until the day before I came in here, the last time. That night on the trolley-car I was after Joe, as we had word that he was peddling 'snow'—that's cocaine, you know. I never meant to get into a quarrel with him—till I saw you. There was something about you . . . I wanted to get you away from him! I did—for the evening, anyhow. After that you know what happened. I thought you were going to marry Joe. I hated to think of it. But after all, it was your happiness that mattered—with me. So when I got the tip that you were selling the stuff, I first resigned my job—then I came in and bought out the whole stock. I knew they couldn't do anything, unless they found the evidence."

"But, George," I said breathlessly, "I didn't know what it was! I hadn't the slightest idea! I thought I was selling raffle-tickets . . ."

George leaned over and took my hands in his.

"I bought a lot of them, Sadie. Do you think there's any chance of my winning the prize?"

I didn't pretend to misunderstand. "We're only common people, George," I answered. "Papa and Mama are 'just Dutch,' you know. But they're fine and honest . . . If you will ask Papa . . ."

My father's eyes, looking up from where he lay on his easy chair, questioned us. I think he understood what had happened, without having to ask. "He is a good man, Sadie? Better than that Joe."

Mother was fluttering nervously beside us. "Yes, Felix. I do not know him, but his face says he is a good man." She turned to George. "My daughter—you will take care of her?"

"If you will let me have her," said George, "I promise I will."

I crept into the curve of his arm. "And . . . you won't let me run wild any more? I meant all right, but I've been foolish and silly . . ."

"One thing you can be sure of," George said, smiling, "and that is that I'll do my best. There won't be any more running wild, as you call it."

The Far Ends of the Earth

[Continued from page 60]

—interesting—" I decided to relieve him.

"Oh!" I said, and tried to leave, but something held me there.

"I'm sorry—about Sunday!" I said.

"Don't mind. I had forgotten. Nothing at all!" he answered, still staring.

But I forgot—then—the queer look on his face. We stood and looked at things, but not at each other, and I thought, as Miss Kitty had, "Will he let himself go?" He began to, then, the words coming warmer and warmer, but then someone shouted from the road, and he grew red, and left me.

I had to rush back through the village, because I was still ashamed about Sunday. Also, I wanted to—to think by myself, of what the minister's looks had meant, and what he had almost said, and why, and how I looked in the mirror. But Tom King saw me and stopped me, saying, "Whoa, there! Where away, Gloria?"

"I'm going home!" I said hurriedly, but he stood before me, talking in his steady voice, and I had to look up. And his eyes! I knew! He was falling in love with me! But, gracious! I didn't want *Tom!* Then I thought of how much like that the minister had looked, and I grew warm, and *glad*, and, of course, he didn't understand. He tried to make love to me, but I didn't want him, and I remembered what the woman had said, when they didn't know I was there, about girls who went away with men who—who—who drank and blasphemed. I was afraid.

"Oh, Gloria, darling!"

I NEARLY jumped out of my skin at the new voice. It was Hazel Smith's best voice, and I had never heard it before, except to the Sunday School superintendent and the minister and the visiting delegates of the Elks. And to me! But it took me only a little to see what she wanted.

She talked to me in that best voice, and kept looking at Tom King, and so I had to say, "This is Tom King, Hazel; Daddy King's nephew. Mr. King, this is Hazel Smith."

"Oh, Mister King!" she said, holding out her hand. I saw my chance, and hurried past her, murmuring that I had some preserves to put up. But I looked back and caught sight of her looking up at Tom King, and she had never looked so pretty before, and my heart was full of singing. For I thought that she would want him, now, and I would have the minister, for after her I was the prettiest girl in town.

But I forgot Mrs. Smith, the—the cat!

I did not see the minister again that week. I think I might have, if I had gone out into the fields again, but—oh, I couldn't. He would just *know* I had been coming for him, and he would be filled with disgust at my boldness. He was such a noble man!

But when Sunday came again, and after I had promised Daddy King, over and over, that I would not fall asleep again in church, I saw him once more. But when he gave me a stern look, I felt my face growing cold.

I didn't dare look at him until the sermon began. Then he did not once look at me, but his voice filled the church as he read, and then preached to us of Love and Understanding. Just once his eyes started to turn toward me, and then stopped. It was when he asked, "Is Love the greatest of our blessings?"

Hazel Smith was not at church, and I



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noticed that her mother seemed restless and a bit angry. As soon as church was out she hurried away, and on our way home Daddy and I passed her with Hazel beside her. She was saying to Hazel:

"could you? To stay away from church, and to be in the company of that—"

"Mother!" said Hazel, half-nodding toward us. Mrs. Smith looked up and flushed scarlet, then passed us with only a short greeting for Daddy King.

"What ails her, Gloria?" asked Daddy King, puzzled and annoyed. "What's Amelia Smith mad about now?"

"She doesn't like me!" I said.

"Nonsense, Gloria. But perhaps she feels—well, feels about the way you went to sleep last Sunday!"

I couldn't help telling him, then.

"She was glad I did, Daddy King!"

GLAD!" and he stared at me, but said nothing more. By the time we reached home his anger was over, and I could see that he was thinking. Then I received a shock.

"Where was Hazel Smith today? Do you know?"

"I—think she was with Tom!" I said, after a little hesitation, "but perhaps not. I think she likes him, Daddy King!"

"Tom!" He stopped and looked hard at me, and then said, "Do you like Tom?"

"No!"

"H-mm!" he murmured, and then said, "Gloria, I have been wondering if the proper sort of woman would not be the salvation of Tom?"

"Let Hazel save him!" I said, recklessly. "No, no, Daddy King! I did not mean that! You know I would save him if—if—"

"If he liked you?"

"No!" The color was in my cheeks again at the memory of what Tom's eyes had said, but I could not go on, so Daddy King said to me:

"Gloria, if Tom should say he wanted to marry you, I think perhaps it would be best. But be sure that he says he wants to settle down. He is my brother's only son. But I don't want you to do anything at the cost of your own soul. You are like my own daughter, and I love you as such. But beware of him, even while you try to help him, for the ways of the world are the ways of the snake, and infinite in their guiles."

"But, Daddy King—" he looked at me and waited.

"But, Daddy King—" I began again. "I—I—feel about—about—another man—"

"An honorable man, Gloria?"

"Oh, Daddy King! The most honorable of men!"

Then Daddy King guessed my secret, and his old, work-twisted hand fell on my shoulder.

"The minister? Ah, Gloria, I am afraid he is not for you!"

"Hello, Uncle!" shouted Tom King's voice. Daddy King and I stopped our talk and invited him to the Sunday dinner. He laughed gaily and accepted. But I was afraid, for the fire was still in his eyes.

After dinner Tom made us both get into the big red auto, and gave us a long ride. We went to Talbot, twenty miles away, and back, and even Daddy King forgot that it was Sunday and that we should not be glad on Sunday. He remembered as he was getting out, looked at me, and was ashamed, but then—wonderful strange—he suddenly laughed like a boy and said, "I guess it will be all right, Gloria, seeing that Tom—er—er—"

"Oh, I'm going to the devil, of course!" agreed Tom, "and I'll be gone soon enough—"

All of a sudden a woman gasped, behold us, and Daddy King and I turned around. Hazel Smith was standing there, and her eyes were on Tom.

"Going—a-away?" she asked, and Tom stared at her until, remembering that we were there, she turned very red and ran away.

"What the devil—" Tom stared after her, but Daddy King spoke up, sternly: "Hazel Smith is growing wanton. I had, perhaps, better see her mother about it! And, Tom, another blasphemous remark from you on Sunday, and you may never again enter my house!"

"But—" Tom King shoved his fist to his mouth, thereby saving himself from another oath.

But my heart was singing, for I could see that Hazel was really in love with him. She was pretty, and her father had money, so of course she would get him, and—the minister—!

So I dreamed a bit while I was getting supper, and did not care that Tom watched me with his strange, straight eyes, and teased me.

Next day I went out to John Graves' cow-pasture, where I saw him again. He saw me, too, and stared at me, and then tried to pretend that he hadn't. Then he came over to me, as if he could not help himself, and we talked. Oh, I don't know what about—just talked. And if he did not dare "let himself go" he could not help what his eyes were beginning to say to me.

How sweet the world seemed when he walked with me to the gate of Daddy King's yard! Once he touched my arm, and his own face was dull crimson. He even lingered for a little by the gate, talking—talking—oh, I do not know of what!

Then Mrs. Smith passed and saw us, and could do nothing, for the minister was saying good-by, so she could only go her way and leave us.

His hand was softer than my own! Then I remembered that he was a minister, and of course my work had made my hands. "Good-by! Good-by!" I said, finally, as I let go and almost ran away.

As I turned, my dreams jarred in my brain when I saw Tom King standing in the path, glaring at me. His straight looking eyes, so strange, and not at all like the shifty eyes of the tramps I have seen—his eyes were like boring gimlets, trying to see into my brain.

WHAT was that?" he asked, and his voice was as level and deadly as his eyes. "The—the min—minister!"

"The hell he—" but then he turned away and began to smoke, furiously. I gasped, and protested with a "Don't!" Suddenly the deadly eyes grew miserable, and then he turned all the way away from me and walked off. I was sorry, and I pitied him—poor, blaspheming sinner that he was.

I thought I would see the minister again that week. I even dared to hope that he would come to call—on Daddy King, of course. I kept the house so very carefully, in case he might come in, and I wore the prettiest dresses I had that were not Sunday ones, until Daddy King began to watch me, thoughtfully. But he did not come.

Poor Tom King came, though, several times. Also, after he had come two days, Hazel Smith began to come to see me, her eyes watching him as she talked to me. I was happy, and I loved them both, and hoped they would be happy together.

But Hazel never spoke to him, and answered very briefly, and as if in terror when he spoke to her. I wondered if it was because she loved him so much, and I pitied her, when she might have loved the minister.

[Turn to page 102]



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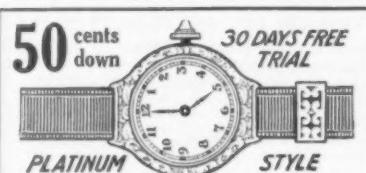
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The Far Ends of the Earth

[Continued from page 100]

Then came Sunday again. He saw me from the pulpit, and turned away frowning. When he finished reading the text, he looked at me again, his eyes dropping while he almost turned his back on me. I wondered, and was afraid.

Then—he walked home with Hazel Smith.

Something was wrong, dreadfully wrong, for I knew, I knew that he loved me, and Hazel loved Tom King. Then, why?

After them marched Mrs. Smith, Hazel's mother. I looked at her in surprise, for her eyes were proud and happy—the way the little boys who win fights are.

Monday I went out to the fields, but the minister was not there. My fear began to grow into a pain. Tom King met me coming back, and there was pain in his face, too, and I said, before I could stop myself:

I AM sorry for you, Tom. Hazel is cruel, but I think perhaps it is just one of the worldly tricks that she learned in boarding-school in Boston!"

"Hazel? Who the devil's Hazel?" he asked, irritably, his eyes determined on mine.

But—oh, why are men so stupid? He belonged to Hazel, of course, and no other girl had the right to make him unhappy, so, of course—it must be because Hazel would not speak to him. But I couldn't explain, for he must find out.

"Young man!"

We both turned around, and there was Mrs. Smith, her lips pressed tight, and her eyes angry.

"M'am?"

"You leave my daughter alone. She isn't for the likes of you!"

"Huh?"

"She is a good girl, and I am bound she will make a good and worthy—"

"Wait a minute! Wait a minute!" pleaded Tom, looking really bewildered.

"What's the fight about?"

"This is Hazel's mother!" I explained, but he only stared, bewildered and angry. But Mrs. Smith turned about and went away before he could use any of his sinful blasphemy.

"Hang it, Gloria—" he said to me, and then he caught me by the arm. "Steady! Steady!" he said, and the faintness passed, and I began to tremble. For, it was all clear. Hazel was obeying her mother, and, though she loved Tom, she was notable to let him love her, because she was—well, she couldn't cross her mother.

Tom passed his arm around me to hold me up, and all at once I turned and put my head down against his coat and wept—just cried and cried, because I was so excited and afraid.

He was holding me, and, somehow, his arm seemed to belong there. Of course it didn't, but it seemed to. And he was talking to me, soothingly, but huskily, as if he felt like crying himself. Then I got hold on myself, and started to stand up and wipe my eyes, but somehow I rested for a bit first, for the crying had left me tired. From a great distance, Tom's voice came into my ears:

"Gloria! Gloria! Oh, my dear, I love you! Will you come away with me, dear! Gloria, will you come away with me to the far ends of the earth—"

Then, the insult of what he had said seeped into my full mind, and I jerked free, and ran—just ran—through the garden and past Daddy King, who had just come home, and up to my room. I locked the door and put my back to it. I was angry, angry, angry! How dared he!

My window looked over a part of the

road, and soon I saw him walk down it, hands deep in his pockets, and a hurt, puzzled look on the face that should have belonged to an honest man instead of—yes, I told myself, a sinner, who drank and swore and—and—well, who did everything the minister would not have done.

It was Thursday before I went out again, I had to see the minister. I had to! I went to John Graves' cow-pasture again—and he was there—looking at ants, or rather, he was pretending to.

He tried to pretend not to see me. But he knew that I saw him look at me. I don't know how, but he did! Then he got up and came to me. There was fear in his eyes as he looked around the field; he seemed glad because there was no one in sight. But he didn't talk about us, he just—just talked—about things! I didn't care, for the air was soft and warm, and laden with beautiful growing odors, and the sky and the earth were green and blue, and everything was mixed up with the look in his eyes that was growing . . . growing . . .

And I remembered Tom King, and I knew that the minister loved me, even though he spoke carefully of other things.

He left me with the words still unspoken, and I thought again of Miss Kitty's words, "If only he would let himself go!"

I stared at the note that came the next day; just stared, and tried to think, and read it over. I was horrified, and puzzled, and hurt, and filled with a great, angry pain. A note—like that—from him! The man I had set above all men!

Dear Miss King:

I think it would be best if our acquaintance were limited to the affairs of the church after this. I cannot afford to risk the gossip our friendship would make, and Miss Smith, who is to be my wife, does not approve, if I may use the word—

That's all I remember. That's all I read!

Tom King found me in the garden. He did not see the note crumpled in my hand. I had been good—oh, I had been good! But I could not live down my foul-smelling blood in this village. Then, I would be bad! If the man I had trusted so much had loved and admired so much, was not big enough to dare the gossip of the village for me—!

I looked up into Tom's eyes, and I heard myself speaking:

"Tom, take me away—wherever you wish—to the ends of the earth. Teach me to smoke and swear, Tom. Make me a—a sinner like yourself."

His arms were around me as I fainted.

GOOD heavens! What a quaint thing I must have been on that day ten years ago. Tom and I stopped over at the village to see Daddy King, and when we had unpacked the trunks that had come ahead of us a year before, just before Tom undertook the East African Survey, in one of the oldest of the trunks I found this. I am going to read it to poor old Tom. No, I won't! He was so hurt and frightened, as much as I, in those first few weeks.

I saw the minister again. "My gosh!" as Tom would say. How could I ever—? A fine man, oh, yes, and handsome, too—but weak—weak! He doesn't drink, smoke, swear—not does he talk with kings, millionaires, nor boss armies of men building life into a continent. And, from that insipid face, I looked at the unhandsome but powerful face of my—my sinner of a husband! Dear old Tom, who never hurt a woman, broke his word, or—or ceased to love me!

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Two's a Crowd

[Continued from page 77]

were quite mad you see . . . But sometimes I think that I was terribly sane, sane enough to know that this was our one chance of fulfillment, that from this time on our ways would lie farther and farther apart; sane enough to know that if I missed this there would never be anything else for me . . .

So they had made their plans. A little cottage away off in the mountains; they had rented it for a month; Norna was to leave first, Dick a few days later; they were to meet in Chicago. Norna had told her mother that she was going West to stay with a friend. That was rather vague; the vagueness of it disturbed Mrs. Wyrt. The day Norna left she insisted on further details—and Norna gave them to her. There was a scene, a series of scenes in fact. But Norna was not to be moved. She loved her mother, but this was her very life. At last Mrs. Wyrt had to let her go, fearing an open scandal which to her was worse than any secret sin. But she did not give up. To her this thing was unthinkable; it could not go on. So she wrote to Dick, asking him to stop at her apartment on his way to the station. When he came she received him graciously, a charming picture of gray-haired motherhood.

DICK, "she said, "I'm paying you the greatest compliment a mother can pay. I'm trusting you with my little girl. You'll take care of her for me, won't you, Dick?"

The boy, taken aback and not knowing what to say, said "Yes."

"And of course that settled it," Norna told me. But she did not tell me what she said when Dick repeated this conversation to her. I do not believe she said anything. Perhaps she lighted a cigarette . . .

"I couldn't blame her," she told me. "According to her ideas I should have been utterly destroyed—damned from here to eternity." She couldn't let it happen . . . It wasn't quite fair, in a way . . . But perhaps it was just as well. Dick might have got some silly notion that we ought to be married."

Norna told me only a little about that month in the mountains; I could guess the rest. I could see those long walks and rides, often with Pritchard—he had been working near there, and he and Dick had struck up quite a friendship; the evenings together on the porch of their little cottage; then Dick sitting alone by the lake, waiting to see Norna's light go out, and Norna lying in the darkness listening for his step, hearing him come in and close the door and roll himself in his blankets on the floor of the living-room. Dick standing in the doorway of their cottage with his arm around Norna, telling her that next summer they would be married and come here again. And Norna, gallant, quiet, Norna, smiling and saying nothing.

For now she knew. She had seen that Dick was as happy out in the mountains with Pritchard as he was at home with her. And when the war began he could think of nothing but his eagerness to be in it.

When he went away to enlist he told her that he would come back in the spring—the war would be over then—to marry her. Norna laughed and kissed him, and came back to New York alone.

He did not come in the spring. It was two years before she saw him again. In 1916 he was wounded and came home for a few months. He asked her to marry him then, but by that time he knew that he did not want to be married and Norna understood.

"He always asks me—it's a sort of joke

between us now—and I say, 'Not this time.'

"And when he goes away," she went on. "I never know—"

The door-bell rang sharply and Mitchell came in. He ignored me.

"Norna, I want you to marry me." She laughed. "Oh, Dick, this is so sudden!"

"I mean it, dear. Look at that rotten mess today. That may happen again—any time."

"My dear," Norna answered patiently, "don't you know that Russell Pritchard was the only person who saw us enough that summer to remember anything about us? If that's all you're thinking about—"

"It isn't all, Norna. Seeing Pritchard brought it all back—that summer, dear. I know now there's nothing in the world I want more—"

"Dick, dear, you're such a child."

I remembered then what Norna had said about not needing children, and I understood. She was one of those rare women in whom all the mother instinct centers in her mate. That was why she did not think of herself.

Mitchell pulled a chair up to hers.

"Norna, you must listen—"

I rose hastily.

"Good-night," I said, but they did not hear me. So I left them.

What they said to each other I have never known. But for two weeks after that I did not see Mitchell with Norna. He and Marjorie were together a good deal and then they went off to a week-end house-party.

A few days later I found Norna sitting on the arm of a chair by the window.

"Dick's engaged to Marjorie," she told me calmly.

"No!" I gasped.

"Yes," she mimicked my tone. And she laughed at my amazement. ("Always laugh when you feel like crying," Norna said once. "It keeps the wrinkles away.") "Oh, my dear," she exclaimed, "what a funny affair life is! All these years that I've protected Dick from myself and he marries—Marjorie! She'll smother him, Billy, with her love for him. He won't be able to move hand or foot for fear of hurting her. She is the sort of woman who follows her man to the ends of the earth and keeps him wretched trying to make her comfortable there. Poor Marjorie! She'll love him too much to leave him and not enough to let him leave her. He'll drag her around for a few years and hate himself all the time for doing it. Then they'll settle down in the country and have children. What a joke life is!"

She went over to the photograph on the table.

DEAR little Marjorie," she whispered. "I wish it weren't Marjorie." She came back to the window. "He'd got a notion you know that he wanted to be married. He was furious with me . . . But I wish it weren't Marjorie."

The next day Marjorie brought Mitchell over to tea. He had the grace to look uncomfortable.

Norna is a charming hostess. It was rather trying—Dick and Marjorie, and myself. But she made a delightful affair of it. Soon we were all talking and laughing as if we were the best of friends, and nothing more. Yet Norna was watching them—watching Dick with the look of a mother who fears that all is not well with her child; watching Marjorie wistfully, almost sadly. Perhaps she knew even then what it must come to. After they had gone

[Turn to page 106]

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Two's a Crowd

[Continued from page 104]

she said: "Dear little Marjorie" again, and I thought that quiet voice of hers trembled a little.

"She seems very happy," I remarked. But Norna only said:

"I'm always sorry for happy people; they suffer so much more . . ."

After that I often found Mitchell with Norna; he went to see her nearly every day. They talked of many things but never of Marjorie. And when Dick had gone Norna would be very silent, which troubled me. Quiet she always was, but not silent. And I knew that she was thinking of this marriage which would be so disastrous to the two she loved best. Yet though she hated it all she could not bear the thought of doing anything to prevent it, for that would mean losing Marjorie.

About this time I had to go away for nearly a month. The night after I came back we were all at Norna's for dinner. I was struck by the change in Dick and Marjorie. He was so deadly gay—a cheap, rattling, sort of gaiety. And Marjorie was quite openly domestic. She even told Norna that Dick liked two lumps in his coffee.

Once when she had gone to telephone Norna murmured, "Poor Marjorie."

Mitchell started to say something, then stopped and looked ashamed of himself.

The next day she went to Marjorie. It wasn't easy. Marjorie was so happy—so sure of herself and of Dick. She treated Norna with the patronizing pity of the happily mated woman for one who is outside, who can't possibly know what she is talking about. Norna drew a lurid picture of Dick as a rover, a cut-throat, a philanderer.

"As if I cared about things like that!" Marjorie cried scornfully. "You talk like a Mid-Victorian, Norna. You should have lived fifty years ago."

"My dear," Norna answered patiently, "if you weren't such a child you'd know that Mid-Victorians, as you call them, are a type, not an epoch. The world is full of Mid-Victorians now. You are one of them."

Then she put her arms around the indignant Marjorie and kissed her.

"Dear," she said, "I love you, and I love Dick. I couldn't bear to see either of you unhappy. Much less both of you."

"But we aren't going to be unhappy, Norna. You'll see. I know Dick better than you do, dear, and I'm going to be just the sort of wife he wants. I shan't mind—anything. And I'll follow him to the ends of the earth."

Norna gave up.

"I know you will, dear," she said gently. "So that was a fizzle," she told me afterwards.

WE WERE having lunch together and Marjorie, coming in with Dick, had stopped at our table to tell us that the date of their wedding had been set and that they were going to Greece on their honeymoon. Greece, to Marjorie, was one of the ends of the earth.

"Daddy has a friend at the Embassy in Athens," she had said. "He'll take care of us."

And Mitchell had grinned. I could have laughed aloud at the sheer irony of it all.

It was then that Norna told me about the interview which had been a fizzle.

"She thinks she is so modern, so broad-minded, that she won't mind Dick's escapades. She doesn't know how sick she'd be . . . It's all so far away now—she doesn't realize. How easy it is to be broad-

minded about things on the other side of the world!"

As we were walking home she said:

"Being afraid of loneliness is one of the signs of approaching age. I'm getting old, Billy . . . Marjorie's my only friend."

"I'm here," I reminded her.

"I know, my dear. But that's different. I love Marjorie." That was cruel but I knew that she didn't mean it that way; she wasn't thinking of me at all. "It isn't often that women really love each other, Billy."

"But you won't lose Marjorie," I assured her stupidly. "They'll be back before long. You said yourself—"

"I wasn't thinking of that," Norna said vaguely.

A DAY or so later Marjorie came in alone at tea-time.

"Dick's going to meet me here," she announced. "He's gone down-town on business." She sat down and took the cup Norna held out to her. "It's the third time this week," she told us. "I didn't know before that Dick had any business."

And all this time Norna was silent, sipping her tea. Now she put down her cup.

"Marjorie," she said, "I want to tell you something. I think you ought to know."

"Norna dear, what is it?"

"About Dick," Norna said slowly, "and me."

"Good Lord, Norna!" I cried.

"I was one of Dick's love affairs. Marjorie—a long time ago. We went away together—"

"Norna!" It was a cry of terror.

"You see, dear," Norna said, "you are a Mid-Victorian."

But Marjorie had found her voice.

"I don't believe you!" she flung at Norna. "You're jealous! I knew it. You're in love with Dick. You're jealous! But I don't believe you. It's absurd. Norna. You—oh, I couldn't believe it! It's impossible—"

She stopped. Dick Mitchell was standing in the doorway.

Norna said, "Dick, I've just told Marjorie about our trip—that summer, you know."

Mitchell stared at her.

"But, Norna—" he began.

Marjorie stopped him with a cry. She was white now, staring from Dick to Norna, from Norna to Dick.

"And I loved you so much—both of you," she whispered.

She crossed to the table where her picture stood and took it from the frame. The sharp sound of tearing paper cut through the heavy silence. Slowly, deliberately, Marjorie tore the photograph to bits. She threw the bits into the fire, which flamed in a sudden bright mockery of human loves. Then she was gone. We heard the door slam.

Mitchell spoke first. "For Heaven's sake, Norna—"

She interrupted him in her gentle quiet voice. "If you want her, Dick, you'd better go after her now."

Again we heard the door slam. There was a moment of terrific silence, and then a smothered sob from Norna. That was all. I rose to go and heard a step in the hall. Norna looked up quickly.

"You back, Dick?"

Dick nodded slowly and sank into a chair.

"How soon can you be ready, Norna?"

"Mrs. Moore?" She was startled.

"No, Norna; Mrs. Mitchell. We're booking for Hindustan tomorrow—I know the captain."

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Charleston Rhythm	
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Zulu Soo	
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[Continued from page 52]

complete our devotions. Before I raised my head, I offered up one tiny additional prayer—that Clyde would understand how my heart recoiled at the prospect of fulfilling the demand I had pledged myself to honor.

"I did not mean to intrude," apologized Clyde.

In his simple, direct way, Father came straight to the point. "I must ask you to leave my house, Mr. Orsay."

"I expected that, sir," replied Clyde. "Before I go, though, I think I owe you some sort of explanation."

"I understand perfectly, Mr. Orsay. But it was a sorry, heedless thing for you to have exposed her to dangers which you and I know must threaten the innocent."

"Nothing could have happened to her," Clyde insisted. "I was guarding her."

"At best it was a breach of hospitality. You are too irresponsible, Mr. Orsay, to be trusted with my daughter's friendship."

Only when Father uttered these last words did Clyde suspect the full meaning of it all. His head went up.

YOU don't mean that you have forbidden your daughter to talk to me?" he asked.

"I have not forbidden my daughter anything. I have left it to her conscience."

I shot him a wild appealing look, but he did not understand. My heart went cold. He did not understand! He would make me break the bonds myself.

"Eden—" he began desperately.

"I think you had better go," I said stiffly. "I cannot see you, or talk to you again."

Then was Clyde's pride aroused. He bowed low, and smiled rather mockingly. Almost, I thought he shrugged.

"I'll get my stuff together immediately," he said in a matter-of-fact tone.

I should have known how much that matter-of-factness cost him.

Then indeed did living death overtake me. I crouched in a corner near the window to get a last glimpse of him.

Father had gone outside to hitch up the buggy. He was going to drive Clyde over to Anthony Carlyle, also a Friend. Anthony was a man of fifty, who had never married. A spinster sister, several years older, kept house for him. This, Father thought, was a more fitting lodging for Clyde.

Presently, he began to carry out his possessions—several bags, the surveying instrument, blue-prints, boots, an automobile robe. He strode through the living-room with long, firm steps, holding himself erect.

Not a moment alone with him. Not a last "good-by." Several times I might have rushed out of my hiding place into his arms, for a hasty embrace to carry into the darkness with me, for a whispered assurance of love unto death.

I had given my silent promise. I would not communicate with him. He did not know I was in the room. I shrank deeper into the shadows.

I seemed to see Clyde's face everywhere, beside my quilting-frame, behind my rug loom, in the flames of the open fire, sometimes even in my tea cup—reflected there with startling accuracy. I did not realize how eagerly I used to wait for his return. Now, with my longing ever unfulfilled, I knew.

Time altered its course. Each day was no longer twenty-four hours. Each day was a little eternity by itself.

I would awaken at night, feeling anew the sweetness of our first kiss. Many a time I would reach out, dreaming that he

was there beside my bed, only to be rebuffed by the empty air.

I had merely to shut my eyes to live again that moment when he had lifted me in his embrace and carried me to his automobile. I had only to touch my cap to remember the thrill of his fingers on my hair. I had only to walk a few steps down the road to ache for his supporting arm.

Meanwhile it became common talk about that real work on the roads was soon to begin. The state had refused our petition to save the corduroy road. The old cable bridge, however, would be preserved, in so far as it would be rebuilt with modern materials along the old lines. Thus one of our most curious landmarks would be spared, yet made safe for traffic.

That meant the work of many months. Clyde, who was engineer in charge, was therefore to remain in Martinsville, although the workmen who came to effect the change would be housed in shacks on the other side of the stream.

Before I had scarcely pieced all this information together, Mary Fox came with the news that they were already putting up the long low buildings, like barracks. An undercurrent of excitement pervaded the young folks of the village, and for all their looking askance, the older generation could not conceal its interest, either.

Yet, what could all this mean to me—except a certainty I had by turns dreaded and hoped for? Clyde was to remain; Clyde was to be close at hand, yet inevitably beyond my reach.

I did not know which was better—to be tortured by his nearness, or to be separated by actual as well as spiritual distance.

Of all this my parents had no suspicion. They attributed my pallor and my loss of weight to remorse for that one night of adventure.

"The thing is over and done with, Eden," Mother said one day. "Thou hast chosen the path of right and strength. Neither thy Father nor I had meant that repentance should forever hang like a cloud over thy youth. Thou must begin to go about again, and take part in the life of the village. Give a few hours of thy day to some one who needs them."

Perhaps Mother was right. If I plunged myself into another's sorrow I might lose my own. There were the motherless little Fullerton children, three girls of nine, seven, and three, wistful little creatures scarce knowing yet of what their mother's death had deprived them.

I WENT to Friend Fullerton to tell him that I would look after his children by day. He was a big, raw-boned fellow, the blacksmith and wainwright of the village. Tears sprang to his eyes at my offer, and I had to turn my head sharply away lest he see how his simplicity moved me.

"God bless thee, Eden," he said. "Twas a great burden on the neighbors for me to be coming in here every hour."

"I have no great knowledge of children," I warned him, "but I mean to do my best."

I threw myself into the work, determined to wring what consolation I could from it. The children knew me, of course. Within a few days, their first shyness wore off, and they came to me with all their childish troubles, as they would have done to their mother.

I washed them, I bathed them, I dressed them, coming over early in the morning to see that the two oldest ones got off to the village school in time. Emily, the baby, clung to my skirts as she toddled around, plying me with questions, turning her

little face up to be kissed. Every day I took her to my home for a visit.

Yes, Mother was right. By giving a few hours each day to those who needed help, I found consolation.

At any rate, I thought I did. Then one day, while I rocked little Emily in my arms, I caught a glimpse of what it might have meant to clasp Clyde's child to my heart. When finally she fell asleep, I did not put her into her old wooden cradle, but held her tightly to me, certain that the illusion would pass once she left my arms.

But it persisted for days, trickling and torturing me with its alluring possibilities. As I stood in the doorway waiting for the children's father to return from his forge, I drugged my pain by pretending that I waited for Clyde. When Aaron Fullerton came in with a sober "God be with thee, Eden!" I saw another shadow-figure behind him, dashing up the path and dispensing with words of greeting in favor of a kiss.

I began to see the men and women in Martinsville in a different light. Did my mother love Father as I loved Clyde, for all her grave dignity? Was marriage, then, not a dull duty imposed by the Lord, but His gift, a gift of fire and joy, of silent intimacy, of daily happiness, of seeing the loved one's beauty reflected in a child's eyes?

Under the force of such emotions I grew even more wasted. My face was white as my kerchief, and seemed quite lost inside a bonnet. I kept reminding myself of Clyde's nonchalant manner of departure, and a vague dread seized me that his love might not have outlived my stern decision.

October passed. The first dull days of November gave promise of a hard winter. The first snow of the season fell on the first Sunday in that month, emphasizing the Sabbath stillness with its white, starry glitter.

I remember that well, for on that day Clyde came to our services in the Friends' Meeting House. I did not see him as we entered, but I had hardly chosen a seat when I became conscious of his presence. I did not have to raise my head to confirm this suspicion. It was not a suspicion. I felt with conviction that he was in the room.

I do not know whether many people out in the world are familiar with our method of worship. The Society of Friends has neither ordained ministers nor prescribed ritual. We believe that all men and women are ordained by God to deliver His message, if only they put themselves into the proper receptive mood by simple living and sincere actions.

We call our churches Meeting Houses. Inside there is no pulpit, altar or pews. The space is occupied by rows of long benches. Here the congregation assembles in silence, heads bowed in prayer. There is even no set of special prayers, no required hymns. We phrase our own devotions to suit our religious needs.

THEN, whosoever feels inspired to deliver some message of spiritual comfort rises and, coming forward to face the congregation, speaks his words in the simplest possible way. Sometimes several people will preach. Sometimes the meeting disperses as it assembled, in silence. Often there is no sermon, but a member will read a chapter from the Bible, or lead a hymn.

It is a peaceful and beautiful way to adore God.

Provided they conduct themselves with becoming respect, strangers are always welcome in a Friends' Meeting House. Accordingly, I am certain that Clyde's presence created no comment. Only to

my heart there came an indefinite hope, and I offered up a prayer that he might be guided aright.

As it happened we held silent prayer on that day. When my parents and I rose to leave, I saw that Clyde had been sitting in the rear of the Meeting House. He did not seem to see us, however, and he was gone by the time we got outside.

The next morning, after sending the two Fullerton children off to school, I took Emily with me to the Meeting House, which is always open. I sat down in the seat Clyde had occupied, permitting that sense of nearness to lift me out of my dull despair.

Following this, Clyde appeared at Meeting regularly twice every week, Friday night and Sunday morning. Yet he did not try to approach me, or even to greet us, so far as I could see.

One Sunday in mid-December, by some accident, Mother, Father and I found ourselves face to face with Clyde. He had not been sitting near us, but somehow, we all left the Meeting House together. Perhaps Clyde contrived to do this. I do not know.

GOOD morning, Mrs. Cole," he said to Mother. "And you, sir," to Father.

Of a sudden I felt faint with a new wild joy. Would he talk to me? And what was I to do? I had promised not to communicate with him. Still, in all politeness I would have to return his greeting as Father was now doing.

"God be with you, Mr. Orsay," answered Mother and Father in unison. Then the latter added, "It pleases me to see you at Meeting."

Clyde looked at me. I turned sharply away, and it must have been the expression on my face at that particular instant that aroused my parents' suspicion.

"It's restful," said Clyde, "and gives a man time to think of other things besides roads and bridges."

Greetings were exchanged again, and we moved off.

Not a word to me. Not a sign. Naught but a look of no significance whatsoever. I kept silent throughout our homeward walk. That afternoon, Father and I had another long talk. As I said, my attitude had aroused his suspicions, and always seeking to do that which would add to my happiness, he wished to confirm his doubts.

Before long I broke down, and admitted to him that I loved Clyde. More, I told him that part of the story I had withheld, of Clyde's kiss of betrothal and our mutual admissions.

"Thou art sure he said he loved thee, Daughter?"

I nodded.

Father sat still as a statue. Far from growing angry, he seemed strangely moved. The color had receded from his face.

"Then why did he say nothing?"

I could scarcely answer through the sobs that choked me. "I had thought of that too, Father. I think—it was because he knew I would never go against thy wishes. And since it was thy wish that I should not communicate with him—"

Silence. The cat walked across the floor, pad-pad, pad-pad. A rooster crowed. In the distance the Dunnebecker dog barked.

"But thou, Eden," said Father at last, "why didst not tell me. Dost think I wished to wreck thy happiness?"

"My guilt was great, Father. I did not believe I had the right to beg for pity."

"Perhaps I have misjudged the young man," mused Father. "Perhaps I have misjudged him. There must be much that is good in him if thou hast given thy word to him, Daughter."



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"But he is a worldling," I faltered. He passed his hand wearily across his eyes. "There must be good—even in worldlings. Wouldst like me to go to him, Eden? To talk with him, to learn to know him better?"

"And have him think I am pursuing him!" I retorted quickly.

"What does that mean, when love is true?"

Father's rebuke chastened me.

"Shall I go, Eden? This evening. 'Tis the Sabbath, and likely he will be at home."

"If it is thy wish," I hedged.

"No—if it is thy wish, Eden."

"There is no need to do that which is distasteful," I said to Father.

"Should it be thy request, I would not find it distasteful, Daughter."

Still I could not make up my mind. For a long time we sat facing each other on opposite sides of the fire. Then, as if he had decided that my decision was a negative one, he picked up his Bible to read a chapter.

That made me frantic. It seemed to indicate that the matter was closed so far as he was concerned. I closed my hands over his, so he might not open the Sacred Book.

"Father!" I cried. "Oh, please! Father, wilt go to him—for me? I love him."

He laid down the Sacred Book, and set

out immediately, stopping first to tell Mother, who was in her own room. Mother came to sit with me. There was no need of words between us. Mother understood.

One hour later, far sooner than I had expected him, Father found me sitting as he had left me. My heart sank at not seeing Clyde with him, and one look at his stern, gray face convinced me that something dreadful had happened.

Mother, sweet sensitive soul, thinking it would be easier for me to be alone with Father, was going to leave the room. I clung to her, and she stayed.

"Anthony and Mahala had gone to visit Friend Simmons, who is ill," said Father simply. "But I heard voices from an inner room. I knocked at the door. A strange voice bade me come in. Mr. Orsay sat at a table. Three men, strangers, worldlings, were with him. I had never seen them before. He introduced me to them."

Father drew a deep breath. "I do not want to tell thee this, Daughter. I must. It was a boisterous and loud gathering. They used vile language. There was a bottle of forbidden liquor on the table, and all had partaken liberally. Yes, Eden, they were drunk, and he was with them. In his room they drank and gambled, with large sums of money on the table.

"And this is the Sabbath."

[Concluded in the December issue.]

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Have you written yours? Page 48 will tell you all about this contest.

I'll Never Go Back!

[Continued from page 80]

the use? He wouldn't care, nor worry."

"Surely, he is not so unreasonable!"

"You don't know him as well as I. He is an insufferable bigot. His fixed principles are like so many bayonets, ready to stab my heart; his terrible will is killing my love for him, besides driving me insane."

"Eula, this is dreadful. You must let me speak to Arthur—"

"Never! He would only order you out—and you are my only friend."

My blood boiled with indignation, yet I asked calmly: "Would you like to sing in the operetta I am directing? We are staging the Bohemian Girl as a benefit for disabled soldiers. Your voice is well adapted for the part of 'Arline.'"

Instantly Eula's face was transfigured. "Oh, I should love it—if Arthur doesn't object."

"I'll put the matter up to him in such a way that he dare not," I said grimly.

AND I did. Arthur could find no plausible excuse for objecting to his wife's singing in such a worthy cause. So, greatly to Eula's delight, she was cast for "Arline," playing opposite my "Thaddeus."

As rehearsals progressed, Eula regained her former charm and vivacity. Sometimes, for convenience, she and I practiced at her home. In gypsy costume, her rare, vibrant beauty was adorable. But instead of complimenting his charming wife, Arthur threw her covert glances, then buried his nose in his book.

Eula, happily ignorant of this, sang as never before. Never shall I forget her tender, impassioned rendering of "I Dreamt I Dwelt in Marble Halls," or Arthur's glowering look when I, as "Thaddeus," the lover, replied with—"Then You'll Remember Me."

On the night preceding the performance the storm broke. I wish I might forget that harrowing scene. Intending to leave some final instruction for Eula, I called at the home and found her cowering, wild-eyed, in a chair, while Arthur stood over her, fists clenched.

"What does this mean?" I demanded sharply.

His features relaxed with a sneer. "Only that I'm tired of this theatrical stuff—the eternal love-making and silly songs. It seems Eula will never grow up. She is woefully lacking in dignity—poise—such as my wife should have."

Then I broke loose. I painted Arthur Fairfield as a bigoted domestic tyrant, whose chief aim in life was to crush the sensitive spirit of his young wife.

"Nature never intended Eula for a cave-yet you measure her by your own impossible standards!" I went on. "You make no allowance for her youth and social longings. Blinded by arrogance, your conduct toward her is positively brutal."

Arthur's face grew livid. He advanced angrily. "Be careful, or you may tempt me too far. No man shall show me my duty as a husband!"

"Then for Heaven's sake, open your

eyes. Consider your wife's wishes, occasionally. Take her out more; you may learn to like it yourself."

Arthur laughed scornfully. "I have no time for frivolity. You will oblige me, hereafter, by not encouraging Eula in the like."

"Never fear; I'll not obtrude in your family affairs," I said coldly. Then after briefly stating my errand to Eula, I left.

Next evening, it required all my ingenuity to inspire Eula so that she acted her part creditably. Indeed, the large audience proclaimed the operetta a splendid success, even though Arthur declined to favor us with his presence.

Afterward, owing to our recent difficulty, I kept away from his home. Several months later, I chanced to meet Eula at the trolley station. She looked pale and depressed. I inquired about her health and she said wearily:

NOTHING ails me, David—only heart-break! I was compelled to leave Arthur, and have secured an interlocutory decree on the grounds of cruelty."

I was thunder-struck. "What did he do?"

Her face colored scarlet. "He accused me of—of being in love with you; he said you were trying to steal me from him. I got angry, told him he lied, then he struck me."

"Good Heavens, he must be crazy! He shall answer to me for that."

Eula's hand fell on my arm, her dark eyes swam in unshed tears. "Please—David, don't make it any harder for me. Besides, Arthur is being punished, but I'll never go back to him—I'll die first!"

"Does he contribute anything toward your support?"

"He has agreed to furnish thirty dollars a month for Billy. I didn't ask anything for myself as I'm teaching a juvenile class in music."

"Eula, let me help you through with this. Surely, you will accept a loan—"

"I thank you, David, but cannot accept your kindness. People would talk."

"Let them, so long as we are content—"

"No, no! There is my car—good-by."

Within a week, I had a stormy interview with Arthur. He was sorely embittered by his wife's departure and threatened to bring action to gain possession of Billy.

"I'm living at home and my mother can look after him," he declared angrily. "I might have had him now, if a fool doctor hadn't testified that Eula might collapse if parted from him."

"It seems she has the best right to Billy," I declared. "Especially, while he is so young."

"You're actively interested in the affair, aren't you? Eula never would have left me, but for you."

My reply would not look well in print. It's enough to say that I showed Arthur that he alone was the cause of her departure.

I dared him to prove his insolent assertion. Unable to name a single instance wherein I had presumed on my friendship with Eula, he maintained a stony silence.

"Hereafter, refrain from such unjust remarks, or be prepared to suffer the consequences," I flung at him and turned away.

Within a month, Billy came down with a serious illness and Eula gave up teaching, to be with him. After his recovery, she was taken to a hospital, suffering with neurasthenia.

Her wan, brave smile cut me to the heart when allowed to see her. She reminded me of my lost Alice, in her fatal illness. Speech was beyond me as I took her thin, white hand. My pulses leaped in rebellion against Arthur, whose refined cruelty had brought Eula to this.

"I'm glad to see you, David," she murmured weakly. "I'll soon be out . . . I must get well—for Billy's sake."

"Don't you ever consider yourself, Eula? You need a long and complete rest, before teaching again," I warned.

She smiled wanly, the fire of determination in her eyes. "I'll get along—somehow—" she choked.

Suddenly a great wave of longing swept over me; I saw clearly. I caught her hand in fervent grasp:

"Eula, I love you! Let me try to make up for all you have suffered. In a few more months we can be married—"

She gently drew her hand away. "Don't, David. You mistake sympathy for love. I shall always regard you as a dear, kind friend, but I can never love again."

"Eula, dear, don't send me away like this. Let your heart speak. You will think differently, once you are well."

And I was not mistaken. We were married soon after Eula received her divorce, and established a cozy home in a suburban bungalow. Slowly but surely her health improved while she and Billy reveled amid flowers and singing birds in the bright sun-shine.

I was wonderfully proud of the little chap's devotion. He would climb on my lap, put his little arms round my neck, and call me "Daddy Dave." Before accepting my proposal, Eula told me that his had been a Caesarian birth and the surgeon afterward informed her that she need never expect another child. So the little fellow was doubly dear to us.

We had been married almost a year when Arthur brought suit to recover Billy, claiming that we were indifferent to the child's moral training. I'll admit that Eula and I were not hide-bound bigots, but we certainly taught Billy to be obedient and unselfish with due regard for the rights of others.

Eula was almost distracted, so I feared her separation from the boy would be disastrous. In vain I tried to assure her that Arthur's act was only spite work. Anyhow, I decided to put up a strong fight for Billy.

After all the evidence was in at the trial, the judge said he would like to have Billy make his own choice. Arthur smiled confidently as he lifted the boy from my lap. There was a scream, a struggle, yet Arthur grasped Billy firmly. One look into his father's grim face and Billy's little fists pounded his breast in terror. Then he held out his arms to me.

"Daddy Dave, make bad man go 'way. Take Billy home!" he wailed.

ANGERED, humiliated, Arthur put down his son. "Maybe I had better wait till he is older," he muttered.

It was a most distressing sight. I was glad when it was over and Billy ran into my arms while Eula wept from sheer joy. It is useless to say that the child was awarded to our care, for Arthur's previous record as a husband was seriously against him.

Next day a coat and hat were found on the beach within city limits. Beside them, under a stone, lay a note:

To the Public—In the guise of a friend, a man entered my home and stole my wife and child. He has killed my soul. I no longer want to live.

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That was three weeks ago and the body has not been recovered. Was it swept out to sea, or is it a clever ruse of Arthur's to disappear? Am I to blame for my part in the affair? Sometimes when the ever-changing sea beats steadily against the shore and the storm wind moans weirdly around our snug home, I wonder if I am to blame? At least, I have the hearty approval of my dear wife—and Billy.



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"I—well—I haven't accepted—yet. You see—Lois—"

"Oh, Lois!" she laughed indulgently. "You don't really mean Lois. It is Mrs. Errol again, isn't it? But you can't let her spoil—this!"

The question in her voice opened all the pent-up bitterness of days and months. Without stopping to think, I plunged into details of this, my worst dilemma, just as I used to recount to her my defeats in the school-room.

At the close there was an instant's hush. Alice's hands were twisting and untwisting her handkerchief. It was that handkerchief, with its narrow border of black, that startled me to full appreciation of my weakness. That—and the look in Alice Perry's eyes! I have seen such a look in the eyes of a mother cat when one of her kittens is being roughly handled. That look set the seal of truth on all Lois' presumptions. I no longer dared deny, even to myself, that Alice Perry loved me.

Before the startled interrogation in my face, her glance wavered and fell. She rose abruptly and crossed to the window where she stood looking out on the pavements, sloppy and blurry, under the street-lights.

"Life is like that," she said, as I crossed to stand beside her. "What light there is just seems to show up the difficulties of the road."

I'M SORRY, Alice," I replied huskily, "that I have unintentionally added to your—difficulties."

"No need to worry about mine, Keith," her voice shaken, "with your own to face. I've learned—or thought I had—to carry mine—alone. You—" Into her tones crept that repressed tremulousness that set my blood rioting. "Just remember—if things get too hard—if you need help—" She lifted her eyes now, clear of all attempt at concealment. They blazed into mine—a heat so intense I took fire. My arms went round her—my lips sought hers.

Sought, but did not reach them. Alice's hand came between, soft but determined. "Not now—Keith—or ever—unless—"

In the train that night—business over—I shuddered, thankful for her repulse; thankful I could still seek Lois without shame. Yet what latent possibilities lingered in that "unless!"

When I again entered my own home, a place unkempt and forlorn, I was startled by the buzz of the telephone. Unthinkingly I answered it. Mrs. Errol's voice sounded sharp—entreating. It was the latter quality that held me at the receiver until she had delivered her half-frightened appeal. Where had I been? Did I know that Eric had been desperately ill? Terrible storm in Stoneport—wires down for days—Lois worried—half sick—would I—Keith—go for her—at once—tonight?

I waited for no more but hung up. Nor would I respond to the further frantic jangling of the telephone. The storm of the past days was as nothing to the storm now raging in my heart. Remorse—wounded pride—battled with the love of a lifetime. Love for the mother—agony for the child!

All my previous resolutions alternately melted and stiffened to firmer resolve: melted, as I thought of possible harm to my baby son; stiffened, as I recalled bitterly that it was Mrs. Errol's decree which accounted for his illness in a remote village, far from the care of our own trusted doctor.

Early evening found me in Stoneport. I had no difficulty, in such a small place, of learning the whereabouts of my wife. A few hints to the landlady allowed me

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to seek her room unannounced. Her back was toward me, dimly outlined in the foggy twilight, and I could see she held Eric as though loath to put him down, for her head was bent toward him till her face rested on his hair.

At length, however, she placed him in the little crib beside the bed, and turned toward the door. For the first time she realized my presence. She gave a heartbroken cry and flung herself into my arms, sobbing hysterically.

Even so, she did not forget the baby, and her sobs were hushed for fear of waking him. I led her to a couch near the window, quieting her with wordless caresses, trembling with the joy of it.

"Take me home, Keith, take me home," she articulated at last, "now-tonight!"

"Can't be done, dear. I'm terribly sorry, but I must leave at ten." Repressed longing, for I was holding myself in hand by supreme effort, turned my voice harsh.

BUT Keith!" she wailed, as her arms clung.

"It's business, dear," I managed; "a deal that opened up last night. If I put it through successfully, it may net me enough to pay for this—vacation." Unintentionally I had slurred the last word to irony, there was so little suggestive of an outing in that apartment littered with baby clothes, damp from continued fog, a grim array of medicine bottles on the dresser.

"That's not fair!" Her voice was strained. "You know you are not to pay for this. I never would have thought of asking you for so much—as things stand."

I didn't mean to make my voice cold, but I had to hold it steady. It would have been far easier to forgive, but—

"Lois," I said, after I had crushed that desire, "I've been thinking—thinking hard. Things—as they stand—must suffice for you henceforth. I am your husband. You are my wife—not your mother's daughter. You must either live within my income—or go back to the home where the income is sufficient for your desires."

She drew away from me almost as if I had struck her. I could realize, even in my own misery, how cruel the words must sound, but I could not retract. Life, as we were living it, was too impossible.

"You mean you want me to go back?"

"God forbid!" It sprang forth of itself.

"Then why this—this melodrama?" It was her voice that was cold now.

"If that is the way it strikes you—let's end it, at once," I retorted, stung to madness.

"You mean you are willing I should go? You wouldn't even put up a fight to keep me?" The words sounded bitter. It may be that she too was struggling with pain.

My mouth twisted to a smile but there was no mirth in it. "I thought I fought hard enough to win you. I didn't think I'd have to put up a fight every time there was a decision to make."

"You're unfair, Keith, unfair!" she blazed. "Just because mother is willing to help out! Everybody thinks she is wonderful to us. Just because she thinks I need a vacation and gives it to me is no reason—"

"You're right," I cut in: "it is no reason why you should always accept her say-so—not mine. No reason why she should try to boss the whole show and the dog under the wagon—yours truly posing as the dog."

"Keith, how can you!"

"How can I help it? See here, Lois, we might as well have it out—right now." Because it hurts me so, and I had so much difficulty to control my voice, it rasped like a file. But I had to go on. "Your mother has interfered between us for the last

time, if you want me for your husband. You needn't look so shocked. You know, only too well, what I mean. You know how I wanted you—how she made me wait for you. I changed all my plans, all my longed-for ambitions, because she didn't want to have you go away.

"What did I gain by it? I might almost as well have lived alone, as never to feel sure there'd be a wife to welcome me when I got home. I thought, when Eric came, it would have to be different. He was as much mine as yours. Not a bit of it! I couldn't even name him after my own father. He must be Eric Errol, after yours. Your mother would have it so! Since then things have been worse than ever. Until—this!"

For a second there was no sound in the room but the boom-boom of the waves on the beach below us. Then:

"Just what do you intend to do?" Again that pinched little voice like her mother's.

"That depends entirely on you." My voice matched her own. "I'm leaving tonight. If you will let me know your plans—"

She bit her lips. "If you won't take me home, I suppose Mother will have to send the car."

"I can't take you, Lois—not won't!" Why would she persist in hurting me?

"Well, all I know is that Mother is the only one who appears to care much, one way or the other. She—" Her voice caught.

"She was the only one who had your confidence," I retorted coldly.

"But I wrote you just why—"

"After I had told you just why—not!"

"But Eric was so far from well."

"Think he's benefited a whole lot by the change?"

"He—he's better now. And he would have gained much faster if the weather—"

"We've had weather at both ends of the line. There were home conveniences at our end—and someone who would have been glad to help."

For an instant she wavered and my heart leaped. Then, still on the defensive, "But you were away."

"I've been in the city every day but one."

"But I didn't know it!"

"You didn't wait to find out. And I—well—I had hurried back to surprise you."

Silence. Then, in sudden concern, "But how have you managed? You didn't stay at Mother's?"

"Not if I knew it!"

Silence again, so protracted my hopes ran high. I leaned over her. "Have you decided, Lois?" I whispered. "Are you—my wife?"

Instead of yielding she stiffened with sudden petulance. "How do I know? How can I tell? It's too much to ask—right off—like this."

"Is it, Lois?" I pleaded. "Don't you honestly know what I mean?"

IT JUST means that all you are thinking about, as Mother said, is that miserable Chicago offer," she flung back.

"That's not true, Lois."

"It's near enough the truth, I guess. And I know that any girl in her right senses would think it was crazy to give up everything, her home, and—"

"Not any girl," I opposed resolutely. "I can easily imagine girls who could not only appreciate, but be glad that a man's profession might mean more to him than mere dollars—but—"

"Such girls as Alice Perry!" caustically. It was fortunate the dusk screened my features. My voice was even, as I replied casually.

"Yes, Alice Perry would urge immediate acceptance."



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and held her from me at last in an attempt to meet her glance.

"Answered?" she faltered, uncomprehending.

"The 'unless'?" my voice throbbing to my pulse beats. "Unless—what? Answer me!"

She straightened and drew away, suddenly remote. "You do right to ask. I should have demanded before—"

My arms reached out.

"No—no—I'm awake at last. You—you caught me—dreaming—" her breath still in little gasps.

"Then dream again!" I urged passionately. "Let's dream through—all eternity!" My voice turned harsh as too recent pain caught at recollection.

"What has happened, Keith?"

"Everything!"

"Lois?"

I nodded. "She has made her choice—her mother."

"And you will go to Chicago?"

I started. It was natural inference, yet it had not linked itself up as a result in my disordered thoughts. I fumbled in my pocket and pulled out the letter.

"Why—why—" I passed my hand across my eyes to assure their perfect vision, "tomorrow—no—today, at noon—the offer closes!"

"And you haven't already wired? I supposed—"

"I haven't had time," vaguely; "I—I've been coming here—to you!"

"Poor boy!" She bent forward, sensing my hesitation, ready with a remedy. Her eyes were almost of metallic brilliance. "Would it be easier—if I—. There is no reason why I couldn't live in Chicago—now—you know."

The world seemed crashing round my ears. Yet here was the way—open—free—one day at a time. And Lois?

"I would have to wire—at once." I mumbled undecidedly. Suddenly I realized I was tired—desperately tired.

"You can use the telephone," she offered. The brilliance of her eyes had crept into her voice. I drew away from it.

"No," I replied, the queer fog persisting in my brain. "I rather think—that is, I prefer to go down to the Western Union myself—write the message—"

"Good! I'll go with you. We'll have something to eat at a little restaurant on the corner. You haven't breakfasted?"

I shook my head.

"Then wait a few minutes till I slip into some street clothes." She left the room.

Outside, on the sidewalk, in the first sunlight of the week, a mother paused beside a baby carriage to readjust the pillows behind a tiny capped head.

My agony burst in a half sob. As if dominated by an overwhelming power outside myself, I drew forth my memorandum book, tore out a leaf and scribbled rapidly:

I can't do it, Alice. I'm going back to my baby—and Lois.

Footsteps on the stairs started the cold sweat. I couldn't face Alice Perry. Fear such as I have never known, nerved me to desperation. I raised the window, opening directly on the street, threw myself across the sill and dropped to the sidewalk.

Out of the house, out of the city, glad of every mile that clicked between me and the most terrible moments of my life!

The porter announced luncheon. As I stumbled into the diner, I realized I had not eaten for twenty-four hours; realized, too, that it was after one o'clock. The laboratory position was closed!

What did I face? Should Lois abide by her decision, I never could return to a business purchased with her father's money. Even our home—

But undidless there was not! Shining order met me at every turn. Even my slippers, which I was accustomed to seek

so eagerly after hours of conventionally-shod discomfort, lay beside the easy chair.

"Keith—Keith!" came in a suffocated little cry. "You did come back—you did—you did!"

"Lois—Lois!" I breathed against her lips, pressed close in a frenzy of yearning. "I had to come. I couldn't stay, not even with Alice Perry!" anxious to confess and have it over with.

YOU—you did go to her?" Lois big brown eyes widened with half-frightened disbelief.

I nodded, shamefaced.

"I'm glad—glad—glad!" she astounded me by exclaiming, forcing me down into the easy chair that she might curl on my knees and twine her arms about me. "I—I've never dared say it—but I've always been jealous—furiously jealous of Alice Perry! And after I sent you away to her, Keith—" I could feel a warm tear on my neck. "I was frantic—mad with fear! But now—now—" exultingly. "If she couldn't make you stay after all I had said and done! Oh, my dear, my dear, perhaps it was all wrong, but I'm glad—glad—glad I let you go!" And she never knew what mad rapture surged through me at thought of my narrow escape!

I drew her close, and we sat so—wordlessly happy until, out of the stillness, the door-bell pealed sharp, imperative.

Lois darted from my knees, unexplained excitement tensing her every muscle. Then, as unexpectedly, she halted, allowing the maid to precede her to the door, excitement still manifest in two bright flecks deep in her eyes.

"You—you didn't accept the Chicago offer, Keith?" she faltered, I thought a bit fearfully. I smiled reassurance, believing she must have glimpsed the yellow envelope in the messenger's hand, and taken alarm.

"No, dearest," reaching up to her, for I had not risen: "I learned that nothing counted but you and your happiness."

"And I learned—" she began breathlessly, then stopped and bit her lips. It was she who took the message from the maid and brought it, hesitantly, to me. I laughed outright.

"Probably the business engagement I mentioned, and then promptly forgot, after leaving you, last night," I said as I tore open the envelope.

Lois did not reply; she only stood with her eyes on me, the strange light still sparkling in their depths, as I read:

CAN GIVE MONTH TO SETTLE AFFAIRS.
SALARY BEGINS SEPTEMBER FIRST.

The signature was that of the firm in Chicago.

Dazed, I glanced at Lois. The sparkle in her eyes had spread to all her features, even lurking in the dimple that played hide and seek in her cheek.

"You see, I've been thinking, too. After you left—oh, Keith!" she blinked back sudden tears, "I sent for Mother. I was wild to get here—home—before you—if you only came back! Mother came, but in her peremptory way she ordered me at once to her house. I couldn't, couldn't go. She insisted. There was quite a scene. And all at once, like a flash, it came to me—what that insistence must have meant—always—to you! It—it was—terrible, Keith," she shuddered. "But finally she sent me here. She wouldn't come with me. And—it must have been fate—I'd only entered the door when the telephone rang—long distance. It was—she pointed to the telegram. "They said they hadn't heard from you—there was another applicant—and—her eyes implored. "I told them it was an oversight. You fully intended to accept. Would they please wire you just when they must have you."

Want to Keep Him?

[Continued from page 41]

"neuter woman" interests—the mental interests unconnected with the instinct for physical re-creation. When she has fully decided this important point for classification, then let her use her wits to gain her goal. If she proves to be of the "lover woman" section—then she must make herself desired for her beauty and individuality, which will stimulate men's imaginations in their leisure hours. If she discovers that she is really of the "mother woman" group—and that is the only worthwhile thing in life—she must make herself sweet and gentle and alluring, so as to set up a picture of domestic bliss in men's minds—and she must absolutely renounce her promiscuous ways. If she feels that after all, ideas and ideals really attract her most, then her task will be easier because books and achievement will interest her more than men, and these are within her grasp.

Men are wild birds, never certain of being lured! And all with the instinct to flee from bondage!

In grandmother's time, to be called a "fast girl" was to be cut and ostracised, and a man hesitated before offering her a wedding ring. But now the man does not hesitate consciously from prudish motives, but only because he can't be sure if she has anything new to offer him after he has tied himself up, that he has not already obtained while still free! He isn't sure whether he will be bored to death. He does not worry greatly, as even his father might have done, over the question of whether his home will be badly ordered, or whether she will ever "settle down." He thinks he may as well try the speculation. But both men and women forget that roads in life always lead up or down—and broken vows are unlucky. Our tarnished Sadie should immediately make up her mind what she does want, and then use her gained experience to obtain it.



No Plaster Saint

[Continued from page 28]

The Stanleys went away. The same day Gerald departed for the city. I was left alone with Mrs. Mainwaring and my dreams . . . I was happy though I missed them all, especially Gerald . . . Again in my sky there were no clouds.

Gerald had been gone only a day when a caller was announced. A woman to see me. Her name was Grace Barstow. I did not know her and had never heard of her. But apparently she was well acquainted with me. I met her in the drawing-room. She was a small, faded young woman, with queer eyes.

"Did you wish to see me or Mrs. Mainwaring?"

"I wished to see you," she said in a voice which trembled.

I motioned her to a seat.

"I wished to see you about—about Gerald." She coughed and a hectic flush suffused her cheeks, the flush of the consumptive in the last stages.

"Gerald? Mr. King?" I was at a loss.

"Yes, Gerald. Oh, Miss Armstrong!" Suddenly she began to cry softly, her slim body shaking under her sobs.

Even then I did not understand. "Please," I said. "What is the trouble?"

"I—I can't tell you! I thought it would be so easy. I looked upon you as an adventuress. But—but I see you're not. That makes it harder—"

"What makes what harder?"

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Sixty days ago they called me "Baldy." Now they're amazed at my new growth of hair.

GEORGE, you're just throwing your money away."

"But listen, Bill—"

"Nothing doing."

You can't convince me that anything will grow hair on that bald head of yours. And especially that crazy invention!"

That was how my friend, Bill

Jenkins, felt. And I didn't blame him. For I certainly had wasted an awful lot of money with no results on tonics and salves, singing and massages, crude oil and even manges.

Still, this new treatment was entirely different and best of all, I didn't risk a penny. The discoverer—Alois Merke—founder of the famous Merke Institute, Fifth Avenue, New York—absolutely guaranteed a new growth of hair in 30 days, or the trial cost me nothing! I just couldn't resist such an unusual offer.

The Biggest Surprise of My Life

When I first saw this invention I laughed out loud. My friend Bill had called it a "crazy invention." But that didn't keep me from trying it.

The first two or three days, nothing happened. True, my scalp felt very much invigorated. And I didn't see anywhere near the amount of hair on my brush that I used to. Then, a few days later, I looked in the mirror, and there, just breaking thru, was a fine downy fuzz all over my head!

Every day I spent 15 minutes taking the treatment. And every day this young hair kept getting stronger and thicker. At the end of a month you could hardly see a bald spot on my head. And at the end of sixty days—well, my worries about baldness were ended.

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In most cases of baldness the hair roots are not dead, but merely dormant. Now to make a tree grow, you wouldn't think of rubbing "growing fluid" on the leaves. You must nourish the roots. And it's exactly the same with the hair.

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At the theatre I always felt that the people behind me were doing nothing but giggling at me.

practical method of getting right down to the hair roots.

At the Merke Institute many have paid as high as \$500 for the results secured thru personal treatments. Yet now these very same results may be secured in any home in which there is electricity—at a cost of only a few cents a day!

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Merke frankly admits that this treatment will not grow hair in every case. But so many others have regained hair this new way, that he invites you to try the treatment 30 days at his risk, and if he fails to grow hair then he's the loser—not you.

To be bald is certainly embarrassing. Friends called me "Baldy." At the office they were always "kidding" me. And at the ball game or theatre, I always felt that people behind me were doing nothing but giggling at me. I never felt comfortable. So when I saw Merke's offer I determined to give it a trial, anyway. And I will always consider the day I sent for the Merke treatment one of the luckiest days of my life.

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"I—I've been away. In South France I've been. You know that climate is considered good for—people with delicate lungs. I've just returned. I've learned that Gerald—that Gerald and you—are—are—"

I waited a moment. "Yes," I suggested.

"Oh, I can't go on. Gerald and I—he—he—told me he—he loved me. We—we've been almost engaged. There was never anyone in his life but—but me. And—and now—now you—"

YES," I said foolishly, not realizing what I was saying, but with a cold fear reaching up with chilling fingers to stifle my heart.

"You—you've taken him from me. You with your youth, and your health, and your ways! But he's mine! He's mine!" Her voice rose to a high pitch. "You're robbing me! You're robbing me of the little happiness I may have before I die! I'm dying. The doctors tell me I can't live more than a year. But a year is a year. It can be happiness or it can be hell. Pardon the word. I can't help myself!"

"What do you want me to do?" I was suddenly queerly calm. In her I thought I recognized the girl Gerald had gone to London to see. But he had not told me she was so—so ill. "You've seen him?" I asked.

"No." She was quivering with excitement and broke into a paroxysm of coughing. "He wouldn't want to see me—now. I've come to you. You have youth and health—health—health. I have nothing. I'm doomed. But I want happiness. I want happiness before I die. I can have it. I can have Gerald—if—if you—oh—"

"But I'm engaged to Gerald. I love him," I said.

"I love him, too, and I've only a year."

"And you want—?" It was not myself speaking, but a new strange creature who had assumed my shape.

"That you go away. I want that you leave Gerald alone. You have intrigued him. He's partial to a pretty face. But he loves me—"

My Gerald! The man who was not a "plaster saint." The man who had admitted his engagement. And this poor creature pleading before me. "But I love him, too!" I cried.

"Love!" The word was spat out. "You do not love as I love. You who have everything! I'm—I—I have not long to live. Gerald was mine till you came. I ask you, in God's name, to give him up. I ask you to go away. There are many men in the world who could love you. There is only one who could love me and who does. And that one is Gerald. Oh, Miss Armstrong—" She sank to her knees and caught my skirt. "Help me. Be big! Be noble! Give Gerald up! Go away. Go far away. Leave him! Give me the only happiness that life offers—for my last year!"

Happiness for a year! Her last year on earth! Thoughts jumbled themselves against my brain. I thought of Gerald and our happiness and I thought of the years that I had been through, years of sorrow and loneliness. Was I to go back to these? Was I expected because of this poor girl's plea to surrender all that life held dear? But she was weak and ill. Maybe Gerald had held her in his arms as he had held me. Maybe his lips had couched impassioned words into her ear. He was not a "plaster saint." But what hopes had he aroused in her breast as he had aroused in mine?... And then the most horrible thought of all. He had spoken to me of one girl. A girl in London. An actress. This one who stood before me—

"Miss Barstow," I asked in barely audible tones, "are you on the stage?"

A funny smile came to her lips. "What a ridiculous question! I've never been connected with the theatre in my life!"

Gerald had wanted to play fair with me he had told me, yet he had said nothing of this girl. How many more of them had he fooled as he had fooled her and had almost fooled me? Suddenly resentment against him arose in me. To think that Jerry, my Jerry, was the type that played with the hearts of women! Tears started to my eyes and burned like living coals... I had been a fool, a blind, unsuspecting, trusting fool!

"Are you—are you sure—that—that if I should go away Gerald would—would marry you?" I asked slowly. "There's another girl—in London."

"Yes. I know about her. A little actress. But he's not in love with her. That's just a little affair pour passer le temps."

"You know a great deal about Jerry?" "I love him." A note of hope stirred in her voice. "You—you will go away?" she said eagerly.

A moment I waited, two, three. The old clock down the hall solemnly ticked. It seemed to me it was ticking away my life. "I'll—I'll write Gerald," I said at last, wearily. "I'll write him and go away back to Aden—at once."

"Oh, oh!" she cried excitedly and sought to embrace me; "bless you for that. God will bless—"

I pushed her gently from me. "Don't talk of God—now—Just go. Please go!" I cried with sudden vehemence. "And don't think me!"

She left quickly. I went up to my room and, flinging myself across my bed, found refuge in tears... When I was calmer I rose and began to pack. I wanted to get away at once from the place where I had known such sweet happiness and such poignant suffering. I moved as if I were in a dream. It was hard to believe my whole world had toppled down about me. In my sorrow I was bitter against Jerry. Bitterness guided my pen as I sat, my packing completed, at the desk in my room and wrote my letter renouncing him.

It was a cruel stabbing little note. "I forgave you the girl in London" it ran, "but I cannot excuse your conduct toward Miss Barstow. All I hope is that now you will be man enough to do the right thing by her. I never want to see you or to hear from you again." I signed it, simply, "Julie."

IN THE morning I went down to interview Mr. Pardon. He was smilingly cordial and, joking me about my woman's privilege of changing my mind, assured me that I could return to Aden at once if I wished. "Only," said he sagaciously, "your vacation time is not nearly up yet. Why don't you stay here until it is?"

Weakly, I deferred my departure. Some how I did not want to run away—yet. A hope which I could not quite quench had arisen in my heart. Maybe things would yet come out all right. The hope persisted, even though I knew it was an impossible dream. I was foolish. In Aden, at least there was forgetfulness. In London there was only loneliness and unhappiness. I should have gone. For during the days which followed there came no word from Gerald. I was forgotten, forsaken. He had taken me at my word and was not trying to see me. Perhaps—it was a humiliating thought—perhaps he was even glad, to have been rid of me so easily...

It was that thought which prompted me more than anything else, to try to forget him altogether. But I did not want to return to Aden. I hated the place. Even

though it offered forgetfulness, it was repelling. I could forget Gerald in London. Of that I was sure, not realizing that the wish was father to the thought. I would forget him! It was a brave resolve.

But at the end of a week I weakened. I wanted Gerald. My love for him was greater than myself and greater than my pride. It was greater than my pity for Grace Barstow. I did a thing which I had never dreamed I would ever have been capable of. I telephoned him at his flat. The call was answered by the boy at the switchboard in the hall. The reply to my inquiry was a stunning blow. "Mr. King has closed his flat, ma'am, and gone away."

"Do you know where?"

"No, ma'am. He left no address."

"When—when is he coming back?"

THAT I can't say, either. He left suddenly."

Slowly I replaced the receiver on the hook. The room swayed. I sank into a chair. Gerald was gone! He—and Grace Barstow! To the continent, of course. They would go there. They were married! And it was my doing! My doing! I had sent him to her! I began to laugh. I did not want to cry. Suddenly strength came to me. Why should I care? I was well rid of Gerald! There were other men in the world, good men. And I was young still, and pretty, and life was before me, and the old family disgrace was a thing of the past . . .

The room became oppressive as the moments passed. I felt restless and the need of exercise. I decided to go for a brisk walk. I bathed and changed into an attractive frock and went out.

I walked blindly on, caring little whether my feet took me. At the Circus I almost collided with a man emerging from a shop and turned to apologize.

"Julie Armstrong, as I live!" cried a voice, and I found myself looking up into the face of Clarence Payne!

I had once sworn that if I were ever to meet Clarence I would cut him dead. I had once told myself that I would never have anything whatsoever to do with him. And yet, that moment, when he and I stood face to face and he grinned and held his hand out to me I took it eagerly and gratefully and smiled back at him and giggled like a nervous school girl.

"Where have you been all these years?" he continued as he fell into step beside me and began chatting as naturally and as pleasantly as though we had never been engaged and as though he had not once played an ignoble part.

Time had been good to him. He was undeniably handsome and in his face there was strength and character which had been missing when I had known him before.

He was now living in London, he explained, "baching it," and wanted to know immediately if I would not dine with him that night and go to a show. He had so much to talk about, he said.

I was delighted to accept. I would have been pleased to have received an invitation for that evening from my worst enemy. Clarence appeared to be thrilled. "Fancy running into you like that after all these years," he said as he left me at my hotel promising to return for me in an hour.

I dressed excitedly and chose my prettiest evening frock. I had wanted diversion. I was getting it with a vengeance. The man who had once jilted me was going to help me forget the man whom I had jilted!

Clarence took me to the Savoy, and then to a popular revue. It was a delightful evening. He sought to be entertaining, and he was. We talked of all we had done—only I didn't tell him about Gerald—since we had last seen each other. But

it was not until we were walking slowly to my hotel—I scorned a taxi—in the soft summer night after supper that conversation turned to the old days. A short distance from our destination Clarence slipped his arm through mine. "Julie," he said softly. "Once I was a cad and a bounder. You may have forgotten it; I never have. I want your forgiveness. I behaved in an unspeakable manner, and in a way for which there never was excuse. But, believe me, I have paid. I have paid, dear,—paid with hours of remorse and loneliness. For I love you, Julie. I think I have always loved you. Only once I was fool enough not to know. But after you had gone. I knew then. But it was too late . . . Perhaps, now, that I have found you again—" He did not finish. We had reached my hotel. He took his hat off abruptly. "Perhaps you'll let me see you tomorrow—for lunch?" His eyes shone hopefully, eagerly, and my heart twisted unhappily. If only it were Gerald who was pleading thus!

"Thank you, Larry—" My old name for him came to my lips as naturally as the "dear" had come to his, "I'll be delighted."

He beamed his thanks. "Then—then I am forgiven?" he cried joyously.

"Of course, Larry. We were both only infants at the time."

He departed happy, but I was weary and sad as I entered the lift and was carried up to my room. If only Clarence had spoken that way three years before! If only it had been Gerald from whom I had just parted! . . . That night I cried myself to sleep . . . In the morning I awoke from a dream of Jerry and with his name upon my lips . . .

I met Clarence for luncheon, and afterwards he took me for a long drive in his roadster through sleepy little towns along the Thames. Because it was too late for us to get back to London in time we dined at a quaint old-fashioned inn. I was surprised to find that I was enjoying myself so much and that I was liking Clarence..

However, I did not realize that in my determination to forget Gerald I would have found happiness in the society of anyone. Afraid to be left alone with my thoughts, I accepted daily invitations from Clarence. One day after we had been constantly with each other for about a month he took me in his arms.

"You do love me, Julie! You do!" he cried, with sudden passion.

Gently I pushed him from me, and shook my head.

"But you do!" he repeated doggedly. "Why else have you allowed me to be with you so much? Why else, dear?"

I LAID a hand on his arm. "I'm sorry, Larry," I said. "I don't love you. I'm afraid I've been treating you unfairly. I shouldn't have accepted so much from you. I see now that that was wrong. But I didn't think. I was lonely—and unhappy—"

He could not disguise the disappointment that was visible in his eyes but he made a brave show of hiding his emotions as he patted my hand.

"Maybe you don't, now Julie," he conceded, "but you will. I'll make you love me yet!"

But he did not know, what at the time I did not know myself, that I had given my heart without reserve to another man and that it was no longer mine to give away . . .

Yet I still continued to see him. I even allowed him to make love to me. But when he placed his arm about my waist it was not his arm but that of him who was lost to me forever . . .

This state of affairs, of course, could not have existed forever. Manlike,



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Clarence wearied of his efforts. One evening he came to me. He was quiet but determined. I had either to promise to marry him, or to say good-by to him for always. He could not continue seeing me with everything as unsettled as it was.

I begged for a little time. Marriage to Clarence would have been very pleasant. He was kind, good-looking, and well to do. He loved me. Of that there was no doubt. As his wife I would have been assured of a life of ease. But I did not love him.

And so, faced with the loneliness of the months to be; fully aware that rejection of Clarence's proposal of marriage meant return to days of toil either in London or back in Aden, I wrote him a letter—I did not have the courage to give him his answer verbally—telling him the whole truth, even admitting my hopeless love for a married man.

I did not hear from Clarence again. He did not even acknowledge my letter.

Again I sought out Mr. Pardon. My mind was made up. Aden. I was a fool to have come to England at all.

He was smilingly cordial. "When do you want to go?" he asked.

"At once. If I may."

"A P & O sailed a couple of days ago. You could connect with it at Marseilles if I can get a stateroom for you."

"Would you, please, try."

He busied himself on the 'phone. "It's settled," he said as he hung up. "And now about your new salary—"

"I don't care," I cried, and fled from the office . . .

And then again travel and ship life and the waves beating helplessly against the prow: "The end! The end!" . . .

I welcomed Aden! The gaunt, grey rock squatting in the tranquil sea greeted me when I arose at dawn and went on deck. I had hated it. I had hated that narrow confines of rock and sand and loneliness. But now again it was refuge. It was sanctuary from the torments in my heart. Jerry! But Jerry was gone.

At the Abkari landing I was met by the manager and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Jones, cordial and kind. They welcomed me back. But I could see that despite the short leave they had recently been on to Durban that the tropics had "got" them.

WE PASSED on to our quarters, through the Crescent, by the drab array of hotels and offices in front of which stands the squat leaden effigy of Queen Victoria, and through the Pass. And then—my own room, the old one I had occupied, looking as if I had never left it; and the grinning Suhaili girls beaming *Jambo* and telling me that: "*Maji a koga yaku, tiari.*" My bath was ready! I was back again, back forever to the old life which had given me peace which was not peace . . .

I arose the next day and slipped into my old duties as naturally as though I had never been away. I heard the sound of the girls in the *godown*, Hindu girls and women with rings on their fingers and tinkling bangles on their wrists and ankles sorting the best of coffee from Mocha and Harra destined for the tables of London and the world, and I knew definitely I was back—and away again from things. The old man with the goatskin filled with water sprinkling the dust laden street in front of the combined *godown*, office building, and living quarters, proved that, if proof were needed.

"It's all passed and done, Julie," I told myself, and tried to show a brave face to the world . . .

But I suppose a girl, or a woman, of twenty-three is not always able to be brave. Some nights later Mr. and Mrs. Jones departed for the club at Steamer Point. I remained at home. I wanted

to be alone. It was a moonlit night, and moonlight always reminded me poignantly of Jerry. I knew I could not keep up my pose of being care-free and happy. Tears were trembling in my eyes. When they had gone, and I had bidden the small *punkah wallah* good-night and released him from his labors, and the discreet Indian butler was busy in the kitchen I let my head fall upon my arms outstretched across the table in the cool tile floored living-dining room of the quarters and wept unrestrainedly for dear dreams which were dead . . .

How long I had been there I do not know. I had fallen asleep. I was awakened by the soft voice of the butler at my shoulder. "*Mem Sahib,*" he was saying, "there is a *Sahib*—"

I LOOKED up startled and turned I around. Standing, framed in the tall doorway was a man who advanced toward me, arms outstretched. Gerald!

I sprang to my feet with a cry. The next moment I was locked in his embrace and he was murmuring over and over into my hair: "At last! At last, Julie, at last!"

"Oh, dear, my dear," I sobbed against the rough cloth of his coat. And then I remembered. I had no right to his caresses. I pushed him away almost roughly.

"Oh, Julia," he said reproachfully, "have you still no faith in me? Is it—is it that you never loved me? I've searched for you and looked for you ever since I received that letter from you. I've wanted you, dear; and I've wanted the chance to explain—"

"There is little to explain, now," I said coldly, but no one will ever know what the effort cost me.

"Oh, yes there is. There is much to be explained. Oh, Julie, dear, why couldn't you have given me the benefit of the doubt?"

"The doubt! What doubt? I don't see that there was any. Miss Barstow—"

"You believed her and never gave me a chance to explain my side. I told you I wanted to play fair with you. I did. There was only the girl in London, the actress. As I told you it would be, that affair is off. It was off—at the expense of a small check—the day after I arrived in London."

"But Miss Barstow. She—"

"I know, dear. When I got your letter I saw her. She broke down and admitted having called upon you. She never had any claim on me at all. Because she was ill, I was kind to her. She entertained, entirely unknown to me, certain romantic notions. The poor girl is not all right mentally. She has made trouble before for others. But because of her people—they're really awfully fine—everyone has been charitable. But this is the first time she really upset things, and—"

"Then—then you're not married to her?"

"Of course not."

"But—but when I called up your flat they told me you had gone away."

"I had gone away. I had gone in search of you. The Stanleys had no news of you, but Mrs. Mainwaring told me you had said you were leaving for Aden. I didn't know for what firm or anything, but I followed on the next boat only to find you were not here. There was no one who could give me much information, for the regular manager was away. I decided to wait in the hope you would come soon. You did not. So I returned to London and located your Mr. Pardon. I did not know where to write you, for you had given no one your address. He told me you had sailed the day before. I took the next boat, and here I am."

"Oh, Jerry! Jerry!" I sobbed. "You've been searching for me all this time and I've been—"

The Café of the Red Hat

[Continued from page 55]

family was making a night of it by dining out on the boulevard. I could not tell much about the others at the tables. The patrons seemed to be of a miscellaneous assortment, with girls in the majority.

"A bottle of Sauterne," I ordered. Suddenly I admitted I must be going blind. If not, why hadn't I noticed the girl sitting almost directly across from me?

At last Paris was really doing her stuff! She had already cast me under her unfailing spell . . . But until my eyes met those of the girl across the way, I had not been hit for the full count.

It had been a long, long time since my eyes feasted upon a girl whose appeal urged me to seek her. And so, it was with strange misgivings that I got up from the table and deliberately went over to her.

MADEMOISELLE won't mind if I join her?" I asked, seating myself without waiting for her permission.

"If Monsieur insists—without waiting for an invitation," was the reply my words and actions drew.

"I'm sorry. I see I'm intruding," I said, rising. The thought that she was waiting for some other man flashed through my mind. Yes, that was why she was so cool, I decided.

"Never mind going now. Sit down," she said, a command in her tones. I sat down again, marvelling anew at something about her. This time it was her flawless English!

"Tell me, why did you come over here to me?" This time she leaned forward as she spoke, showing some interest in what my answer might be.

"Because I wanted to know you. I am in Paris for a good time; for some excitement. You're the first girl I've seen here or any place else that's really interested me. This is my first night in Paris—"

"Monsieur! Were you never here during the war?"

"No, I was never in Paris until today."

"You do not seem that kind of a man, Monsieur American," she said finally. "Your blue eyes are brave. You are big . . . strong!"

"What kind of a man?" I demanded.

"The kind who did not go to the war."

"But, you're crazy," I blurted; "I did go to the war. I flew a bombing plane in Italy for eight months, and was wounded twice," and with these words I tore savagely at my left sleeve, yanking it up high enough to show the beginning of a long purplish streak in my arm.

Suddenly the girl did a strange, startling thing. She snatched my bared forearm and kissed it impulsively. The touch of her fleeting lips left the sensation of fire in its wake. I looked to the girl for an explanation. Her eyes were wet with tears. Her lips were trembling.

"Ah, Monsieur! I am sorry. I—I thought all American soldiers had been to Paris. I am foolish. I did not think there was a war any place, except in poor France. You see," she said, smiling bravely, "I loathe men who did not fight. I guess it is because my youngest brother sleeps under the poppies in Flanders."

With the temperament of her race she changed her mood, laughing away the tears, hardly dry upon her apple blossom cheeks.

"So, Monsieur seeks excitement! A good time in Paris tonight!" she mused, wistfulness in her voice and eyes, as if my quest might have been her own. "I am worried . . . unhappy . . . tonight. Else I might try to help you," she finished.

"Together, Mam'selle, we might still

find what we both want—a taste of Paris for me; forgetfulness of worry and unhappiness for you," I suggested.

"Perhaps! Would Monsieur care to make the trial?" she questioned.

"Yes," I answered, aware that Paris had got me as Tully warned she would.

And why? Because Paris in the person of this girl had claimed me . . . spelled me; because she was Paris, and Paris was the girl, and—but, why try to explain things? I did not want to understand. I just wanted to go on feeling the spell of Paris!

I noted her tall, lithe figure. I liked tall girls. Sitting down, her height had not been so noticeable. But now as she swayed above me, commanding me by a gesture of her hand to remain seated, there was charming revelation of her body's tall supple glory.

"I must telephone a moment. You will not mind?"

"No—no!" But inwardly it rankled me to know she was going to telephone. I was still harassed by the thought that she had been waiting for another man—her sweetheart, or something like that.

The girl came back, threading her way through the maze of tables gracefully. It struck me forcibly to note how several of the waiters bowed grandly to her; and that one man, who looked as if he might be the manager, or proprietor, made his greeting very obvious. "What does this man?" I asked myself.

It could only mean one thing in my mind as I remembered some more of Randolph's gabble about Paris. It meant she was an habitué of the place—a regular customer. "It couldn't—not with her eyes! But, hell's bells, there she is nodding and talking to waiters as if—as—"

"I am at your service now," she announced as she reached the table.

"Fine," I answered in an assumed voice. "Where do we go from here?"

"Monsieur has no place he would like to visit—nothing he would like especially to do?" she countered.

"What is the *Café of the Red Hat* like?"

"It is very different. It is Paris! The Paris of the French. It is not for the tourists . . . but for the boulevardiers. It is in the *Quartier Latin*, my American. Shall we go there?"

"I will call a taxi," I answered, rising quickly.

JUST a moment—just," she cried, her hand reaching out to detain me. "Sit down."

I did as requested. What was the big idea? I wondered.

"Monsieur there is something else," she said, her eyes failing to meet mine for the first time. I thought I noticed an agitation on her lips that seemed to be communicating itself to her breast.

"Tonight my time is worth much money."

Damn! So that was it, money! Gad, how I hated to have her bring money into the affair. This was as bad as a stick-up on Broadway. Suddenly the charm of Paris—of the girl vanished.

I made another move to get up from the table. I had no intentions of calling a taxi this time. I was going to say good-night and beat it. She had smashed Paris' romantic spell!

But once again the touch of her hand upon my arm stayed me. I committed the folly of looking into her eyes. Suddenly my resolve crashed down before the assault her appeal launched.

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"How much do you want?" I asked, not caring why she demanded.

"Two thousand francs," she returned, her eyes again upon the table.

Two thousand francs! Translated into American money, about eighty dollars.

The sum would not break me, but upon giving it to her I wished there had been no financial arrangement. Of course, after that, I could not delude myself about her. Yet, I wanted to and hoped something would happen to prove her otherwise than she now seemed.

We were rocked violently back and forth as the chauffeur brought his bucking machine to a standstill. Rather sorry that the ride was over so quickly, I commanded my senses, got out, and helped the girl to the sidewalk. Paying the fare, I gazed about for some signs of a café. The street was deserted and all the houses loomed dark.

MONSIEUR must follow me. The *Café de la Red Hat* is not easy for a stranger to find. Come, we go up these stone steps," said the girl.

On the way up I learned from her that the *Red Hat* was indeed an unusual place. Every night there was novel kind of entertainment furnished by the guests themselves.

"Artistes of all kinds are habitués. Singers, painters, musicians, actors, actresses, girls of the boulevards. They all come to the *Red Hat* to find song and laughter. Every one who enters the *Café* pledges himself, or herself, to do whatever is asked for entertainment. No one knows when they will be called upon. Whoever has a red hat placed upon his head during the evening, entertains," she explained.

When a suspicious-eyed Frenchman partly opened the door of an apparently darkened house and asked for names, I was immediately reminded of speak-easies in New York, where a man must have his family history in the little Blue Book to get past the front door for a drink. My companion, however, seemed to have the magic countersign. Whatever she said caused the door to be swung wide.

"Bon soir, Mam'selle Helene," bowed the doorman, his welcome breaking up a new attempt on my part to delude myself about the girl. Here she was, well known again! Most likely notorious in every Paris *café* and rendezvous such as the *Red Hat*! I passed with her through a dim, luxuriously furnished hall into a vast room where a colorful crowd of men and women sat at tables grouped around a small stage. We progressed to one between a lane of smiles and bows.

Champagne was our order. An officious head-waiter, bent upon fulfilling Mam'selle Helene's every whim, hovered near as the *garçon* popped a Pol Roget cork expertly. I conclusively decided that the girl must bring much profitable trade to the *Café*.

I looked around, fleetingly appraising the faces of several girls. The men didn't matter. Most of them were temperamentals. I judged that by their artist make-up. But, the girls?

"Monsieur has not even told me his name as yet," reproved Helene.

"It is Dinn Harwood," I said. "D-i-n-e-e," she repeated slowly, pronouncing my name with a delightful accent, "Monsieur D-i-n-e-e."

An outburst of hand clapping and a noisy round of "bravos" filled the room with a stir of anticipation. Helene grasped my hand excitedly, pointing to the stage.

A waiter was setting up an easel, and arranging a table of paints. Suddenly a woman got up from a table near the stage and made an announcement. Helene explained that the evening's entertainment was about to begin. An artist, young and

unknown, had been discovered by one of the habitués. He was a veteran of the war, and had given a leg for France. The girl said this with a quiver of emotion in her voice.

"He is going to paint a 'naughty picture,' as you would say in America. Voilà! All the girls are to march past him. The one to whom he gives the red hat will be his model," she cried, half-rising from her chair. "Monsieur will pardon?" Helene darted away and later smiled back at me from her place in the fast forming line of women.

The soldier-artist inspected the girls by having them display much of their skirt-hidden pulchritude. Laughter, snappy repartee, and jest filled the room. I watched the limb and lingerie proceedings with a thumping heart.

Suddenly the artist clapped his hands, as a man does upon discovering something he wants. He reached behind the chair, picked up a scarlet high hat and set it at a rakish angle on Helene's head amidst a hullabaloo of cheer.

Helene, her face aglow with excitement and smiles, stepped to the edge of the tiny stage, and bowed. Her eyes sought mine; she bowed to me alone this time. Doffing the hat, she ran behind a curtain.

I drank no more champagne. No longer did I crave the false unlasting stimulation of fermented grapes. The sight of Helene's loveliness filled me with thrill enough . . . but thrill that was strangely mixed with indescribable regret. I could hardly wait for her to come back.

"I'll have to come down to earth then, and remember the truth of things. If only she were—a 'nice girl' I breathed, fighting an unaccountable impulse to think of Helene as a sweetheart.

Now I was handing her into a cab beside the star-grained Seine, my fingers nimble at the touch of her soft arm. I had no further plans—no suggestions for the rest of my adventure. Already it was late. Most of Paris was abed. Some how I wished I'd never met Helene.

Hesitantly I followed her, strangely at a loss to say what was in my mind. The girl seemed to sense the meaning of my indecision.

"Where have you told the driver?" she asked, her eyes upon the points of her slippers.

I did not answer.

"What does my American wish next? It is for him to say," her voice drifted to me, soft like the song of the murmurous waters nearby. Surely, I told myself, such a voice did not belong to the boulevards. But, bah! I had found her there and given her two thousand francs! For what? For what?

"What address for M'sieu . . . Mam'selle?"

The taxi driver's question shocked me into action.

WHERE do you live, Helene?" I asked, my mind made up.

"Where do you live, M'sieu?" she countered.

"I live at a hotel. I'm going to take you home. You seem very tired, Helene."

A little sob sundered her lips. Swiftly her hands flew to her face, covering her eyes. Baffled by these gestures, I watched her young breast rise and fall. Agitation swept over me. What could be the matter? Again came the desire to delude myself. She was crying—as if her heart would break.

"Helene," I cried, my arms going around her, "tell me what is wrong?"

For an answer her hands dropped down. She pressed tear wet cheeks against my lips, and held them there while a spell of sobbing shook her. Somehow, she mastered it.

"I live a long way from here. At the very end of the pavements of Paris. In Versailles. Monsieur may come with me. He need not return to Paris tonight," she said.

The ride was a thing of silence. Both of us seemed too deep in thought for words. Only once was this quiet broken.

"The crayon sketch of me was bought by a famous theatrical producer for five thousand francs. My collections for him, with the hat, added five more. Poor Monsieur Gaston fared well tonight at the *Café of the Red Hat*," she said as the machine passed beyond a gate, and the trees of Versailles began to string by.

The vast white place she led me toward, after alighting from the cab, struck me as being the kind of a hotel that might thrive on the patronage of pleasure seekers.

It was a Ritz place I admitted, entering a spacious and gorgeously furnished lobby. Helene marched straight to the desk. A man shook himself alive and bowed, again unpleasantly impressing me with the fact that wherever she went the girl rated bows and all that kind of stuff.

I did not understand her swift speech with the clerk. But I guessed its import when the man gave her a key.

"Come, Monsieur," beckoning to me with the key. We stopped before a door far down a corridor on the third floor. She opened it, passing beyond him into the mystery of velvet dark. A mellow light next revealed her standing against the wall of a sumptuous living-room.

"There is a sleeping chamber and bath beyond," she said, taking off her hat and moving over to a deep upholstered divan where she sank down with a sigh. I deposited my straw on the grand piano, and took a place beside her. For moments we sat gazing into each other's eyes: I was still trying to play at romance; Helene seemed steeped in thoughts of her own.

UNABLE to resist her appeal longer I drew the girl deep into my arms. My heart stood still, then bounded in my side as her own hands stole up and claimed my shoulders; as her lips trembled a few inches short of mine. I kissed her. In that moment I came face to face with a fact I had been trying to avoid all evening. I was in love with this gorgeous girl. She was my dream-woman—my glamour girl! And this regardless of everything!

I told her so; told her with all the strength of my arms, sincerity in my voice. She listened, and answered with little incoherent sounds that ended in kisses.

Just as the room seemed about to burn up, Helene tore away, and with a sob rushed like a frightened thing toward the door, flashed through, and shut it. I reeled after her, turned the knob and pushed forward. The door did not budge. It was locked fast! Vainly I shook and turned the knob. After many minutes I broke the paralysis of my mind and body following Helene's unaccountable flight. Going to a French window I looked out upon a balcony. Beyond the iron railing of the balcony, loitered and loafed the starlit spaces of the Versailles night.

In the cool fresh air I studied my surroundings: a garden of flowers below; trees and houses rising like vague shadows beyond the garden. I took a few steps on the balcony. Suddenly I stood stock still in my tracks, my eyes focusing upon a tableau being enacted in a room next to my suite. I moved closer to the window.

A young man stood in the middle of a large chamber, holding a woman in his arms. The woman released herself, confirming my bursting suspicion with a jolt. She was Helene!

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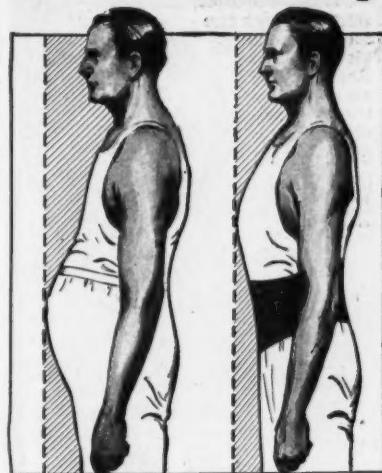
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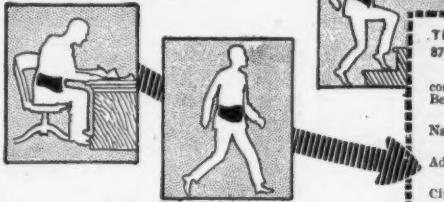
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She stuffed a roll of francs into the
youth's hands. There was another embr-
ace. The pair moved toward a door.
Darkness!

How I mastered the mad urge to break
through that window, throttle the man,
and curse the girl for having sold me,
I don't yet understand. All that I could
realize was that I had been bunked; sold
out; made a fool of, and that now the
man who had got my two thousand francs
was most likely holding the beautiful
Helene in his arms.

It was dawning when I drifted into fit-
ful slumber. About nine I waked, dressed,
and started for the street. In the lobby
I was held up by a bowing man in frock
coat attire.

"Monsieur Harwood is being awaited in
Monsieur Varron's private breakfast
room by Mam-selle Helene," announced
the man.

I allowed myself to be led into the
presence of the girl. I intended saying
something she would not soon forget; I
would teach her to bamboozle Americans
out of two thousand francs and their self-
respect!

"You little liar," I began, vexed at the
beauty of the girl as she smiled. "I've
got a good mind to have you arrested—"

"Monsieur D-i-n-e-e," she interrupted,
alarm and pain mixing in her voice, "what
are you saying? You are angry because
I ran away last night? Ah, do you not
understand why I did? Please—I ran
because—because I knew I had no sense
there in your arms. I knew I could not—"

"I'm not thinking about that part of it,"
I crashed in; "I'm thinking about your
giving my money to another man—your
lover," I sneered, watching the girl's face
go red, turn deathly white, and then flush
crimson again. She tottered unsteadily
upon her feet as if I had rocked her with
a blow. Then the tears drowned her eyes.
"You know . . . you saw—?"

"Yes, I know, and I saw you give it to
him. I was on the balcony."

"Mon Dieu! How terrible!" she
sobbed; "but, Monsieur must let me ex-
plain," her eyes, now holding a hunted
look, swept the room furtively. It seemed
a relief that the door was closed. She
went on in a lowered voice that lost none
of its tense drama by the pause. "The
man was my brother Edward—my poor
brother who is being hounded by gamblers
for debts he has made at the tables. They
threaten to tell my father. Today he had
to have ten thousand francs. Between us
we had scraped eight. That is why I
bargained last night with you for two
thousand. That is why I went to the
telephone. I told him not to worry; that
I would have the money—"

"Good God! And I thought that you—"

"YOU thought what, D-i-n-e-e?" she
asked softly, swaying toward me, her
hands reaching out and taking hold of my
coat lapels. But I did not tell her what
I had thought. Instead, I asked her who
she was.

"Helene Varron. My father owns this
house," she told me simply. Her words
hit me like a ton of happy dynamite. They
explained a thing that had worried me—
her popularity with café waiters and
managers. Of course, I told myself, they
knew her as Monsieur Varron's daughter.
They also expelled the word "boulevard"
from my vocabulary. They destroyed
every whit of confidence I may have once
owned in my judgment of women.

"You will come with me now? I will
find my brother. You shall see for your-
self."

But, Helene Varron's words turned into
kisses for I swept her into my arms, and we
both closed our eyes in a moment that
claimed us in love's name.

"I told you last night that I loved you,
Helene. I am telling you so again this
morning. Do you hear me? Do you
believe?" I asked.

"Yes, my sweetheart," was her answer.
"I locked you in the room because—be-
cause I wanted to keep you."

Over the Fence

[Continued from page 39]

that the cover charge had been raised
from one dollar to two-fifty. That made
five dollars for Carrots and me to park
our feet under a white clothed table in the
Marine dining-room. Five dollars! I
kept saying over and over to myself.
That would buy one of those darling blue-
pleated shirts for Carrots—all the while,
of course, smiling brightly and agreeing
that yes, this was perfectly great fun.

There was fun in it, of course. All of
us dressed in our very best and determined
to look cheerful even though we spent our
Thanksgiving turkey money doing it.
Ethel reigned, and she deserved to, because
she looked queenly in her black sequinned
evening dress with its train on one side.
I asked Carrots privately if he admired
the train and he said, "Naw!" He didn't
think so much of trains. Though it
soothed me, it didn't fool me. I looked like
a little country girl out for her first
dance in white brocaded taffeta looped up
with bluish pink roses. Bob White said
some nice things about it, but I tried to
remember he was being polite.

IGNORANTLY blissful, I ate on, un-
aware of the shock ahead of me. For
at quarter of one they opened the Black Cat
room, and Ethel said that we couldn't have
a complete dancing party without ending
up in the Black Cat room where we could
dance until morning.

"Carrots," I managed to whisper in an
agony of fear, under cover of the noise,

"have we got enough money?" We ex-
changed looks of mute misery. And how
did we know but that every last one of
the crowd were doing the same?

"Yes," he hissed, "I've got my whole
month's salary."

"Oh, Lord," I murmured, "let him have
some left—enough to pay Carrie and the
laundry."

The cover charges in the Black Cat
room went the Marine room a few better.
Five dollars a place!

Money, money, money! We danced and
drank and ate—and flirted mildly—until
four-thirty, then by common consent we
stamped for the dressing-rooms.

"Perfectly adorable time, Ethel. So
glad you thought of it. We'll have to do
it lots."

"Liar!" I hurled at Lotta Frank—just
in my mind, of course—as she busied herself
putting on a faint morning complexion.

"It truly has been stunning. I've danced
almost holes in my pumps, and one perfectly
strange man kissed me. I wish I could
find him again." Harriet sighed dreamily
and felt her tired feet.

"Send him up, angel, if you do." Ethel
was feeling tremendously pleased with her-
self and all the world.

Ethel wanted us to breakfast with them
but I couldn't. What I wanted most to
do was to get into our house, where I
could cry on Carrot's shoulder.

All Carrots said was, "Was it worth it

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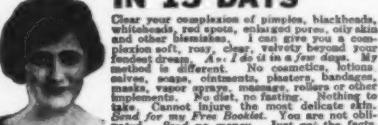
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"Watch my boy arrive at school, 3 miles away."—Mrs. Anna

seemed to gain the impression that my husband and Mrs. Eldred had a buried love affair.

Some of them looked frankly curious. Others averted their faces in extreme delicacy, and as for me, I looked miserably down into my salad plate. The lettuce and mayonnaise swam beneath my eyes and before I could avert the catastrophe one big blobby tear fell with a salty splash to thin out the dressing.

But my afternoon wasn't to be complete without more reminders of my friends, the Eldreds. Before we commenced playing I seized the opportunity to run up and powder my burning face, and when I slipped into Ethel's room I heard voices in her bathroom, but thought nothing of it.

"Don't you adore this new toilet water of Ethel's?"

Lotta Franks' voice, I idly noted as I bent over the bed worming my vanity out of my coat pocket.

YAH! Good heavens! Is that a run in the heel of these perfectly new chiffon hose? Tell me, Lotta; I can't see it very well."

I smiled. Mrs. Deering was too fat to see the back of her heel. The voices lowered, then unconsciously raised a little.

"My dear—" it was Lotta again—"it's a positive fact. Everyone knows that though he was engaged to Beth when he went across, he got simply wild over this woman, this Doris Eldred. And—nay dear—she had a husband, and Mansfield knew it! So what was he to do? We all felt dreadfully sorry for poor Beth, but she never let anyone see how she felt, and they were married as soon as he came back. You mark my words, there is something pretty queer about their sudden friendship with these Eldreds now. Don't you think it's queer she never has us meet them? I shouldn't wonder if Mansfield still . . ."

The voice carefully died down as they opened the door leading into the hall and went downstairs. I sat weakly down on someone's hat. Then, if never before, I felt fully the sting of malicious gossip. So that is what my good friends had been saying for the past three years. How, out of nothing at all, a dreadful yarn could be spun! A tale devastating to one's happiness. Doris Elton had been a wonderful friend to Carrots when he was alone and dreadfully homesick. She had been as kind to him as one human being can be to another in time of stress. This was the thanks she got! I had never met her because she and her husband were still living abroad; but we corresponded, and I felt as though she were a dear friend. How could these girls talk so cruelly?

Carrots kept asking me what was the matter all evening. "Don't you feel good, dear? Does that tooth still bother you?" and a hundred and one things. But I had to keep still as to the real trouble. That was the worst of it. If I could have told him! But I didn't dare, because he would have made me tell the trut' right away, and I was so cowardly that I would suffer misunderstanding rather than confess that we couldn't do the things the rest did.

Not long after, I began to hear that I was looking bad. One after another told me I was losing weight, and looked dragged out. I was and I did. There's nothing like a secret worry to pull you down. Every time I went to a party I could imagine that the girls were looking at me and saying, "Poor Buzz! She's married to man who lost his heart to a married woman and took Buzz because he couldn't have the one he wanted."

That is what I could hear them whispering. So is it any wonder that I did not

enjoy going out? And when Ethel and Lotta planned a big Easter spree at Draper Hall, I didn't even bother to hide behind the Eldreds. I told half the truth at least; just said I didn't feel up to it. Ethel looked at me in a puzzled way, and Lotta put her arm around me kindly and said, "Never mind, Buzz; you'll feel better bye and bye." And left me wondering what on earth she meant.

I didn't have long to wonder because one day the week after I was coming out of old Dr. Bixby's, where I had gone to see if he could give me something for a tonic, and I met Mrs. Deering at the gate. I flushed; I could feel it. Everytime I see her I think of that awful afternoon at Ethel's. But she was cordial. She caught my hand and squeezed it so warmly. "Well, Buzz, dear, how goes it? My child, I want you to know—I'm so glad!"

There was no mistaking her suspicion, and I was so taken by surprise—knowing it wasn't true—and so unnerved, that I felt my eyes filling with tears. What could I say to that awful woman?

NOw, now, dear, don't cry. It'll be just fine after awhile. Why, when Junior was coming . . .

I didn't wait to hear about Junior, but wrenched my hand away and fairly ran down the block, tears blurring my sight so that I could scarcely see where I was running. What had I got myself into? How could I go and tell Mrs. Deering—and everybody—that all that was the trouble with me was that I had made up some people and now they were hung around my neck like a millstone?

I was so miserable that I cried if the iceman made a little more noise than usual. My love for my home had been completely submerged in a horrible fear of Ethel White. I became thoroughly morbid about Ethel and all the girls. I even began to be twisted and suspicious about my two oldest friends, Harriet and Bertha. Each night I'd ask myself what would happen next.

Then the next thing did happen. It was a bright sunny morning in the early spring, and Harriet had just called me up and been as dear and friendly as though she hadn't been talking about me to every person she met. When I thought that, some of my old common sense returned and I said right out loud: "You goose! How do you know she has?" In fact, you know very well that Harriet wouldn't! Somehow I felt better and started to sing as I put shy yellow crocuses in a flat blue bowl. There's nothing like yellow flowers in a blue bowl to chase away the grumps.

A gay little wind went skipping along the street and it peeked in at the open French windows perking me up still more. I almost felt like surprising Carrots and calling him up to say I'd lunch in town with him, when the door bell rang. This was a loud, demanding ring and I put down the flowers in my hand and hurried to the door, hoping it might be something very nice.

But at first sight it wasn't. It was an unhappy looking man who had covered one eye with his hand while the other was diving in various pockets in search of a handkerchief. Water was streaming down his cheek and he looked as helpless as anyone does who is in the throes of having something in his eye.

"Oh, come right in, do, and I'll try and get it out for you!" Hurriedly, I shoved him through the hall into the living-room where I unceremoniously shoved him down on the davenport.

"It's a cinder, I think," he groaned. Even a groan sounding pleasant in his voice. I had one of my impetuous hunches that he was nice, whoever he was.

"I'll get it right out. Now . . . look

up . . . just one second . . . roll your eye." And taking my fresh pocket handkerchief I deftly rolled back the lid and caught the cinder on the corner of the handkerchief. There was no denying his deep gratitude. He found his own and blew his nose profoundly.

"Lord! That was miserable. Thank you a hundred times."

He had brown hair and blue eyes Nothing remarkable, like Carrots, but still awfully nice. "Oh," I answered modestly, "I was so glad to do it for you. I always get 'em out for my husband."

He had a jolly smile I decided. "You're Mrs. Durand?"

"Yes, I am." I thought I might as well own up to it.

"My name's Eldred—" he began, but stopped in surprise as I grabbed the arm of the davenport in consternation.

"Where do you come from?" I managed weakly.

"Why . . . er . . . Chicago." He admitted guiltily.

"Oh, my!" I leaned back in my corner of the davenport waiting for him to explain this fairy-tale visit.

"Mrs. Durand, I've been sent to you in the interests of the Berkeley Credit Association."

My scalp lifted itself loose from my head. What had Carrots and I neglected to pay?

"Your uncle, who as you know, is a director, told me it would be all right to come personally to you and that I could consider my business safe and confidential with you."

I was still worried. Uncle Harry, who also lived in Chicago, was in this company, but what had that to do with me?

"Yes?" I raised my eyebrows.

Mr. Eldred became serious. "We are having to look up the Whites who recently lived in Chicago and who now live next door to you. The fact is, his creditors fear he is going into bankruptcy, and they'd like to nail him before he gets the chance. Now, if you'll answer these questions for me . . ." He drew out a business like note book. "You see, we want to get the scale on which they are living—"

He said a lot more and asked me many questions, the answers of which he carefully wrote down in the book. Keeping Uncle Harry in mind, I answered as honestly as I could. When I was at all in doubt I would not answer. I was in terror of making it worse for the Whites' than it was already. I felt as though I were on the witness stand.

"You know, Mrs. Durand, there is a striking psychological effect from one couple like the Whites living in a suburb. They create an undercurrent of dissatisfaction among their acquaintances. I can tell you, I'm sure, that this past year, we've had more work to do for clients in collecting bills from Elmdale folks than we've had before in the past five years."

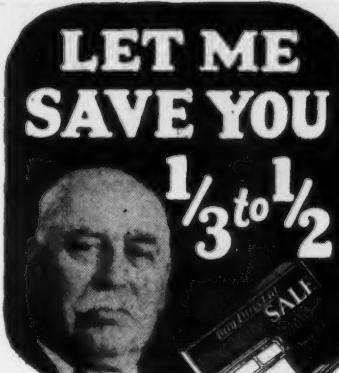
I LEANED back, limp, against the cushions. "Not us . . ."

He laughed as though at a good joke. "No, not you. But you'd be surprised if you could see the list of those who have fallen from the grace of sure credit. And why? All because two foolish young people are living far beyond their means. I tell you, Mrs. Durand, it never pays!"

"Oh, I know it! I know it. You can't know how sincerely I agree with you."

"Here we have this man and woman. Some might contend that they are harming none but themselves, but that is not true. They are spreading a disease germ of unhealthy living and so should be separated from—"

Mr. Eldred was carrying me along in his earnestness and I was leaning toward



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him, eagerly absorbed in the argument, when suddenly he was arrested by something, or someone, that I could not see. I turned my head around to the French windows and gasped. I could feel wave after wave of hot red creep up my neck and cover my face. Ethel, looking stunning in her street costume of old blue and squirrel, was standing in the opened windows.

How much had she heard? I hazily arose and went toward her. Mr. Eldred stood, my pink handkerchief dangling boldly from his long fingers. Never had a handkerchief of mine looked so accusingly pink, or so terribly guilty. Bravely I introduced Mr. Eldred. I wondered what she would say . . . and what he would say.

Ethel stepped forward warmly. "Mr. Eldred, it's so nice to know you. You've no idea how much we've all wanted to meet Mrs. Eldred and you, when you've been down. I hope you're staying a few days this time?"

The pink of the handkerchief disappeared as it was crumpled into a ball in Mr. Eldred's palm; it was the only sign of his agitation. He smiled pleasantly and said that he was mighty glad to know Mrs. Durand's friends. But no, he wasn't staying this time, and Mrs. Eldred hadn't come. Some time soon, though; he was merely up on business . . .

He had made it worse! Up on business, and sitting in my living-room at eleven o'clock in the morning, holding my pink handkerchief!

I don't remember how Ethel took herself off. Everything was blurred and all I could think of was what I would say to this man after she left. Well, the long and short of it was that though I feared to tell the truth to my friends, to this person whom I had never seen before, I blurted out the whole story. I felt lighter and lighter as I went along because I was digging out the worry that had accumulated and hindered my content for months. When it was over, I said stonily: "Now you see what I have been doing all these months—all on account of my neighbors who spend too much money."

His face was sober, but I caught a twinkle far back in his eye.

AT LEAST you didn't spend what wasn't yours to spend!"

"No . . . b.t it's almost as bad. I lied to get out of doing so."

I made up my mind to tell Carrots the very first thing when he came home for dinner. I would have telephoned, but was afraid of someone accidentally hearing; in our suburb it has been known to happen. I tried not to notice that Ethel was giving a party that afternoon and had left me out. There was a buoyant hope leavening my misery now; Ethel and Bob were going to leave Elmdale! Mr. Eldred had said so. And until they did, I could stand it. Though I couldn't help shuddering when I thought of that pink handkerchief and wondered what story Ethel had made up about it! It seemed so damning!

When I told Carrots he advised me to sit tight and wait. Mr. Eldred had also been down to see him and had told him that the White's creditors were going to take over their equity in the house.

"So, honey, they will be going out of our lives so soon that we can afford to patiently wait."

"But, Carrots, I'm so worried about what she might have said about Mr. Eldred's being here when she came in."

That only made Carrots laugh. And every time he thought of the peculiar coincidence of there really being a Mr. Eldred, he laughed harder. It was a good joke to him.

I don't deny that I spent the next few

days in being noble. Every time I saw Ethel go in or out of her house I spent a full minute in being sorry for her. I wondered how soon they would be leaving and how poor Bob must feel at the disgrace of not paying his bills. I wondered what their future years were going to be: whether they would stick it out together, and a hundred and one things that one woman who feels virtuous thinks about another whom she thinks is all wrong.

But my smug righteousness was crashed into terribly on the calmest of domestic evenings, when Carrots was dozing on the davenport and I was working out a crossword puzzle.

THE bell rang, and being too lazy to move, I let Carry answer, to hear my aunt Ellen's agitated voice in the offing, as it were. I couldn't help but hear plainly, as our hall is almost part of our living-room. The space in our house is utilized with every economy.

"Buzzy Durand!" She was so agitated that she forgot to be dignified and call me Bethune. "What's this impossible story that is circulating the town about you and your husband being divorced?" She rustled in angrily and puffed herself down into a chair that was much too low for her tight corsets.

"Here, Auntie, take this chair. You know you like it better than that one." I helped her work her way out of the low chair and into an upright one that fitted. She glared at the offending chair she had just abandoned and turned on Carrots who was sitting up, still half asleep and hazy as to what she had just said.

"Well, young man, what do you mean by letting your wife divorce you?"

Carrots looked vaguely surprised. "Say, Buzz, what does she mean?" He passed his hand worriedly across his forehead.

I felt sick and shaken. "Aunt Ellen, what do you mean? Believe me, Carrots dear, I never thought of such a thing. There is some awful misunderstanding."

Trembling, I went to stand near Carrots, who was now wide awake, and who put his arm tight around me. "Sit down here, Buzz," he commanded shortly. "We'll get to the bottom of this thing. Now, Aunt Ellen, where did you hear this ridiculous story—"

Voices on the veranda interrupted him and we instinctively braced ourselves for the ringing of the bell. I flew to answer and there were Bertha and Fritz both looking anxiously concerned.

"Buzz, dear, we just couldn't believe it. And we came over to ask you and Carrots about it. It didn't seem fair to listen to such stories and not let you know that they were going around."

"You bet!" agreed Carrots firmly. "Here's Aunt Ellen, here, accusing us of wanting to be divorced—"

"Mrs. Deering told me," Aunt Ellen started doing her duty grimly.

"Lotta Franks called me up yesterday and asked me if I had heard about it!" Bertha said, so solemn that it was funny. "It came from Ethel White, originally. She gave a party last Wednesday—we weren't asked, but we heard about it. At her party Ethel told the girls how she had stepped into your house in the morning and found your friend, Mr. Eldred, there, and he was talking to you about his wife and your husband. You see—"

Here Bertha became fearfully embarrassed.

"Don't spare us. This is good. Go right on," encouraged Carrots with the oddest smile on his face.

"Well, Ethel said that you and Mrs. Eldred had loved one another for years. Lotta Franks had told her, she said. And now Mr. Eldred and Buzz had decided to give you both the freedom of divorce.

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She said she distinctly heard Mr. Eldred making the arrangements with Buzz. Then, she got a little scared at which she had told and made the girls promise to keep it a dead secret."

We all laughed at the secrecy with which it had been kept.

"Oh, Buzzy, dear, it can't be true, can it? You and Carrots have been so happy. . . . I couldn't stand it if it were true." Bertha came over and took my free hand in hers.

"You're real friends of ours." My voice was husky, and I had forgotten my aunt who sat there listening attentively.

"You bet they are. And they deserve the truth, Buzz, don't they?" Carrots was almost humorous by now. "We'll tell 'em, eh Buzzy?" I nodded.

"My dear friends, one and all!" Carrots rose to his feet as though he were making an oration. "There aren't—and there never have been—any Eldreds!"

They all sat stupidly silent. Carrots hurried on. "The Eldreds, with us, was what Bertha's gripe was to you." He looked challengingly at Fritz. Fritz and Bertha grinned. "And what your mother's sudden visit was to you—" Bertha blushed guiltily but Fritz laughed. "And what your numerous other excuses meant to all of you. We simply made the Eldreds up out of whole cloth!" How dear of Carrots to say "we." I loved him for it. "So, ladies and gentlemen, I repeat, there are no Eldreds in the lives of the Durands."

The bell rang loudly and we sat silent wondering who the next people would be. Carry came to the living-room door. She was polite, as she always is when strangers come. "Mr. and Mrs. Eldred," she announced plainly.

There they stood, Mr. Eldred looking quite the same as when I had seen him before, only his eye wasn't red and inflamed. And his wife was the sweetest looking girl you'd want to see. But I was absolutely incapable of going forward to greet them.

CARROTS, I can't—I can't do a thing. You'll have to straighten it out some way!" I sank down on the davenport and shamelessly refused to do my part.

After one look at the horror written on the faces of our chums, I succumbed to hysterical laughter.

Carrots and Mr. Eldred capably untwisted the tangle and Aunt Ellen left peacefully, assured that for the time being our happiness was quite intact. After she left the six of us settled down for a good talk. Carrots was all for going in and making Ethel White take back her scandalous story. But I was so happy and relieved to know that Bertha and Harriet knew the truth after these months of deception, that I wouldn't let him. Mr. Eldred advised against it, too.

"I hardly think you would find them receiving callers," he ventured. "That's why I'm here again. Knowing that I would stay until this matter is cleared up, I brought Mrs. Eldred, and of course, wanted her to know Mrs. Durand. But the Whites are leaving you for Chicago tomorrow."

We all respected his business in moving the Whites back to Chicago, and so felt delicate about pursuing the topic. But the Eldreds stayed after the others gaily waved good-by, and he told us then that Bob White had suggested that they return to their home city where their living expenses would be cut to almost nothing—by living with his folks—and he would have more of an opportunity to catch up.

But we have something to thank the Whites for. They brought into our lives two of the finest people we'll ever know, and they are, our friends, the Eldreds!

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"BETTY, you look lovely today. That gown is wonderful. It gives you a much better figure and the coloring is just right for your complexion. Wait till George sees you now."

"It is nice, isn't it? I am now designing and making a black velvet evening gown. Wait until you see that."

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"I couldn't. But fortunately I read of a wonderful school that comes right into your own home. You can now have three beautiful gowns for the price of a former one. On this one gown alone I saved several times the cost of the instruction. Over 21,000 women have taken this instructive course. You girls ought to take it; why don't you?"

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Send me FREE SAMPLE LESSONS from the Learn-at-Home System
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The Handsome Brute

[Continued from page 71]

on a friendly footing with the other men of the company. Within three days all were calling him by his first name and helping him with the patter and steps of his role. Even the one or two who, at first, were inclined to look upon him with jealous eyes, were won over, for he worked like a day laborer to master his part and led the laughs at his blunders.

The only case of open antagonism was in a most unexpected quarter: Alice Ross, our pretty and petite ingénue, whose role required that she play opposite Al most of the time and sing and dance with him repeatedly.

A LICE had been one of my particular favorites during the five years she had been on the stage. For it was I who gave her a job with the old MacFall Opera Company when she came to me right from a Philadelphia church choir.

And the girl was worthy of my fatherly affection, for not only was she a little beauty and the possessor of a fine soprano voice, but she was unaffected, intelligent, and square as they made 'em.

I noted that when she was introduced to Lowell she made but a perfunctory reply to his laughing acknowledgment. And during the rehearsal she appeared to "grouch" through her work and did little to prompt her future stage partner.

"Why the pheeve this afternoon, Alice?" I asked, as we left the theatre together and trailed the others back to the hotel.

"Because you might have picked something besides a dancing doll to take Car-taret's place."

"I don't quite get you."

"Yes, you do, Dave, perfectly. You know how I detest these insufferably handsome men. And you've put me in a position where I must play opposite to one of the worst of the species; a rosy-cheeked, curly-haired, conceited—"

"Whoa, Alice! Wait a minute. You're taking snap judgment, and it's all wrong. This boy isn't conceited. And, besides, you never found good looks a handicap in this business, did you?"

"Oh, that's different. A woman must have them to hold her own on the stage. But a man should look the part; not like a counterfeit for a collar ad."

"Well," I finished, as we entered the hotel lobby, "try to be yourself and give him a chance to show what he really is. I think you're going to change your mind about Lowell."

But she didn't, not so I noted it. Al sensed her antagonism. So did the others of the company. It annoyed him. And he tried to overcome it by being extremely deferential whenever they met, and giving her the best of it when they were on the stage together.

Right then I don't believe Alice appealed to him any more than did the other women of the company. But he realized why she treated him with studied indifference. And it probably stung him to learn that one of the most respected and intelligent of his associates would permit prejudice to govern her.

Al was a willing, but not an entirely finished performer. And in his first few weeks with us he frequently made some slight slip in his steps or in his speeches. On such occasions, particularly when he was dancing with Alice, I suspected that she said things which further upset him. For, from my post in the wings, I noted that his face would flush and the tell-tale little line between his eyes would grow deeper.

Then one night came a particularly un-

fortunate mishap. Al missed catching his partner as she swung through the gyrations of a difficult acrobatic dance number, and she all but slipped to the floor. As they came off stage together, she furiously angry, he crimson and embarrassed, he began to stammer an apology.

But, stamping her foot, she cut him short with: "Don't bother excusing yourself. Your looks will get you by, even if you are clumsy."

Al went paper white beneath his makeup and his hands clenched until the veins stood out like twisted thongs. But he didn't utter the words which must have been burning just behind his set lips. For a full moment he held her, eye to eye; then he turned with a shrug and went to his dressing room.

I knew, from the flash she gave me, she regretted her bitter speech. For a moment I thought she was tempted to follow and apologize. But she didn't. And, once again I wondered if her persistent show of resentment was not a cloak to hide a tremendous change which had taken place in her feelings.

The change in her manner made a mighty difference in Al. He appeared as happy as a big school boy. The others smiled knowingly, figuring he was just tickled with himself at "bringing Alice down to earth." But I caught the situation from another slant. To me the signs pointed just one way. Al had really fallen in love with his tantalizing partner, and was hard hit.

Things drifted along in this rather happy state of suspense until after we had completed our dates up in Washington and Oregon, and were working over the California circuit. Then, quite suddenly, I noted that some of the pep appeared to have gone out of the lad's work, his laugh was more forced than spontaneous, and more often than not, he went directly to his room following the final curtain. Alice's efforts also seemed to lose some of their customary flash.

It was two nights before we were to leave the coast for the trek back East that I learned the truth. Al waited for me until the last performer had left the showshop, and together we went to a quiet little restaurant for a late bite.

It was at the conclusion of our meal, at a table far removed from others in the place, that he started me with: "Mr. Crossley, I'm leaving the company in two weeks."

"Nonsense, Al," I blurted, when I had recovered from my surprise. "Why we just couldn't get along without you."

THERE came a flicker of the old smile, but he shook his head. "You always can fill the place of a dancing man." A hint of bitterness marked his tone.

"Listen, boy," I said, "I think you realize I'm a good friend. Now come clean with me. Isn't Alice concerned in this?"

For a full minute he hesitated. Then, "Yes. You probably realized long ago I was in love with her. And she's the first woman I ever wanted to possess—believe it or not. Some time back I asked her to marry me. She put me off. Today I insisted upon a final answer. She refused. That's all."

"No, there's a lot more, son. I was certain she had learned to like you, a lot."

"I thought the same thing. Today I learned differently. She merely had tried to be kind to me to make good for some of the harsh things she had said. But my proposal revived all the old prejudice. She never has and never will believe that a—



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well; a good looking fellow—can at the same time be the kind of a he-man a woman knows she can depend upon in an emergency. She told me so, bluntly."

"Well?" I prompted when he paused.

"You're entitled to a full explanation, Mr. Crossley," he interrupted, "so I'll tell a bit of my past history. I was born and raised in a half-pint Texas town down near the Rio Grande border. My father was a poor business man, but he managed to raise enough cattle on his little ranch to keep me and my invalid mother. I grew up pretty wild, but I did like books and studied hard. When I'd cleared the Texas schools my dad pinched some and sent me to Yale. There I took to athletics—My father died. I went home to look after my mother. I had not been informed, but she had become bed-ridden in my absence. When I took stock of things I found we were broke; everything mortgaged. And Mother needed constant doctors' care. I took any and every job I could get in an effort to take care of her properly.

"But I couldn't earn enough. And the doctors told me she would live only if sent to one of the big cities and placed under the care of specialists.

"Then an agent from Denver came along signing up riders for a rodeo company to tour the East. He was the first one to tell me in cold blood about my looks. I had taken it as a big joke when the boys called me 'Cupid' in college. He said I'd make a killing as a show rider; offered me more money a week than I could earn in Texas in a month. The job meant that I could do the things my mother required. I took it. What followed I can cut short. The manager of a small show offered me a place after I wound up a season of riding. I went with him; then with other and better outfits until I came to you."

BUT you've still got to earn good money, haven't you?"

"No. My mother—died—while I was playing in Chicago. I'm free now. And I'm going back to Texas where they don't care a hang what a man looks like so long as he can ride a horse and mind his own business."

Finally, he agreed to remain, at least through the Texas stops.

I surely was sorry for the boy. And I was mighty glad when, in the succeeding performances, the little dancer displayed no ill will toward Al, though she avoided him persistently off stage.

Following the completion of the El Paso engagement, we headed for the larger cities in the eastern end of the state, using a special train equipped with a diner, because of the long jump. However, we had little more than passed the Pecos River section, when I received a telegram from the New York office, telling me to hold the company at Junction City for three days, permitting the performers to go to the local hotels or use the cars as they chose.

Rain was falling steadily when we reached Junction City, so most of the principals trailed me to the town's largest hotel. But it wasn't much more comfortable there than in the cars. And as the storm continued, confining us indoors, we were fit to be tied by bed time.

However, the morning following came through sunny and warm, and after breakfast my temperamental crew became more cheerful and began planning various outings to kill time. It was along about ten, when I was lolling in the shade of the porch matching quarters with Reilly, Al and two or three others of the men, that Alice, almost dancing with nervous excitement, came hurrying up accompanied by several of the girls.

"Oh, Dave, we've just learned of a place that's really worth seeing. We want you

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IS YOUR complexion literally ruined by pimples, acne, or other unsightly blemishes? Is your skin muddy and sallow? Don't worry, and don't give up—no matter what you have tried, or how bad your case, I am positive that my simple, secret home treatment will give you a beautiful complexion free from every blemish. And the beauty of it all is the speed and ease with which it is accomplished. Frequently users report an amazing improvement in one day, and every pimple vanished in one week.

Thousands Have Proved That You Can Have a Clear Skin

Thousands of men and women in all parts of the U. S. and many foreign countries, who had given up after trying every conceivable method are now rejoicing in healthy, clear, attractive skins after using my delightful treatment a few days. These letters are typical of thousands.

Foreign Countries Like It, Too

Mr. Warren: Lingayen, Pangasinan. Pardon me for not writing you immediately when I received your treatment and your letters. I am glad to inform you that your treatment has caused practically all the pimples on my face to vanish. I will tell my friends about this great improvement and get them to order from you.

Yours, JOSE S. ESPINO.

Removes Pimples In 8 Days

Dear Friend: Colorado, Texas. I can't thank you enough for Clear-Plex. I have used it eight days and all of my pimples and blackheads are all gone nearly, and my face is smooth and soft.

ALMA CORSTENSEN.

Cures Fourteen-Year-Old Girl

Dear Friend: Bay City, Mich. I can't praise your Clear-Plex enough for what it has done for my 14-year-old daughter. I felt that her looks were ruined for life till I began using your Clear-Plex. Now her face is almost entirely well and she has a beautiful, clear, soft, velvety complexion.

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This old saying is literally true. An unsightly skin makes many an otherwise attractive man or woman a wall flower—makes them sensitive, embarrassed and repulses others. A fair, clear, soft, velvety skin draws friends to you and wins admiration, for beauty lies more in the complexion than in the features. Declare your independence today from your blemishes by using my wonderful home treatment.

TRY IT AT MY RISK

To prove that you can be rid of pimples, acne, brown spots, oily skin, blackheads and blemishes I want to send you my simple home treatment under plain wrapper to try ten days. You will find it wonderfully delightful as it is as simple and easy to use as toilet water. Without obligation, just write or print your name on a post card or the coupon below for my introductory 10-day FREE TRIAL Offer.

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Exhibited at the St. Louis Exposition

YEAR after year my school has grown and grown, until now I conduct one of the largest conservatories of the world. In 1923 and 1924 over three thousand students graduated from my Piano or Organ course and received their diplomas.

Yet, when I first started giving piano and organ lessons by mail in 1891 my method was laughed at. Could my conservatory have grown as it has, obtained students in every State of the Union, and, in fact, practically every civilized country of the world, unless it produced very unusual and satisfying RESULTS for its students? See for yourself what it is that has brought my method so rapidly to the front. Write for free booklet and sample lessons.

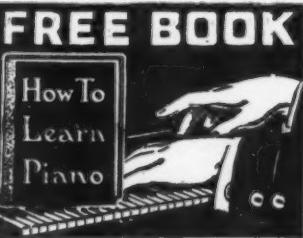
Now, for the first time, you can obtain sample lessons without charge. In the past I have always been opposed to sending out free lessons, even to persons who were seriously interested in my course. But my friends have insisted that I give everybody a chance to see for themselves just how simple, interesting and DIFFERENT my lessons are, and I have consented to try the experiment for a short time. Simply mail the coupon below or write a postcard, and the 64-page booklet and sample lessons will go to you at once and without obligation.

Within four lessons you will play an interesting piece on the piano or organ, not only in the original key, but in all other keys as well. Most students practice months before they acquire this ability. It is made possible by my patented invention, the Colorotone.

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the girls, but Alice led the way determinedly. One glance from the doorway told me it was the worst honk-a-tonk I ever had encountered. A tawdry dance hall, with a few loafers hanging over the bar, a half dozen couples swinging listlessly across the floor to the wheezing notes from a dilapidated piano, and a scattering of over-painted, short-skirted women and hard featured men drinking at the tables.

AS WE helped the girls down the steep stairway leading from the street, the confused, waspish buzz of the voices of the habitués was stilled. It was the kind of general sizing-up that gave you the creeps. Our party was ushered to tables near the space set aside for dancing and I gave an order for drinks.

One of the men whose swagger marked him as the bully of the place, and who had shouted something in Spanish which raised a laugh when we entered, was particularly repellent. Fully six feet in height, massive of shoulder, tanned almost to an Indian red and with an ugly scar across his cheek, he suggested all I ever had heard about the border bad man. Al saw me watching the hulking brute as he and his partner pirouetted past our table and caught the words I growled as he leered at our women.

"That's 'Big Tony,'" he whispered. "He's been the leader of a band of half-breed thieves and cattle rustlers for years."

Alice, sitting at my elbow, overheard the caution. And again the perverseness which had gripped her throughout the day asserted itself. "I'm going to dance," she declared. "Will you be my partner, Dave?"

I shook my head. But she was not to be denied. Leaning over to Kinsley, our tenor, she asked him to dance with her. The next moment they were swaying to the music, going through the steps of the intricate waltz number she and Al usually did in the show. The new steps made a hit with the border hoopers, and they fell back to give them the long once-over.

As the melody ceased I hoped she had completed her program of foolishness and motioned her to return to the table. But she shook her head. And, as the piano again started up, she and her partner began a new dance. However, as they passed Tony, he reached out, tore Alice from Kinsley's grasp and, holding her firmly in his great arms, swung along with her in our direction. Instinct brought us to our feet to interfere. But, though terror showed in her face, she forced a laugh and waved to us. The act emboldened the brute, who grimaced at us tauntingly. And, as they again approached, he suddenly bent over and kissed her.

For an instant the girl was stunned into helplessness. Then she jerked herself free and struck the grinning Tony full across the face. I never beheld such blistering menace as flamed in his eyes. Turning toward his followers, who had come to their feet, he shouted something in Spanish. One of them instantly dashed up the stairway and blocked the door, his revolver drawn; while the others fell back and grouped against the far end of the bar.

What followed was raw drama, lightning like in its rapidity. Whirling back to Alice, who had stood as though paralyzed, he pinioned her arms to her sides in a crushing embrace, lifted her from her feet and, despite her shrieks and efforts to free herself, dragged her with him as he tried to dance. I don't know what we would have accomplished against such odds, but we did start forward to help the girl.

However, with a yell of "Keep back, all of you, I'll handle this," Al hurled the table to the floor, was upon the couple in a flash and his right fist caught the half-breed with a blow which sent his head

rocking and forced him to release his hold upon Alice.

Giving her a shove which sent her spinning back among us, the lad set himself. At the unexpected attack upon their leader, some of his supporters sprang forward. But he ordered them back with an oath and faced his antagonist, bent upon revenge. With that kid and the husky lined up, it looked like the old David and Goliath act being restaged. And Tony also grasped the odds in his favor for, as I drew Alice moaning and choking into my arms, he laughed wickedly and lurched forward, swinging his great, knotted fists.

Then they were at each other, both striking full-arm-blows aimed for the head. Tony retreated but a step, then hurled himself into a clinch, in which they tugged and wrestled, then crashed to the planking.

If Tony had counted upon crippling his opponent by the sheer force of his weight, he quickly learned his mistake. There was a momentary wriggle of striking arms and kicking legs, when Al hurled the other from him and dragged himself to his feet. The halfbreed followed, yelling like a maddened animal. For a moment or two they circled each other. But, instead of using his fists, the brute suddenly whipped his revolver from its holder and attempted to aim from the hip. Al caught the movement from the beginning, clutched the weapon wrist with both hands and forced the barrel downward so the bullet tore into the floor. His next movement was a quick twist, and Tony dropped the weapon. There followed another locking of grips and over they toppled.

But they broke almost immediately, and as they again staggered to their feet, panting, gasping, their chests heaving as if their hearts were trying to burst their bonds, they appeared more brute than human. For their shirts had been ripped to ribbons, exposing the throbbing muscles which rose and fell beneath the welted flesh; their faces were battered and swollen and a trickle of crimson ran from a cut across Al's forehead, down into his eyes, partially blinding him.

For a full moment, or two, they teetered, heads lowered, gathering sufficient vitality to continue this battle to the death. Then, like snarling panthers, they flung themselves together again, each reaching for the other's throat, missing, then crashing in another fearful embrace.

BACK and forth they staggered, the desperado striving to twist his adversary into a position where he might resort to gouging. But Al, realizing his purpose, clung desperately close, giving him no opportunity to jam his hands into his face.

Suddenly Bad Tony changed his tactics, threw both arms about the youth and locked his grip with clenched fingers. And, as he gained the temporary advantage, the halfbreed braced himself, swung the other about, then pushed him before him toward the stairway.

I don't think any of us, crouching among the tables, palsied with fear, comprehended his purpose. I doubt if Al guessed it—at first.

Slowly, steadily, foot by foot the game lad was shoved back until the foot of the steps was but a few yards distant. Then the halfbreed's head shot up and he rasped, "Get him now, Jose. Quick!"

I glanced in the direction he had looked, toward the platform at the top near the doorway. The brave there crouched low and raised his revolver with unwavering hand.

I tried to cry a warning. My tongue swelled and choked me, my brain seemed to go numb.

But Al also had caught the cry; knew its meaning as fully as though he could see behind him. With a sudden tensing



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of his every muscle, he set himself, drew his arms closer about his opponent, literally lifted him from his feet and whirled him full around.

At the same instant there came the bark of a pistol; an agonizing cry. Then the head of Big Tony dropped sideways and his whole body seemed to crumple up and wilt.

Possibly the man on the stairway didn't realize the target he made. Probably he had no fear of a gun in the hands of one he believed a tenderfoot. With a derisive yell he started down the steps, his weapon held for a waist shot.

BUT he received his lesson; almost immediately. With a movement almost as darting as that of a cobra's lunge, Al's head and arm came above the table, and there was a flash and a burst of flame from his hand.

My eyes swept the stairs. The man called Jose stopped as suddenly as though turned to stone, his jaw dropping, his features twisting themselves into a horrible grimace. He seemed to pull himself upon his toes, his arms shot out and his fingers went wide, dropping his revolver with a clatter.

However, the horror of this second tragedy held me only for an instant. There came a warning shout from Al, and looking I saw him facing the other halfbreeds, his gun covering them. During the battle they had crowded close to the walls out of range, expecting a different ending. With their leaders down and writhing, they had started forward. But they proved cowards, the kind of riff-raff which usually constituted the following of the border bad men, hold only when holding an advantage, fighting only in mass. The mad, battling human animal before them had proved his prowess. They knew he had reached a stage where he would kill on the flesh. Their hands left their hips, and they drew back slowly, sullen and cursing, bluffed cold for the moment.

To that time I had forgotten everything except the battle before me. But, with the tension partly relaxed, I caught the sobs of the women, the deep, fearful breathing of the men behind me. And I wondered if we ever would escape from the trap in which we were caught.

Again his weapons covered Tony's men, moving slowly from side to side, that all might look into the muzzles and realize the death which menaced them.

"Are you there, Dave?" he shouted.

"Yes!" My reply was almost a roar. "Get everybody out and make for the border. I'll follow you."

I thanked God the boys were all on their feet. Al's words set them in motion with a jerk. I don't know how we did it, for two of the girls had fainted and the others were hysterical and shrieking. But, stumbling, pushing, scrambling, we got them into the open. I caught a glimpse of Alice, white as one dead, her limbs numb beyond the power to move, being carried by Peters, our husky heavy.

The machines were where we had left them, at the end of the street, with their drivers ready at the wheel. They had heard the shots and tumult, suspected something of the nature of what had taken place. But it was not their first experience with a Delnates' shooting scrape. And, being Americans, they had stuck, determined to do their part toward carrying their fares to safety.

Al had held his own all right—and more. He had backed up the steps and still mastered the situation from the doorway. "All right," I cried. "They've gone. Here's our car. Make it quick."

"Right," he shot back, without turning. Then he fired twice above the heads of those grouped below to further cow them,

stepped back and kicked shut the door. As we turned he staggered and leaned heavily upon the arm I extended. For the first time I noted the strip of shirt remaining about his waist was red and soaked. And, as the driver and I lifted him into the car, his guns slipped from his fingers and he slumped into a corner. We were off and headed for the open in seconds, and none sought to intercept us.

"Have you been shot, Al?" I questioned as, holding him in my arms, we whizzed past the town's last shack and began careening over the rutted road toward the line.

"It's nothing," he stammered. "Only a scratch. It's my—other side—that hurts. I've got a broken rib—or two—I guess. Just let me rest against your shoulder."

I said no more and tried to brace him so as to ease the jars. Soon we began to pass houses which suggested American architecture, and I was not surprised when the driver barked that we had crossed the line.

We were within a half mile of the town, when several mounted men pushed suddenly out of a cloud of dust around a turn in the road. The driver yelled a glad cry of, "Hello, Sheriff!" and pulled up as they surrounded us.

At his words, which came in a heavy rumble, Al opened his eyes and painfully pulled himself round until he faced the newcomer. As their looks met the youth nodded, and the sheriff, after a sort of gulp, stepped closer and peered closely into the youth's face. Then he gave a whoop, patted Al fatherly fashion on the head, turned and yelled: "Great gosh, boys, who do you suppose this is?"

"Yes, Sheriff. But I'm hurt a bit. I need a doctor. I wonder if you could—"

"Hell! That's bad. Here you," giving me a good natured push. "Into the front seat. I'll look after my old pal, Chet—to the driver—"make straight for the hospital. One of you cactus jumpers grab my horse and trail us."

I was still trying to arrange the disclosures of the day in some sequence when we drew up before the hospital. The sheriff and I helped to carry Al inside.

As we left the place together, after I had learned that Alice was not there, he requested my name, introduced himself as Bill Harkness, and motioned me to a bench near the gate with a request that I tell him what I knew about Al and if he really were an actor.

Briefly I sketched the youth's career since joining our company; then asked that he return the favor and enlighten me concerning Al's past, of which I had been almost in ignorance until that afternoon.

"Just like the boy," said Harkness. "Never was so hand to talk much or brag. But fight! Man, Al was a human wildcat if you got him mad. At least he was up to the time he left us to go with the rodeo. And I'll stake a long-horn against a Mex dollar it was just like old times to him when he tore into those halfbreeds."

THEN, in short sentences liberally punctuated with chuckles, he unfolded a past concerning my protege which was positively amazing. For Al, while still a school boy, had ridden and fought side by side with the men who had battled the cattle rustlers. Later he had been a deputy sheriff. However, those adventures had taken place in a county one hundred miles up the river, Harkness having removed to Junction City but a year previous. That was the reason Al had not been recognized when we arrived in town. But his record was sufficiently well known for the sheriff's aids to recall him when Harkness had shouted the lad's nickname aloud.

"But why in thunder did the boy let you take a pack o' women over to Delnates?" he finally asked. "He knew

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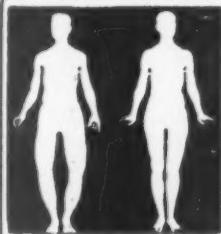
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better than I had expected. And something akin to his old grin came when he recognized me.

"I'm all right, Mr. Crossley," he said bravely, in reply to my queries. "But I can't shake hands. Both sides are banged up, and they don't want me to move much just yet."

It was not until after considerable rambling talk, in which I assured him he would be cared for in every way, while in the hospital and thereafter, that I mentioned who was outside. Instantly his face lighted and, forgetting, he attempted to pull himself up upon his pillow. But a spasm of pain dropped him back.

When I returned with Alice, and she caught sight of Al, his face almost as white as the cloths about his head, I thought for a moment she would faint.

"Please let's not talk about it," he said. "It was just hard luck that something happened which spoiled our day. I'll be all right again, soon. Will you come and see me before you leave town? I shall be stronger by tomorrow. I'm not going to rejoin the company, you know."

She gave her promise with a nod, drew a hand across his forehead, then ran from the room.

"Go after her, Mr. Crossley," he said quickly. "She's a good girl, with a big heart. But there are some things she just won't understand."

Alice was in the outer corridor, weeping convulsively, when I found her. I took her in a fatherly embrace and comforted her until the spasm of emotion had passed. Then we started out together.

But, as we swung away from the entrance, we all but ran full tilt into the sheriff. "Sorry I'm late," he rumbled. "How's the boy?"

"Doing fine," I answered, "and cheerful—considering." Then I introduced Alice.

I AM to blame for everything," she added. "I taunted Al until he just had to do something to prove that he possessed fighting courage."

On the instant the sheriff's eyes narrowed. "I don't know whether I get your meaning straight, miss. But are you thinking Al went against Big Tony just to prove that he would fight—if he had to; not because he wanted to help his friends?"

"I—I don't exactly know," she stammered. "But I never considered him a fighting man. He looked more—"

"I get you now," and Harkness' mouth set hard. "Because Al was fairer than most of us, you thought he lacked sand. You're a woman and I can't say all I'm thinking. But, get me, miss. Al was just as good to look at in the old days as now—though we didn't think much about his looks then—and I never met a gamier or a harder scrapper in my life."

For a long time we stood without speaking. Alice with drooped lids, Harkness and I watching her. Then, "Mr. Sheriff, you're going in to see Al?"

"Why, yes, now."

"Don't let him know you've told me about his old days. I don't want him to think any worse of me than he probably does. But please tell him I want him to come back with the company—when he's well. That I'm waiting till you bring his answer."

It seemed less than five minutes, though it must have been longer, when Harkness hurried from the building and to us. The furrows were gone from his forehead; there was a flash of humor in his wise, gray eyes.

"I told him, miss," he said. "But Al's stubborn as a pack mule. He says there's still a question open between you—something about a ring—and he won't talk about staying with the company till that's settled."

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I'll Try My Sails Alone

[Continued from page 67]

tears on my cheeks speak for me . . . Then Luke turned to his scowling half-brother:

"I'm tearing this here paper up, Ben. It better be the last time you and Jim, or that Kent woman ever think of it, Luke," he went on, turning to me as his fingers still continued to strip the paper into bits, "I want you to know that I'd trust you with Carrie, anywhere—anytime. There's only one thing we must all remember. Carrie's never to know about this—this—matter. Never!"

When we parted on the beach, Olaf and I going one way, and the other two men taking the shore line down to the cove. In front of the cottage, Olaf put out his hand.

SHE—she told me just afore dropping off to sleep in there about you and the blow, Luke. Said she was proud. Said you bested the sea to—to save her. I—I'm proud, too, Luke—"

The next day Olaf's ship pointed for the open sea.

From a sand dune I watched her lifting hull and bellying white sails merge into the mystery of a northeastern horizon. When, at last, the *Nancy D.* dipped out of sight, there were only two poignant memories left in my heart. And these memories were of the last few minutes I had spent aboard of her . . . memories of a last look into Carrie's eyes; a last echo of her voice; a brotherly kiss upon her soft cheek; and a shake of Olaf Sundberg's hand as I went over the ship's side.

* * * * *

Once again the witchery of springtime had wrought its emerald magic upon the island.

"An Arcadia, such as Longfellow knew!" I exclaimed, my glance tarrying on a scene below. Bill Watson and Mary, his young wife, were pushing a baby carriage between them toward the village street . . . Such happiness as was theirs! A boy in their first year of marriage! Already Bill was boasting of how that boy would soon be handling canvas and manipulating a helm!

Manlike, he had boasted when he came home from sea to learn about the baby boy. But I wondered if he would have been so quick to talk loudly about fatherhood if he had been present when his Mary went down into the shadows, calling vainly for him in her anguish.

"How she called for Bill!" old Mrs. Watson had told me afterwards. "It's women's way, you know, to speak out the name of the man they love during such times—"

My gaze still on the pair and their baby carriage, I realized that the great happiness they both enjoyed now had been gained through the Gethsemane of Mary Watson. I could not help but remember, too, that such happiness as had come to me since the *Nancy D.*'s departure was the kind that can only be achieved through sacrifice. I had given up my own dream of love.

On this day a north wind was due to blow the *Nancy D.* back to Rice Island with Olaf pacing her quarter-deck, a captain in his own rights.

The wind had been freshening for the last hour or so. Now it was blowing strongly inshore, salt-scented from the far-off horizon of the open sea. A nervous sensation spread through my being as I felt the strength of the breeze against my face, and inhaled its salt tang.

At last there was a bobbing speck against the meeting point of sky and water. I studied it with eyes that had lately be-

come accustomed to picking out ships . . . As the speck expanded, finally unfolding into the vision of a ship, I turned away from the sea, fighting hard not to see the face of a woman in every yard of ship's canvas that was nearing Rice.

Certain of myself now, I walked swiftly to the cove. There on the high bluff I watched Olaf Sundberg bring in the *Nancy D.*, amid the cheers of all Rice Island. My heart was beating like a hammer in my breast as a small boat put off and headed shorewards, bearing Olaf and Carrie.

How Carrie cried and laughed as she shook hands and kissed us all! How proud was the glow in Olaf's eyes as he towered among us—Captain Sundberg of the *Nancy D.*! It was like a procession of triumph, the way we all walked up the grassy village street; Olaf at my right, and Carrie at my left.

Not once did I allow my eyes to deliberately dwell on Carrie Sundberg, but time and time again, I caught myself looking eagerly at her from the corners of my eyes. How I wished then that her beauty might have been less—that her charm might have been less.

"The cottage is all ready, Olaf," I said when we reached the village store; "I had Mrs. Brown clean and air it for you."

"Same old Luke, aren't you? Looking out for somebody else," he returned, his eyes holding mine.

I went home with them. Once inside, Olaf began looking around, examining the place for changes that the months had brought. Carrie stayed with me in the living-room, contenting herself to wait on Olaf's report. As we sat there together I found myself wishing we had not been left alone.

"I am so glad to be back, Luke," she said simply, her eyes falling somewhat before mine, which could no longer resist the fascination of her appeal.

Again that wistful little sort of smile that always spiritualized her beauty for me . . . And then silence, save for the swishing song of the sea drifting through the windows, until Olaf swaggered back into the tiny room to tell us that everything was "shipshape."

"We're standing by Rice Island for some little time, Luke. Got some cleaning and painting to do for the *Nancy D.*. Then I'm running down to Savannah for a short cargo. I'm—going to leave Carrie home from that trip. We'er—figure its best for us—for her to be here in the cottage for a while—" The big man's voice had dropped over his last few words and looking from his face to Carrie's, I saw the deep crimson color flushing her cheeks.

WITH the exception of his daily trips to the *Nancy D.*, Olaf remained close to his cottage for the next ten days. Folks that saw him going to and fro said he walked like a man deep in thought. Carrie was not seen at all, except occasionally on the beach.

The summer weeks drifted by, and still, the *Nancy D.*, rode at anchor in the cove, sails furled; still there was little sign of Olaf and Carrie. He came once to the house and sat with me for a few minutes. We tried to talk. But, as the folks said, Olaf seemed living in the shadow of deep thought. When he got up to go he gave me a message from Carrie:

"She said she was sorry not to have been able to—to see you the other day you called by. Once or twice Carrie's asked me to find out if the girls do the chores about the house all right. Funny, Luke, she'd seem worried about that very thing out at sea—"

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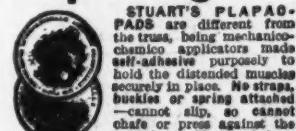
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I watched him walk away . . . watched him until the sea-grassed sand dunes swallowed him. Then I went back into my study and picked up my photograph, which I liked to believe Carrie had once swept up to her lips.

From my window I watched the evening shadows purple land and sea. I watched the stars come out. I heard the great waters crooning a night lullaby to the white sands. And, in a moment of utterable yearning, rebellion flared up in my soul:

"Oh, God! Why was I made to love her like this . . . to be eternally reminded of her by the stars that shine, and by the song of her sea? Why was I given this cross that is too—too—heavy—"

THERE was a loud knock on my front door. I found the youngest Watson boy; he was bareheaded, and stood there panting for breath.

"What is it, Jimmy?" I asked, sensing that something was wrong. Premonitions are inexplicable things. I had one then that Carrie was in trouble.

"Ma says you're to run right to Olaf Sundberg's—"

"Has anything happened to Carrie—?"

"Ma was wringing her hands and carryin' on. But she didn't say nothing but to get you—"

"It's Carrie!" I cried, running down the path and out of my gate. The sand dunes seemed as nothing for my flying feet. Carrie was in some kind of danger! She needed me! This was the knowledge that sent me spouting across the wide sand flats toward the lights that glowed ominously in the Sundberg cottage. I reached the porch out of breath. Suddenly a piteous, heartrending cry filled the night. Mrs. Watson waited for me at the door, wringing her old hands.

"What is—"

There was a cry from Carrie—a cry that made me feel that my heart was being torn out by the roots. A low moaning sound followed the cry. Then came the shuffling of heavy feet inside. A huge shadow filled the hallway. The shadow became Olaf Sundberg. He seemed a giant gone insane. His blue eyes roved dangerously. His wide shoulders convulsed. An incoherent cry burst from his lips and before I knew it, Olaf dashed past Mrs. Watson and me and ran off into the night, waving his arms frantically. "Poor man! Carrie's having such a hard time in there, it's driving him crazy. She—"

"What's the matter?" I cut in on Mrs. Watson.

"She's having a baby," answered the woman just as Carrie's agonized voice reached us again.

"Listen, Mrs. Watson, it's killing her. I—"

"That's why I called you, Luke. I—I'm fearful it will. She'd want her pastor if—"

"I'm going in, Mrs. Watson. She may—"

At that very moment Carrie's moaning subsided. There was silence in the house. "Luke—Luke—oh, Luke!"

My name on Carrie's tortured lips! My name! She had cried it out in agony. Trembling from head to foot, I turned to Mrs. Watson. She looked as if she had suddenly seen a ghost!

"She—called for you—not Olaf!" she whispered hoarsely, as if this fact terrified her. Then I remembered what she had said about women calling the name of the man they love at such a time.

"Yes—I—better go in," I said, forgetful that I had a faith to keep.

"Wait, I'll see," she returned, going in the room where the shadows hovered over

my rose girl. The suspense of those next few seconds while I waited for Mrs. Watson ate into my being like quicksilver. Something told me that Carrie's crisis had come when she cried out my name. And, still, the fact that she had called me only served to baffle and confuse my heart and mind, for surely I didn't dare think Carrie

"She's had the baby, Luke. But, it's—it's—dead!"

I stumbled into the room after the old woman. By the flickering lamplight I saw Carrie lying white and drawn on her bed. The stillness of death was upon her. Tears misted my eyes. I fell on my knees beside her and took a limp hand in mine.

"It's tuckered her out . . . She fainted. She's got to have brandy," Mrs. Smith said.

My hand trembled as I put the glass of brandy and water to Carrie's lips. But the brandy slipped down somehow, and worked its magic. In a few seconds her eyes fluttered open, and a little sigh made her bosom rise and fall. Her ordeal had left its traces of suffering in the soft sea blue of her eyes; in the helplessness of her hands; and in the wan little smile she gave me. I bowed my head before these things, unable to look at the woman of my heart in her pitiful condition.

"Luke—I—I'm so glad you're here," she tried to say, her voice faltering on an almost inaudible whisper.

I looked up at these words. Dimly I saw Mrs. Smith and Mrs. Watson looking down at me, their old eyes seeming beady in the half-light of a kerosene lamp. I could not doubt the meaning of their looks. They plainly said that they understood what still baffled my own heart—and that because of this, I must tell Carrie Sundberg the bitter truth about her baby.

"Carrie," I began, wondering how to tell what must be told. "Your baby's—dead," I blurted, expecting my brusque words to shatter her remaining nerve and spirit.

"D-e-a-d," she repeated.

"Yes, Carrie."

"Oh!" The exclamation was little more than a soft sound. It was not the outburst of grief I had looked for.

Was Carrie too exhausted by suffering to cry? Was she too numb from her experience to realize that she had gone down into the shadows for a new little life and come back empty-handed?

"Olaf—where is Olaf?" she asked.

I looked helplessly at the two old women, now huddled together on the other side of the bed. Certainly I could not tell Carrie the truth about her husband—that he had dashed out into the night like a madman. Mrs. Watson must have read my thoughts, because she spoke up here:

"He went to the store for something, Carrie," she said.

I'll go after him and tell him you—you're all right," I offered, rising to unsteady knees. I wanted an excuse to get out.

"Thank you—Luke," she replied weakly.

A last look at her lying white and drawn on the bed; a last temptation to kiss her wan cheeks; a last dare to know the reason why she had called my name during her travail, and I went out, my heart thumping; my pulses racing . . .

But there was no sign of Olaf up and down that long sweep of beach. Certain that my voice was drowned in the roar of the surf, I pushed farther down the shingle. Almost a mile from the cottage, I drew up short in my tracks at the vision of a great hulking person standing on a lone sand dune.

Silhouetted against the Carolina sky he appeared like some prehistoric giant of a man. I made for the sand dune, knowing that I had found Olaf Sundberg.

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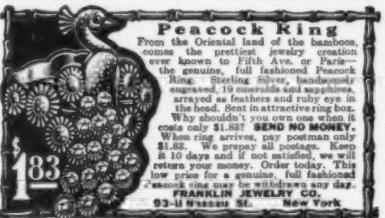
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"O'af—Olaf—" I called. The man heard me but made no move. "She wants you back at the cottage, Olaf—"

These last words had an effect. He lumbered down to meet me, his hands extended like two great paws. Olaf Sundberg's senses were still somewhat scattered by the suffering he had witnessed. I thought I better hit while the iron was hot.

"Carrie's begging for you—"

"Carrie—" he cut in, his voice unnatural. "Carrie's begging for me? Is—it—over yet?"

"Yes, Olaf," I answered.

"Is it a boy, or a girl?" he demanded.

"I—I don't know," I confessed.

"Don't know! My God, it's got to be a boy! I've prayed it would be. Come on; we must run. I must know. I must find—"

"Olaf, I must tell you the truth. The baby was born—dead—"

"Dead!" he thundered . . . "Dead! My baby dead! That's not true. You—you're—"

"I'm sorry, Olaf. But I thought you better know the truth before going back—"

"I tell you it's not true. My baby's not dead. He's going to be a Sundberg sailing man. He's—"

"Olaf, my friend, please! I—I know how you've prayed for a boy. I have prayed with you in spirit," I went on, "but it was not God's will—"

"God!" he bellowed . . . "God! Who the hell is God? If my baby's dead, I tell you there isn't any God . . . God! . . . Once and for all, man, tell me the truth. Is my baby dead?" he shouted, gripping my arms until I writhed with pain.

Although I feared the truth would snap the slender thread that held what was left of his sanity together, I could not lie to Olaf Sundberg.

"Yes, Olaf, the child died at birth," I said.

AN UGLY curse split his lips. I was no longer Luke Manners, his friend. In his madness I was but a man who represented the God who had smashed his dreams and broken his heart.

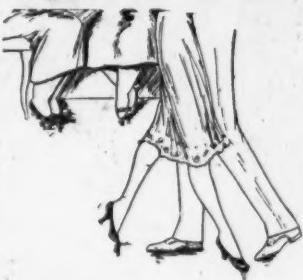
I was powerless to escape his fury. He held me away from him and lashed me with an open hand across the face. Even if I had been strong enough to fight him back, I don't think I could have done so. I could only take his blows with a great sweeping pity for the fine man who had become beast in his moment of most poignant tragedy. I could only pray that one of his hands would knock me senseless . . . would close my eyes to the heart-rending sight of him, frothing at the mouth, and turn me mercifully deaf to the outrageous blasphemy of his unknowing tongue. But when I did finally sink upon the sand from a shocking punch, the prayed-for unconsciousness did not come. I lay there quivering on the beach, sensitive to the fact that Olaf Sundberg, madman now, was ploughing down the shingle toward his cottage.

"If he turned on me, he may turn on others. Poor Olaf, it . . . it cracked his brain . . . Carrie! He may—" the very suggestion of harm to her set my aching muscles into action.

He made the cottage fifty feet ahead, and burst through the door without so much as a backward glance. I half-fell up the steps, holding my breath for fear of hearing a tell-tale scream from Carrie. It came just as I passed inside. I knew then that she had looked into the eyes of her deranged husband, and faced the menace of his madness.

"Olaf," I said, my voice failing to break as he turned, hunching his massive shoulders to spring at me. I braced myself for what was to be annihilation.

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It seemed an eternity while I waited for my doom. Sundberg, straining forward, his eyes aflame with the lust of mad murder, was just about to strike when a shriek from Carrie froze him fast. Only his eyes moved in that tense dramatic moment. They roved like animals in his head, stopping to rest only on the slim girl kneeling in the foot of the bed. Then they bulged forward as if to pop from their sockets. His deep chest swelled to what seemed a bursting point. Every muscle in his body flexed, then taunted. An indescribable noise issued from his mouth, and, Olaf Sundberg toppled to the floor like a stricken giant!

Days afterwards, when the fever left him, Olaf told me something had snapped inside at sight of Carrie's facing him as she lay there in bed. He said that his brain had ceased to function after I declared his baby dead. Olaf begged me over and over to find forgiveness in my heart for his mad acts.

"I understood down there on the beach. You didn't know what you were doing. God won't blame you for what you did and said then, Olaf, so why should I?"

I grieved in my own heart for Olaf. It was hard to see a giant like Olaf going around with a beaten sort of look in his honest eyes. When he started after his Savannah cargo, I thanked God I had not faltered in my efforts to suppress the bigger love for Carrie that had come to me since the night she called my name. I could still look him in the eye. I could take his hand, knowing the faith was not broken.

"You'll watch after her, Luke? She's frail now. She'll need somebody—you to lean on, boy. Promise?"

That night, alone on the beach, I could not keep my thoughts from the night of Carrie's travail. She had called for me in her hardest moment! Could this mean what Mrs. Watson claimed it did? And, if Carrie cared for me, dared I harbor such sweet satisfaction in my heart without also harboring sin?

These, and many more questions twisted through my brain, begging answers that were hard to make. The only answer I could give with certainty was that my own love for Carrie was wrong. She was another man's wife. God's law on that point was strong and clear. When I passed Carrie's house, an invisible force seemed pulling me to her front door; I broke into a run.

My gesture was vain. A voice called after me, arresting my swift steps. I turned. Carrie was standing on her porch.

I went back, drawn by that invisible force I had not escaped. It was our first real moment alone since the night I had heard my name on her anguished lips.

"You stopped before the cottage—then ran away. Why did you run away, Luke?"

THE question caught me unaware. I could not find my tongue for seconds. When I finally did, my reply was only a stumbling excuse that didn't convince her.

Later we sat down on a drift log, our glances meeting, then drifting seaward to where the stars flecked the water with points of dancing gold. For a time I did nothing but twist my hands. She did the same. The strain of silence became unbearable.

"Olaf's about off Point Lookout now," I ventured.

No answer from Carrie; not even a movement of her head.

"Carrie—I'm going back. I've got to go," I blurted.

"All right, Luke. I'll go home, too." I didn't help her over the dunes. I would never have let her arm go. It would have been my breaking point. We

didn't even say good-night, except for the obvious agitation parting caused us.

As I plodded homeward I understood, or thought I did, the reason for her own agitation. It was not that Carrie loved me. She had simply decided in woman's way that I cared to the point of temptation, and this intuitive knowledge had unnerved her. Halfway home I retraced my steps to the shore.

How I wished the cruel waters might claim me! How I wished they had done so in the blow off Pelican Island! But no! The sea only played with me, its prey; only tortured me. It would let me go on living and suffering the sharp pangs of vain love hunger. My feelings overwhelmed me at the thought of Life, and a loveless future. I could not check the storm of sobs that sundered my lips.

When it seemed I would strangle down there in the damp sand, hands were laid on my convulsing shoulders. I would have known the touch of those hands in Eternity!

"Carrie," I choked.

LUKE, I saw you return. I had to come back then. Oh! Luke—Luke, don't you understand? I—I love you—"

Carrie's words kindled a flame within me that burned away the bonds which had long held my whole being in leash. Everything in me, and of me that had loved her in suppression; that which was of my soul, heart, and body; all that made me a man, flared in my veins consuming every defense I had built for such a moment. Struggling to my knees, I drew her yielding self to me with a strength that was soft fire in my veins . . . It did not seem sin in that first moment of ecstasy. Nothing so beautiful as her confession of love and her moist lips could be sin!

But, when we draw back breathless from each other at last, and saw the swelling toward us, we realized the terrible truth. We knew our love had trespassed the laws of God and man. Carrie had jeopardized her marriage pledge. I had broken faith with my friend! Such was the indictment of the swelling sea. In that moment the running waters became Olaf Sundberg; became our outraged God! For moments we stood apart, aghast at what we had done. But a reckoning had to be made with each other, or else Life and the future would be unbearable.

"Carrie," I began, "my love for you has fought its own self since the day you told me about marrying Olaf. After that it was wrong for me to keep you in my heart. I tried to put you out. Though it was sin, I couldn't—"

"Is it sin to love, Luke?" she beseeched as if suddenly terrified.

"It's wrong for a man to covet his neighbor's wife, Carrie."

My statement seemed to stun her. In that moment she was like a little girl who suddenly finds out that something she thought beautiful and wonderful is ugly. She began to cry.

"Then, God forgive me for saying this! But you must know. Until Olaf asked me I wasn't sure. He seemed the kind for me. But, that first night, Luke! I learned Olaf was not the man of my heart. Sometimes a girl makes that kind of mistake, and finds out too late. Oh Luke! if only you had asked me first. Luke—Luke—think what love could have meant to us—"

"Stop, Carrie. Don't torture me with such a thought. It is all my fault. I meant to ask you the very night Olaf did, but—but—I figured you loved him—"

"I wish I did. God knows how I've tried—"

"What does Olaf think? Does he dream the truth?"

"He didn't until lately. He's never said a word. But, Luke, there have been things

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recently I couldn't hide from him. I think he knows—"

"We—we're in a terrible fix. I wish we'd been drowned off Pelican Island that time. I do! I do!"

"It would've been better. But, we were saved for some reason, Luke. Was it for our own good, or Olaf's?"

"There's only one thing we must remember. Olaf's right—and we're wrong. Carrie girl. We can't stop our love but its wrong for us to give in to it. It was madness a few moments ago. But God knows what was in our hearts. He can't condemn us for just one weak moment. He cannot—"

LUKE, she cut in, "must we kill our love?"

"Nothing can ever bring death to our love. It will be with us in Eternity. But, we must. Oh! Carrie, its only because we love each other so much that we can do the right thing and lock it up in our hearts. Its because our love's so strong and beautiful that we must keep it unstained."

"All right, Luke. I'll try to understand. You mean we could never find full happiness in love that's founded on somebody else's unhappiness—Olaf's?"

"And the unhappiness of our conscience, dear," I added.

She came closer, her arms stealing over my shoulders: "Let me know one more moment of the happiness we must never claim again. Hold me, Luke. Kiss me Luke—kiss—" she sobbed.

I gathered Carrie close, until the tears from her eyes mingled with mine, and ran hot down our pressing cheeks. I felt her heart beating against mine. I inhaled her sweet breath as a dying man breathes the air of life.

"Carrie—I will always love you . . . always—"

"You will be in my heart, Luke, always," she cried, swaying in my arms.

I best remember the next few days by the torturous struggle I waged to lock Carrie Sundberg in my heart. There were moments when the fight seemed utterly hopeless, moments when Carrie became a pulsing presence in the depth of my breast, instead of a forbidden memory. Then I would force my eyes upon a vision of the Carolina sea where the imagery of Olaf was stamped in every wave. Always my battle was the flesh against the spirit—flesh that made hoarse demands for its heritage of love—spirit that pleaded with flame-like intensity against these demands.

And so it was the sea that had kept Carrie and me apart, and given her to Olaf, which inevitably helped my spirit in its pathetic triumph.

As if in exultation over this triumph, the sea lashed itself into mad fury the very night Olaf Sundberg's *Nancy D.* was due to pass Rice Island with yellow pine as cargo. Blowing out of the south with the suddenness of a Caribbean hurricane, the wind turned our surf into foaming thunder, and swept the angry tide over Rice's natural seawall of sand dunes.

Every timber in my cottage trembled in its frenzied grip. Windows rattled, staccato-like above the lost soul wail of wind, and the drum-roll of tempestuous waters. As the storm continued to throttle land and sea, my thoughts flashed to Carrie, alone in her cottage near the encroaching ocean. I wanted to brave the storm and go to her. But, duty called me to the church tower! My light had to be taken care of—it might keep some ship from the sand reef off Rice Island, or out of the merciless surf.

Carrie, child of the sea, would not be afraid of the storm, I told myself, as I pulled on my oilskins and climbed into the tower . . . The light had been jerked

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from its accustomed place by the fury of the night. I tried lashing it back into place. But, the wind was like so many tearing talons . . . like a presence in my church belfry, shouting and shrieking with maniacal glee. I fought it with bare hands, holding the light in place as best I could. Sometimes it seemed as if the wind were a maniac trying to murder me with glad hands. It nearly tore my arms out by the sockets. It smashed me against the stone walls. It drove the rain like stinging bullets into my face and eyes.

Suddenly, out of the storm swirling dark, a ship's rocket glared, then darkness snuffed it out. Terror swept over me. A ship was off Rice Island! God! I had to keep my light in place. It was to be my sapped strength against the brute might of southern storm! Could I hope to win against such unequal odds?

"Luke—Luke—you've got to win. It may be Olaf's ship!" rang a voice through my heart, a voice that commanded me.

And, then, the wind became more than a shrieking, murderous presence. It became a devil—temptation—in my church tower.

HA! YOU can't hold out against me," it shrieked, driving me against the wall with a show of more power. "Don't be a fool. I've got Olaf Sundberg's ship off the reef. I'll send her crashing into splintered bones if you drop that light. Drop it fool. You can't hold out against me!"

Now, my flesh joined battle with the tempting wind's voice. "Carrie, Carrie," begged my flesh. My strained muscles heard the plea. They were ready to give up—eager to drop the light that burdened them.

There in the tower my soul staged a last stand against my body. It was temptation such as the devil offered the Master on the Mount of Olives; it was temptation that offered a way to my heart's desire—Carrie Sundberg!

"I'll drive him down to the bottom. It's your chance. Her chance," thundered the wind. "Drop that light."

Pain seared my shoulders, wracked my sides; tortured my arms; burned my bruised fingers . . . Pain that was temptation in itself. But, still the spirit grappled with the flesh. Olaf! Olaf! I must save him. It was his life and those on board against my love. "I cannot send him down to death," such was the cry of my anguished soul.

"Let go, you fool. Carrie will be waiting after the storm . . . Carrie, your dream woman!" my body cried back. Then the storm took its turn. Then the pain attacked. Then my reeling soul went back into the frightful fray!

* * * * *

They found me next morning, lying unconscious across my dismantled light in the tower. It was torture even to move my tongue. But a question flamed my conscience. I had to know my fight's result. "Was a ship driven ashore?" I asked weakly.

They told me that no sign of a wrecked ship had been found. A smile that they could not understand came to my lips. My eyes closed. The surf's sullen voice died down in my ears.

The next time consciousness returned I realized there was commotion in my room. Men and women were running to windows. But, I became oblivious of this commotion upon beholding Carrie at my side. Her eyes were on the floor, as she spoke:

"It's the *Nancy D.* coming in. Two masts gone! She looks like a ghost ship, Luke."

"The *Nancy D.*!" I echoed, remembering my temptation of wind and flesh. Exaltation became a prayer of thanks-

giving in my heart—thanksgiving that once more the spirit had conquered for I had not dropped the light until every ounce of strength deserted me.

I waited in my room for the news. I was too weak and unstrung to leave the bed. News came in the person of Olaf Sundberg. He strode into the room, his face full of the haggardness that comes to people who have looked Death in the face. Carrie and several others were behind him. I tried to raise up in bed, but he held me down gently.

"Luke, it was your light that saved us from the reef," he said, his lips twitching with the same emotion that quivered in his deep voice. He looked around after this, his brows knitting as if uncertain of what to do and say next. However, inspiration must have come to him for suddenly he asked everyone, even Carrie, to leave him alone with me.

"My compass began misbehaving in the storm. We tried sounding. The lines were torn out of men's hands. I lost two hands overboard before seeing your light . . . Luke, last night in all that uproar, I wished I didn't have to see that light. I wished there were no human lives in my care. If not, I would have shut my eyes to your light, and let her break on the reef—" his voice dropped to a husky whisper.

I could only lie back and stare at my friend. But, I understood, and my understanding started me trembling like a reed in the wind. Olaf had wished for death out there! There was only one answer. He knew the truth!

"Yes, Luke, you're right," he went on reading my thoughts, "I—I wanted to die because—because I know she loves you—"

"Olaf!" I cried, shocked by hearing the truth put into so many words.

"I've always known you loved her. I knew you loved her when you came back, a preacher. I waited a long time before asking her, thinking you'd speak first. I—couldn't hold in any longer, Luke. Poor child, she only thought she cared for me! God! How brave a woman's got to be, Luke, when they keep their marriage bargain while their heart belongs somewhere else. I was too happy myself—to thick-minded to know the truth until after the baby . . . Luke, I'm going away so's you and—Carrie," his voice broke here, and my heart broke with it, "can have your happiness," he finished, his haggard face no longer masking his inward agony.

I told him he couldn't do that. I reminded him of his marriage pledge taken in my church before God.

YOU can't do that, Olaf. Carrie and I have made our decision. We—we have decided to forget—"

"Forget! Good Christ, man, it ain't human to forget . . . I know. I've tried lately, Luke," he groaned, the truth unleashing itself from his heart. "I can't live with Carrie anymore—"

"Going away will not help. It will not put asunder what God has joined together. I tell you, Olaf, we've made our decision. We are going to carry it out. Carrie is your wife. She can only be my friend, Olaf, as I've always tried to think of her since—"

"Boy," he said, gripping my hand, "I know how hard you've tried. I knew it when I said I'd trust you with her anywhere, anytime. I know you'll still try. But—"

"God's will must be done, Olaf. His law is our law. We cannot revolt against His order of things," was my answer.

Olaf Sundberg got up and towered over me. Then he reached down, wrung my hand, and turning abruptly rushed out of the room. Olaf never came back to say

'good-bye.' I could explain my feeling—

* * * * *

Early July brought tidings of Olaf Sundberg and his new ship. The vessel's owners sent the tragic news. It was of Olaf. He had been swept overboard off the Brazilian coast . . . Carrie brought it to me, tears brimming her blue eyes. She cried softly while I read the slip of paper. Carrie continued to cry as she knelt with me on the floor and prayed for Olaf . . . She was like a little child afraid of the dark when I led her homeward, her hand clinging to mine.

"You're worn out, Carrie. You must go to bed and sleep—"

"Oh, Luke! I could not sleep. I'm afraid of everything—of life—of death—everything except—you," she answered.

"I will go and get Mrs. Watson to stay with you. You must sleep, Carrie."

Her golden head drooped against my chest at these words. I pressed my lips fondly against her soft, silken hair, my arms holding her close to my heart in a moment of infinite promise. Then I half-carried her up to the empty cottage, laid her on a couch, and went after Mrs. Watson.

* * * * *

A YEAR afterwards Carrie and I were married. Not in my little church. No, that would have been desecration of Olaf Sundberg's memory. We went away to the mainland for the ceremony, returning to Rice Island with eyes, tear-dimmed by the happiness that was ours at last . . . happiness that seemed all the more sublime for the shadows, and the heartbreak which had begotten it.

Time went on like the ceaseless ebb and flood of our tides. Years passed . . . Ten of them. One morning while Carrie was outside, working in the rose garden, a strange man came to my door. The sea was in his face, his limbs; his voice.

"I'm Henry Black. Bégin down Savannah way. Just back from ten years in China seas. Got a story for you about a Rice Islander. Name was Olaf—

"Olaf!" I cut in.

"Sundberg," went on the sailor. "A message came back here long time ago saying he's been lost overboard off Brazil. That wasn't true. Sundberg sent it himself. I was his mate. We shipped together for China seas . . . There was a typhoon one night, months ago. It cracked us like an iron whip. Christ, parson, you should've seen skipper Sundberg! Giant, you know! Strong as the sea—almost. He fought the storm for us. He didn't want to live. I knew it all the time. Then the sea began sucking. Deck plunged underfoot. Christ, what a man, parson! Whipped out a pistol. Drove his men to the boats. There wasn't room for him. I tried to make him take my place. Sundberg smashed me clean into the life boat. The others say he went down, praying on the plunging quarter-deck. Praying, parson, praying!" half-screamed the man. "Who for, parson? who for?"

COME," was all I could manage to say then. I led the sailor to a window. I pointed to a slender woman working among the roses—a woman who seemed as one of them, only more lovely in my eyes. The man looked at Carrie for a second. Understanding flashed in his stolid eyes. He turned to me.

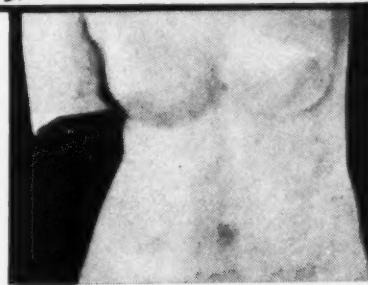
"I see, parson . . . I get you. Sundberg never forgot. He was praying for her—"

"Her happiness—happiness he could pray for only from his own garden of Gethsemane," I answered before my emotions mastered me.

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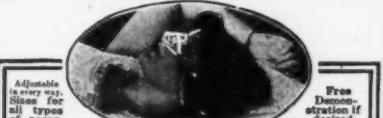
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